



Doris Bigglestone Heath





Little Folks' Land

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY
IN A BIG WORLD

BY

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Mother Goose Village," "Blackie, His Friends
and His Enemies," Etc.*



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IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
LEWIE BIGHAM SMITH
THE DEAREST OF LITTLE MOTHERS

The Preface

THE story of Joe-Boy spun itself through the inspiration of a merry band of kindergarten children who held the leading string while the teacher followed and guided.

It was early in January that the author began the story to them, thinking that in about four weeks' work we would cover, through the principles of co-operation and interdependence, the building and furnishing of a house, thereby impressing on the child mind something of the true worth and dignity of labor as brought into actual contact with his everyday life.

When the wee house had been built, however, and completely furnished by eager and busy fingers, the children had become so interested in the Gipsy baby that they were unwilling to give him up.

Each morning the teacher was met with such questions as: "Will you tell us more about Joe-Boy to-day?" "Did he ever grow large enough to go to kindergarten?" "How many people helped to get his clothes?" "His food?" "Did Joe-Boy have any pets?"

And so each day there was some new question arising, showing that the children felt an incompleteness to leave the story just where we had planned—and justly so, since no life is complete that does not reflect its threefold relationship to Nature, God, and man.

They were instinctively reaching out for clearness in the complexities of life's relationships, in regard to themselves, through the Gipsy baby. His life was but the mirror reflecting their own life, and they were longing to solve it.

Thus days passed into weeks and weeks into months as we followed the Gipsy baby through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom, and traced the laws of co-operation and interdependence, which weave all of life's relationships into one grand sweet song.

We little dreamed as we passed from subject to subject that the story would ever present itself in book form, but other kindergartners asked for the basis of the program, primary teachers asked for the use of the Nature stories, and even mothers wished to borrow them for bedtime use, so, through these interested suggestions, the book finally took shape.

Of course no kindergartner can follow with equal results another's plan of work, but the subject matter of this program is of such universal and vital interest that it can not fail to offer helpful suggestions. And that is all that any program can justly do. While the subject matter

is given in daily program form, do not attempt to follow it literally—time, environment and adaptability are all to be considered, bearing in mind that the author began the use of the program in her own kindergarten early in January, hence the seasons fitted to the subject matter. Should you begin the use of the program in September, it would necessarily require a different line of progression. Perhaps the chief charm of the program is found in its ready adaptability. While the stories are all connected, they may be also separated, and used independently, omitted and added to, without destroying their value: *e. g.*, one teacher may wish to use only the division on domestic pets; another birds; another insects; and another plant life.

The interest of the children should be your guide as to how much or how little time should be spent on a given subject. Necessarily, environment will have much to do with the source of true interest, as was illustrated through one class of children in the study of birds. Long walks through beautiful woods, the finding of the real nest, seeing the real eggs, and the real birds, supplemented in the schoolroom by fine pictures in natural colors made the month of birds one of the happiest of all the topics, and the children, seemingly, would have spent a much longer time happily on the same subject, asking again and again about the fifteen birds made familiar to them through the stories.

The gift and occupation work throughout the book was planned by the pupils of the Atlanta Kindergarten Normal, of which Willette A. Allen is principal, and suggests how the plan was illustrated in one of the local kindergartens. Whenever possible, this work should be supplemented by other ideas and the use of new kindergarten material constantly being put on the market.

The songs were chosen from leading song books used in schools, and should also be changed to better ones when possible.

Such occasions of the school year as Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, etc., were purposely omitted, so that teachers may present these celebrations as best suited to their respective environment and need.

Perhaps some prosaic people who do not live in childhood's fairyland, as I do, will wonder over the fact that the Gipsy parents were rather ideal for their origin. This may be true, but it seemed necessary to begin with such a family. And as they grew into the ideal, so we hope every Gipsy will do, some day.

MADGE A. BIGHAM

Atlanta, Georgia

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Little Folks' Land

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY IN A BIG WORLD

The Prospectus

THE object of this kindergarten serial is to bring to the level of the child's mind, a sense of man's social, moral and spiritual relationships. Basing the plan on the principles of co-operation and interdependence I begin with a unit, the child, and trace through him the many other units necessary, that must act and interact between nature and the various artisans of the world, ere the child's livelihood be possible.

Branching from these principles as exemplified in the social life, the same laws are traced through the animal and vegetable kingdoms, impressing on the child's mind the striking analogy between man and the world of Nature, and thereby reflecting the Divine law of unity—God the one life of all.

Outline

Basic thought—Life and its relationships.

Principles—Co-operation and interdependence.

Subjects:

1. The child's home.
2. The child's livelihood.
3. The child's environments.
4. The child and Nature.

Illustration—Serial story, Little Folks' Land.

Points developed—Co-operation and interdependence, traced as follows:

1. The building of a house.
2. Furnishing of the house.

3. Clothing.
4. Fuel and lights.
5. Food.
6. Civil relationships.
7. Animal relationships—domestic, birds, insects.
8. Plant life.

Incidental points—Form, size, number, color, dimension.

Study from The Mother Play—The Family, Target, Carpenter, Joiner, Mower, Pat-a-cake, Fish in the Brook, The Light Series, The Nest, The Flower Garden.

Texts

1. *The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name of life is Help.*
2. *We gain in abundance of life by understanding and fulfilling the requirements of its relationships.*
3. *He careth for all.*

NOTES: (a) It will greatly increase the interest of the children in the kindergarten, if they be allowed to build and furnish Joe-Boy's house. If large building blocks for this purpose cannot be obtained, substitute a dry goods box and divide into the necessary rooms, furnishing them as directed. The children will then get the benefit of the completed whole.

(b) The stories connected with each day's work should not usually be told until after the preparatory circle talk, when the subject for the day has been thoroughly discussed, and all possible information drawn from the children through conversation. We do the child a great injury when we tell him a fact that he might have thought out for himself, and one of the gravest errors made in education to-day is that of teachers who are so busy thinking for children, they are never given time to think for themselves, and consequently the child goes through life depending on others for the most important of all the mind's faculties—thinking.

(c) These stories were not written so much to give the child information, but, rather, to arrange in a logical order his own knowledge, thereby aiding his mind in the power of retention.

The First Week

The Forest Home

Monday

ONCE-UPON-A-TIME there were two Gipsies.

They are people, you know, who travel about a great deal and like to sleep and eat in the woods, where they can be near the tall forest trees, the wild flowers, the rocks and moss and the sparkling waters. Gipsies do not like to live in houses like you and me. No, no indeed, they would much rather live in tents, which can be quickly packed up and moved with them from place to place. I can show you with my hands how they look—so.

Now, isn't that a queer little house? and do you think you would like to live in it?

Well, anyway, these two Gipsies I am telling you about liked it very much. Why, when Mrs. Gipsy wanted to cook dinner, she did not need a stove. She would make a fire under the trees near the creek, and then she would hang her pot over it, and boil all kinds of nice things to eat. Then when she and Mr. Gipsy wanted water to drink they would go to the cool spring, where the ferns grew thickest. They did not sleep in beds either, like you and me, but they would sleep on a pallet under the tent, or in fine weather swing a hammock under the trees and sleep in that. So you see how happy they were. But they were happier than ever at this time I am telling you about, because they knew a great big secret. Something was going to happen to them! You see, somebody told them they were soon to receive a wonderful present—one they had longed for ever so many times—and now if they were only willing to wait cheerfully, the present was really to be theirs.

Now, what do you suppose it was? No, and I am afraid you will never guess! When Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy first saw it, why it was all wrapped up in a shawl, lying on the pallet under the tent. And when they peeped under the shawl, Mrs. Gipsy said: "Oh, isn't he sweet! See what tiny pink fists all doubled up! What a queer little mouth just like a rosebud, and—my, my, my, not a single tooth and not a hair of hair on his pretty bald head! But we don't care for that, he is the sweetest, prettiest thing in all the wide, wide world!"

Then they almost smothered the wonderful present with kisses.

And what do you think? It began to cry. Of course you know now what the present was. Why, to be sure, a baby boy for Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy, and they were so proud of it they didn't know what to do.

"We shall name him Joe for you, Father Gipsy," said Mother Gipsy with a smile, "that is the prettiest name that I know—and we will call him Joe-Boy, so that he will not get mixed up with you."

At first Joe-Boy slept nearly all the time and his mother couldn't tell what kind of eyes he had. But then he was growing, you know, and getting so fat he was almost too heavy to lift.

Joe-Boy's House

Tuesday

ONE day Mother Gipsy said, "Do see here, Father Gipsy, Joe-Boy has his eyes open to-day. They are large and black like mine and merry and glad like yours. And he is growing so fast! I think we shall have to stop living in tents now, and build a real truly true house to live in, just like what the town people have. If we do not, I am afraid Joe-Boy will get cold and sick when the winter time comes."

"Yes, yes," said Father Gipsy, "I have been thinking about that very thing myself, but then, I knew how much you loved our pretty gipsy tent here in the woods and I thought you would not wish to leave it."

"Oh yes," said Mother Gipsy, "we both love our tent home very much, but we love Joe-Boy more. When he grows larger he will have to go to Kindergarten, you know, and there is none in the woods. And when he gets to be a big boy he will have to go to school and when he gets to be a *great* big boy, why he will have to go to college. So you see we will have to build a house in the town for Joe-Boy if he is to grow into a strong, wise man."

"That is true," said Father Gipsy, "but I can't build a house all by myself, so I must find someone to help me, and the new house will be ready for Joe-Boy when the cold winter time comes."

"You can find plenty of helpers, I am sure," said Mother Gipsy, "and we will pay them some of our money for helping us work. First we must find an architect to give us a plan for the house and then some carpenters and stone cutters and brick masons to build it for us."

"How many rooms do you think we should have in the new house?" said Father Gipsy.

"Not very many," said Mother Gipsy,—“let me see; a kitchen, a dining room, a parlor, a bed room and a play room for Joe-Boy, all his very own, so that when he grows large enough to have toys and other things he will have a nice place to keep them in. Then, of course there must be a broad porch all around the house, for when the weather is bright we shall stay out there a great deal—close to the air and sunshine and the beautiful, beautiful woods, that we love so much.”

"All right," said Father Gipsy, "it shall be just as you wish, and to-morrow I will find the workmen who are to do the building—the very best ones that can be found, because we want Joe-Boy to have a strong, well-built house to live in."

Then Mother Gipsy smiled and Father Gipsy smiled, and I am sure Joe-Boy would have smiled too, had he only known how much they loved him. But he only closed his pretty black eyes, nestled up close to Mother Gipsy's heart, and went fast asleep.

The Architect's Help

Wednesday

THE next morning while Mother Gipsy was bathing Joe-Boy, she told him all about the new house she and Father Gipsy were going to build for him, and Joe-Boy laughed and crowed and jumped just as if he understood every word.

"Yes," said Mother Gipsy, finding a new dimple to kiss, "we are building this house for you, sir, because we love you so, and right this very minute, Father Gipsy is on his way to town to buy a pattern to make it by!"

Then she laughed to think of a pattern to make a house by. But dear me, don't you have to have patterns to make dresses by? Then how could you make a house without a pattern, I'd like to know? Only we would call them plans, and not patterns, as Mother Gipsy did. Well, sure enough, while she was talking, Father Gipsy was walking very fast down the street, and by and by he came to an office in the town, with "Architect" written over the door.

"This must be the place," said Father Gipsy, "because architect means a man who makes plans to build houses by. I shall go right in and see him about Joe-Boy's house."

Sure enough there sat the architect at a big table, busily drawing the pictures of houses. There were ink and pens and pencils and paper all over his table, and he was as busy as busy could be.

"Oh yes," he said to Father Gipsy, "I draw plans for houses—large ones and small ones, brick houses, plank houses and stone houses—let me show you some."

So Father Gipsy sat down by the table, and the architect took down a big book full of houses and told him to look for the one he liked the best. There were so many pretty ones, though, that Father Gipsy could hardly tell which one he did like the best, but at last he found the very thing. A pretty cottage with a porch all around it and five rooms—a kitchen, a dining room, a parlor, a bed room and a play room for Joe-Boy.

So Father Gipsy took out his big leather pocket book and gave some of his dollars to the architect for the house plan, and then he hurried to the tent to show it to Mother Gipsy and see how she liked it.

"Why, it's just the thing," said Mother Gipsy, "all the rooms and the porch just as I wished. How nice it is to have architects to help us build our houses. I'm sure I thank this one very much, for drawing such a beautiful plan for the other workmen to look at while they build Joe-Boy's house. Now I will tell you what I am going to do, Father Gipsy. I shall take this piece of paper and tack it to the tree by the tent door, and then I shall write on it the names of every workman that helps us build Joe-Boy's house. Isn't that a good way not to forget our helpers?"

"There now!" said Mother Gipsy, laughing, "that will help us to remember." Then they went into the tent to tell Joe-Boy about it.

The Material for the House

Thursday

"WELL," said Father Gipsy, "the next thing for us to do, is to buy the things we need to build Joe-Boy's house with. Just get a pencil and paper, Mother Gipsy, and I will write them down as we think of them. First, there must be brick for the chimneys and for the foundation; and there must be sand to make the mortar; and there must be glass for the windows, and iron for gas and water pipes; and then there must be a great lumber pile. It will

take ever so many planks to build Joe-Boy's house—broad planks and narrow planks, thick planks and thin planks, long planks and short planks, and all very strong."

"Yes," said Mother Gipsy, "our straight, tall forest trees will give us all the planks we need—they, too, will help to build the house."

So Father Gipsy wrote all the things down in his little book and then went away to buy them.

For many days after that, the big wagons loaded down with the lumber and brick and sand rolled down the big road to the place where the house was to be built. Mother Gipsy watched the things go by with a happy heart, and sometimes she would take Joe-Boy in her arms to watch the men unload the wagons.

It was then she would pat the tired horses on their heads and stroke them very gently. That was the way she said "Thank you" to them for helping to build Joe-Boy's house. "For who would draw the heavy wagons loaded with lumber and other things, were it not for you, kind horses?" she said. Then, she would take Joe-Boy's soft hand in hers, and show him how to say thank you, too—just as she had done.

The Brickmason's Help

Friday

AT LAST everything that was needed to build the house had been hauled, and now it was time for the workmen to begin building.

"What workman will you get first?" asked Mother Gipsy, as they sat on a log in the moonlight, talking.

"A brickmason," said Father Gipsy, "because he is the man who lays the foundation, and that is the very first thing to be done on a house."

"Foundation," said Mother Gipsy, slowly, "what a great long word!"

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "that is the part of a house that rests on the ground and holds the house up. Sometimes it is made of stone, and sometimes it is made of brick or something else very hard and strong. Indeed, it should be the very strongest part of a house, because one without a strong foundation, would be sure to tumble down."

"Dear me!" said Mother Gipsy, "how dreadful! Let us be very

sure to have the foundation to Joe-Boy's house made very strong. I would not have it fall down on us for anything."

Father Gipsy kissed the little frown away from her eyebrows, and then he said:

"Do not be afraid, my dear, for ours shall be very strong, and I shall find the best brickmason that can be found—one who will do his very best work on Joe-Boy's house."

And so he did, and the very next day four brickmasons went to work on the foundation. They sifted sand and mixed it with water and lime and made the mortar. Then they took trowels, smoothed the mortar over the bricks and placed them one above the other, pressing each one firmly in place. All day they worked, until by and by the strong brick wall was finished.

"Well," said Father Gipsy, "that looks like a strong foundation, and we thank you very much, kind brickmasons. To-morrow we should like to have you make the chimneys to Joe-Boy's house, because you do such good work."

The brickmasons went home to rest, very tired but very happy. They were happy because they did good work, and because Father Gipsy had given them money for building the foundation to Joe-Boy's house.

"Now," they said, "we will take this money and buy dresses and hats and shoes for our children to wear, and flour and meal to make them bread to eat. If we did not work and make money we could not buy any of these things for them. We are glad Father Gipsy likes our work, and will let us build the chimneys to the new house."

The Program for the First Week—House Building

The Forest Home

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Kindergartner holding some nuts brought her by one child from his Christmas stocking: "Do you remember where we went one bright day last Autumn to find nuts? Were the nuts we found like these? What kind of nuts did we find? What did we see besides nuts? What were the squirrels doing with nuts? What were the rabbits doing? The birds? How

would you like to live in the woods? Shall I tell you a story of a little boy who lived in the woods? (*First chapter.*)

Songs: What shall we sing about the woods? ("A Hole in a Tree is a Squirrel's Home," and other songs of forest life suggested by the children.)

Games: Let's play we are going to the woods now. Let's run all the way. Stop and breathe the sweet, fresh air. Now, each of you (First Division) may be something you see in the woods, and we will guess what you are. Now change yourselves into forest trees, and see what comes to live with you. (Second Division represent squirrels, etc.) Use appropriate songs. The kindergartner provides suitable nuts for each tree, and as they drop squirrels and children gather them up. Finally, let whole class represent troupe of children, coming to the woods to gather nuts, and let each find a supply to carry home (back to the table).

Gift Period: Sort nuts according to form and sizes; then count. After free play, put groups aside to carry to some little friend.

Occupation: Folding,—Joe-Boy's tent.

Joe-Boy's House

Tuesday •

Circle talk, songs and games: Story of previous day reproduced by children. How do you cook at home? How could Mother Gipsy cook without a stove? Did you ever see a gipsy pot? (Show one.)

Song: "Forest Song," Gaynor.

Game: Similar to Monday, with additional features suggested by children.

Gift period: Modeling—Gipsy pot.

Occupation: Water color,—Woodland picture.

Architect's Help

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Recall yesterday's story to children's minds. "Yes, Father and Mother Gipsy decided to build a house. Now, what must be done first of all?" Oh yes, a pattern to look at. Did you ever make a playhouse out doors, with many rooms

in it? How? James and Ray may go out to the kindling closet and bring in some fine sticks for Nell and Susie to lay on the floor here, and show us how they shape the rooms of their playhouse.

Marching: Follow along woodland path leading to town and architect's office. Gather imaginary nuts or leaves from overhanging branches by the way.

Gift: Sticks (5 inches), lay plan ("Pattern") of house.

Occupation: Drawing,—Plan of house.

Material for the House

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do we cut apple trees, peach trees or pear trees to build houses of? What kind of trees are used? Do we build with the trees just as they look in the woods? Did you ever see a log house? Do you know how boards are made of trees?

Songs: "Chopping," "Sawing."

Game: Running, breathing, stretching and bending exercises in connection with imaginary woods.

"Woodman chopping trees."

"Sawmill," imitating sound.

Gift: Large building blocks, 12x6.

Draw blocks to building spot, and pile in order.

Occupation: Constructive work. Use stocks, peas and milk bottle tops, making a truck to haul logs on.

Brickmason's Help

Friday

1. Relate the story for the day.
2. Devote the morning to a visit to the brick yard.
3. Direct the children's attention to the material used in the foundation of Joe-Boy's house.

The Second Week—House Building .**The Carpenter's Help***Monday*

WHEN the brickmasons had finished their work and gone home, Father Gipsy hurried to the tent in the woods. He knew Mother Gipsy would be waiting for him, and would want to hear all about the work on the new house. Sure enough, she came down the path to meet him, and the very first thing she said was:

"How is Joe-Boy's house? Did the brickmasons build a strong foundation?"

"Yes indeed," said Father Gipsy, "the foundation is finished, and it is such a fine, strong one I am sure you will like it."

"That is good news," said Mother Gipsy, "now, what is the next thing to be done?"

"The next thing to do," said Father Gipsy, "is to find some jolly carpenters. They will build the wood work and finish up the house. It will take them many days of hard work, but I shall pay them well, and by-and-by all will be finished, and Joe-Boy and you and I will move into the pretty house."

Very early the next morning the carpenters came to work on the house, and each one of them brought his dinner in a basket, because they would be so busy building all day, there would be no time to go home for dinner. They brought large tool boxes with them too, filled with all kinds of carpenter's tools—hammers, saws, augers, gimlets, measuring squares, planes, screws and nails. Soon every carpenter was hard at work, some hammering, some sawing, some planing, some boring and some measuring, but all working on Joe-Boy's house.

For many days Mother Gipsy listened to the ring of the hammers and the whir of the saws, as the planks were sawn in two—long ones and short ones, thick ones and thin—planed smooth and level, and then nailed in place. Sometimes great, heavy planks would have to be lifted to the top of the house, and then, it would take many men to help, because one man was not strong enough to lift it all by himself. They would tie a rope around the large plank, and then pass this rope over a strong iron wheel, called a pulley, and catching the other end of the rope they would pull and pull with all their strength, and the heavy

plank would rise higher and higher, until it reached the top of the house, where other carpenters were waiting to catch it and nail it into place. These carpenters knew of other ways to move things, too,—weights so heavy that many men could not lift them, even a little way, and then they would use the capstan, which could lift heavy weights high and hold them so tight, they could not slip, nor hurt anyone. And if the carpenters had anything on top of the house to send down to the ground, they would slide it down a long slanting board, called an inclined plane, and this helped them in their building very, very much, and saved many steps. So, you see what busy, busy workmen these carpenters were, and how much work they had to do before Joe-Boy's house would be ready for him.

The Painter's Help

Tuesday

ONE night Father Gipsy came into the tent with a very, very happy face. He stooped down and kissed Mrs. Gipsy and then he kissed Joe-Boy and then he said, "Guess what?"

And Mrs. Gipsy thought a minute, and then she smiled and said, "The carpenters have finished the house!"

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "that is just it, and to-morrow the painters are coming to paint. Now, what color shall we have our house painted,—red, orange, yellow, green, blue or violet?"

"None of those," said Mother Gipsy, "though I do think red a most beautiful color; but let us have it a cool gray with white trimmings—that will look pretty both winter and summer. The inside walls, we will have tinted with beautiful colors and borders of flowers. I have thought it all out this week while the carpenters were at work. Joe-Boy's room must be in blue with a border of daisies; our room, red with dogwood blossoms; the parlor white, with violets; the dining-room, yellow with golden-rod; and the kitchen, green with asters. That will be almost like living in the woods, you see,—the wild flowers will still be with us."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "that is a very pretty plan and it shall be just as you say. I must see the wall-paper man about the walls, though, and while he works inside, the painters can work outside, so they will soon have things finished."

"I think we should have an iron fence around the yard," said Mother Gipsy, "because I am going to have flowers everywhere, and the back yard is to be quite as beautiful as the front yard with petunias and phlox and pinks and pansies and lilacs and roses nodding good-day to all the passers-by."

"I had almost forgotten about the fence," said Father Gipsy, "but of course we must have one, or other people might get their yard mixed up with ours, or horses and goats and cows walk across it and mash our flowers."

So Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy talked on and on about the new house and how nice they were going to have everything for Joe-Boy, until the stars and moon peeped in at the tent door to tell them it was bed time, and the painters would catch them napping next morning if they didn't watch out. "And they might paint our house *black*," said Father Gipsy, "if I'm not there to tell them how."

Joe-Boy

Wednesday

ALL this long while the architect and brickmasons and carpenters and painters were busy working on Joe-Boy's house he was growing and growing and growing!

I know if you could have passed the Gipsy tent in the woods and seen him swinging beneath the trees in a tiny hammock made of his mother's red shawl, you most surely would have wished to kiss him. He looked so bright and happy as his big black eyes watched the dancing leaves, the merry sunbeams and the swaying grasses and flowers. They were all his playmates and came to help him have a pleasant time in his wonderful forest home, and Joe-Boy loved them every one.

When Mother Gipsy was too busy to sing to him and play merry games with his fingers and toes, his eyes and his nose, why he did not think of crying, but instead, he would stretch out his dimpled hands to the birdies up high in the trees who sung him such beautiful songs. Then Joe-Boy would coo and coo to them, waving his dimpled hands back and forth, until by and by he would fall asleep. When he awoke, Mother Gipsy was always there to kiss him and take him up for a frolic. It was then they played "this little pig went to market," and

"the little mouse ran round, and round," and "chin-chopper-chin," and
"Round and round the birdie flies
Till it finds the baby's eyes,
Round and round again it goes
Till it finds the baby's nose."

Joe-Boy would laugh out loud then, he liked that game so much, and Mother Gipsy would have to play it over and over again. Of course when Father Gipsy came home from his work there had to be another frolic, and then all three would go for a walk through the forest and down the little path which led to the new house that so many workmen had built for Joe-Boy.

And so the days went by, until one day Father Gipsy came to dinner with a very happy face and said, "Our house is finished! Even the painters have done their work and gone away with their paint and brushes. The papering man has finished the walls with borders of wild flowers just as you wished, and the joiner, another kind of carpenter, has fixed pretty cabinet mantels to the fireplaces, and made the doors and windows to open smoothly, so you see there is nothing else to be done."

"Yes," said Mother Gipsy, "but houses have to be furnished, you know, before people live in them, and another set of workmen will have to help us now. There must be carpets and rugs and beds and dressers and washstands and chairs and sofas and tables and dishes and pans and many, many things made by many different workmen, before our house is ready for Joe-Boy. You must go to all the different stores and find out the merchants who keep these things, and buy the very best that can be found. Then let us choose one room each day, and furnish it as daintily and prettily as possible, and when all the rooms are furnished the house will be finished and then you and Joe-Boy and I will move into it, and be as happy as happy can be!"

NOTE: Beginning with the next chapter, let the children furnish the model house in the kindergarten, completing one room each day. Inspire them with the idea that they are the real workmen who are furnishing the house for Joe-Boy. Draw out their thoughts about the different rooms to be furnished and the necessary articles for each one, suggesting that co-operation in inanimate things is necessary to complete a whole. Sum up the help rendered by workmen in the manufacture of furniture, carpets, china, iron and tin-

ware, tracing them through their several stages to their origin, that the principle of interdependence may be clearly drawn.

Mercantile Relationships: Furniture, drygoods, hardware, chinaware.

The Bed Room

Thursday

IT WAS early the next morning when somebody crawled over Father Gipsy's chest, before he was awake, and pulled his hair and punched his eyes and poked his cheeks and then pulled his nose! Of course you know it was Joe-Boy, and then Mother Gipsy shook him and said, "Get up, sir; don't you know it is time to go to town and buy some of the furniture for Joe-Boy's house? We are to furnish the bedroom to-day, you know."

"Sure enough," said Father Gipsy, "I had almost forgotten. Can't you go to town with me? I am afraid I will not get just the right things for a bedroom."

"No, indeed!" said Mother Gipsy, "I have nobody to leave Joe-Boy with and he might roll out of the hammock and crack his head. And I couldn't take him with me, because he is too fat, and then I'm afraid he would catch the measles or the mumps, so you must go by yourself."

"All right," said Father Gipsy, "I'll do my best. Now tell me just what to buy, so that I shall not forget anything, and as you tell me I will write them down in my little book."

So Mother Gipsy told him everything that was needed in a bed room, and after breakfast Father Gipsy went to the best furniture store he could find in the town and bought all the things and had them sent out to the house, where Mother Gipsy was waiting to put them in the room—and such a pretty bed-room as it was when finished! First there was a pretty red rug, large enough to cover nearly all the floor, and then a large iron bed for Father and Mother Gipsy and a small iron bed for Joe-Boy, so white and clean that I am sure you would feel like tumbling into it for a cosy nap. There was a dresser and a washstand in white, too, and some pretty chairs, and a table, and pictures on the wall, and soft white curtains at the windows, and all the other little things that help to make rooms beautiful.

"And how much money did you pay for this bed-room furniture?"

asked Mother Gipsy. "A great deal, I know, because it is made so nicely, and very good workmen must have made it."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "the furniture man got it from a very fine factory, where the workmen use planks from the strongest, straightest trees, and everyone does his very best work. The iron beds were made at another factory where only iron furniture is made, and nothing leaves the factory to be sold to people that is not well made, so I was glad to buy them and pay a good price."

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, smiling, "Joe-Boy and I have many to thank for our pretty furniture,—the iron mines, the forest trees, the factory men, the store men, and dear Father Gipsy, who worked for the money to buy them with."

The Parlor.

Friday

THE next day, Father Gipsy started out bright and early to buy some more furniture, because Mother Gipsy was anxious to furnish the parlor, and make it look as beautiful as the pretty bed room.

"Hurry up, Father Gipsy," she said, "I am so anxious to see how everything will look. I believe living in houses is a very good thing after all."

"I thought you would learn to like it," said Father Gipsy. "Good-by; I shall be back just as soon as I can, so you and Joe-Boy may watch for me."

Then Father Gipsy went to town and Mother Gipsy watched and watched, and waited and waited, and by and by she saw the big furniture wagon drive in through the gate, and Father Gipsy right on top!

"Well," he said, "here I am again, and I found the very things you wanted,—none of them too fine for us to use every day."

"That is good," said Mother Gipsy, "we do not want a room so fine we can't enjoy it, I'm sure, but a cosy place in which to sit each day, to read and talk or see our friends, or even work in, when we choose."

"To be sure," said Father Gipsy, "when the cold winter time comes, we shall have to stay in our house a great deal, so we must make every room full of happiness and comfort."

Then Father Gipsy unpacked the furniture and Mother Gipsy placed it all in order, and when it was finished, why, she couldn't say one thing but "Oh, oh, oh!" because everything looked so pretty. Even Joe-Boy stretched out his hands to the violets scattered over the rug, and crowed with delight when Mother Gipsy laid him on a cushion in the broad window seat and played "peek-a-boo" behind the curtains.

"Some day he will be crawling up there all by himself to look at pictures, or watch for me," said Father Gipsy.

"And when you come in tired," said Mother Gipsy, "you can stretch out on that big leather lounge and rest, while I sit in the easy chair and read to you."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "or play to me on the piano, over there, music that makes us think of the mountain waters, the laughing breeze and the sunshine in the forest. There are many, many happy days for us in this pretty room, I'm sure,—for you and me and Joe-Boy."

The Program for the Second Week—House Building

The Carpenter's Help

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you ever seen men building a house? What are the men who build the house called? Do you know what the carpenters use to help them in their work? Yes, hammers, saws, planes and something to bore holes with. That is an auger. Yes, and something to lift heavy timbers from the ground to the top of the house. The machine they use to lift heavy things is called a pulley. Here is one kind of pulley fastened to the top of our window. Ned may pull this end of the rope and see if he can raise the heavy stick tied to the other end, out of doors—high enough so we can see it through the window.

Game: Let each child use pulley.

Play "Carpenter," using Carpenter song.

Gift: Second (with box).

Let each child make a pulley.

Occupation: Cutting,—A saw.

The Painter's Help

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Is your house the same color as John's house? Do the carpenters color the houses? Who does? One painter started out with a bucket of paint—just a bucket of paint and that was all, because he was thinking hard about his work and all he needed for it. But he soon saw his mistake and turned back to get—what? Yes, a brush; and because the house was so very high he must take something else to climb on. And what was that?

Games: "Painters," "Carpenters."

Call of bell or whistles. Response of workmen, promptly gathering up needed tools and departing to work.

Gift: Large blocks—Complete house ready for painters. Or make ladder for painter.

Occupation: Drawing. Use wax crayons and design on strips of ribbon paper, wall paper, for the interior of Joe-Boy's house.

Joe-Boy

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduction of stories of Monday and Tuesday, by children.

Game: Run to imaginary woods to see Joe-Boy. Find his friends, birds, rabbits, etc. Find home of quail, squirrel, rabbit, etc.

Gift: Modeling. Some one of Joe-Boy's friends.

Occupation: Make a hammock.

Bed Room

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: What furniture is in your bed room? What is the bedstead made of?

Game: Walk through the woods to the new house, greeting Joe-Boy's friends by the way and telling them of the new house. Visit an imaginary town; select bed-room furniture from Play-stores and carry home in a wagon.

Gift: Third. Bed-room furniture.

Occupation: Folding.—Chair or bed.

The Parlor

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What furniture is in your parlor? And yours? And yours? Are the walls papered? Are there flower pictures on the paper?

Music: Representing running water. "Brook," by Lack.

Play: Run to the brook near Joe-Boy's house and wade, splash and frolic.

Skip away to a pond, make raft and ride. Follow woodland path home.

Gift: One-inch colored cubes. Parlor furniture. Also forms of symmetry.

Occupation: Folding.—A piano.

The Third Week

The Dining Room

Monday

THE next room to be finished was the dining-room, and Mother Gipsy laughed and laughed at Father Gipsy, because she thought he never would understand just *exactly* and *precisely* what she wanted him to buy for it.

There was to be an oak dining-table and an oak sideboard and high backed chairs with leather bottoms and a china closet and curtains and pictures and silver and china.

"Well," said Father Gipsy, screwing up his eyebrows, "I can remember all about the table and the chairs and that kind of thing, but I get the china and the silver all mixed up."

"Why, that's not hard to remember," said Mother Gipsy, "listen again: twelve glasses, twelve cups and twelve saucers and twelve breakfast plates and twelve dinner plates and twelve supper-plates and twelve soup-plates and twelve knives and twelve forks and twelve teaspoons and twelve big spoons and——"

"Goodness, mercy me!" said Father Gipsy, "let me say it over—t-w-e-l-v-e s-u-p-p-e-r c-u-p-s!"

"No, no, no, no," said Mother Gipsy, laughing, "who ever heard of supper cups, sir? I said supper p-l-a-t-e-s!"

"Oh, yes," said Father Gipsy, "I forgot that time, let me say it over—twelve supper forks and——"

Well, he just wouldn't say it right, so Mother Gipsy said she would go to town and buy the dining room dishes and Father Gipsy should stay at home and take care of Joe-Boy. So that is what she did.

"Now, don't you let Joe-Boy crack his head while I'm away," she said to Father Gipsy, "and don't let him swallow any rocks, or eat any grass or tumble in the water,—and if he cries just show him his fingers and toes, and that will make him hush."

"All right," said Father Gipsy, "please don't stay long."

I think Mother Gipsy was gone all the morning, though she came back as soon as she could, and when the delivery wagon brought the things up, Father Gipsy opened his eyes very wide—she hadn't forgotten a single thing!

"And everything matches, too," said Mother Gipsy, "see, the rugs have sprays of golden-rod like the wall paper border, and even the pretty china dishes have wee bits of golden-rod sprinkled over them—now, won't that make you think of pleasant things while you eat?"

"Indeed they will," said Father Gipsy, "and I think everything you bought is most beautiful! What stores did you go to?"

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, "I went to a chinaware store for the dishes, and to a jewelry store for the silverware, and to a furniture store for all the other things; so you see there are some more workmen we must thank for helping us with Joe-Boy's house."

Then they worked away as busy as bees, until everything was unpacked and in place from Joe-Boy's high chair to the pretty china closet, with shelves full of dainty dishes, washed fresh and clean.

It was then Mother Gipsy asked Father Gipsy how he got on nursing, and Father Gipsy said:

"Very nicely; I did just as you told me to, but when he got through playing with his fingers and toes he cried for your Sunday hat, but I don't think he hurt it very much—he chewed a little piece of the ribbon, and when he went to sleep I took it away from him."

"Why, Father Gipsy, my Sunday hat! You don't give babies everything they cry for to play with! Dear, dear, I'll be afraid to leave you at home to nurse anymore."

Then Mother Gipsy laughed and Father Gipsy laughed and even Joe-Boy waked up and laughed, so they all had a laugh together, and then Father Gipsy promised to do better next time, and when Joe-Boy cried to give him his rubber ball to chew instead of Mother Gipsy's Sunday hat.

The Kitchen

Tuesday

“WE must furnish our kitchen to-day,” said Mother Gipsy, “and there will be a new kind of store to find—a hardware store where iron things are kept.”

“Yes,” said Father Gipsy, “I know where there is a very fine hardware store, so I’ll go and buy the things and let you nurse Joe-Boy this time.”

“All right,” said Mother Gipsy, “I like that plan very much, if you are sure you can remember to get everything as I tell you.”

Father Gipsy said he would be sure to remember, and then Mother Gipsy said:

“Well, get an oil cloth for the floor, and a large table and a safe and some chairs. Then get the very best cooking stove you can find, because I shall have to stop cooking out in the woods now, and use a stove like other people. Of course you know about the pots and biscuit pans and pie pans and cake pans and tea kettle and muffin rings and waffle irons and wafer irons and all that kind of thing. Then there must be a wooden tray to mix bread in and a marble block to roll the dough on, and a rolling pin and a sifter and a biscuit cutter and spoons and knives and forks.”

“And a big kitchen clock, too,” said Father Gipsy, “then we will always know what time to cook and eat our meals.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mother Gipsy, “and I should like two or three pretty pictures in our kitchen, whether other people have them or not, because I wish the kitchen to be such a bright, cheerful room that we shall love to stay in it when there is work to be done.”

Well, if you had only peeped into Mother Gipsy's kitchen that night after everything had been finished, you would have wished to stay and be her little cook, for everything was just ready from the kettle singing away on the polished stove to the clock which ticked you

a cheerful welcome. Great fun it would be to sift some pure, white flour, mix and roll and knead the dough, shape into delicious biscuit, and bake them for somebody's supper.

"I cannot tell which room I like best," said Father Gipsy, "the last one always seems the prettiest."

Joe-Boy's Room

Wednesday

"ONLY one more room to furnish now," said Mother Gipsy, "and that must be the prettiest, daintiest one in the house, because it is for some one we love very much."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "we have saved the best for the last; tell me how you think we should fix it up."

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, smiling,—she always smiled when she spoke of Joe-Boy—"I have thought and thought about Joe-Boy's room, and I wish it to be a room that he can always love and enjoy, so it will have to grow with him from year to year. At first it will be only a play room—the brightest spot in all this house!—but his very own. I have noticed so many of the town children scatter their play-things all over the house—in the halls, porches and yards,—and I believe it is because those children have no place of their own to keep them, and if we give Joe-Boy a room that belongs only to him, with a place in which to keep his books and toys, maybe he will learn to take good care of them."

"That is true," said Father Gipsy, "you always set me thinking. Big folks have a place to keep their things and so little folks ought to have a place to keep their things in. Now, what else have you thought about?"

"I have thought about pictures," said Mother Gipsy, "only beautiful ones of the things we wish Joe-Boy to love. First, one of the Christ child, with Mary his mother, and another of Christ, with many children around him. Then I wish a good picture of a farmer sowing grain, another of carpenters building, another of a flock of sheep and another of a blacksmith shoeing a horse, and one of a cow with a baby calf."

"Oh, yes," said Father Gipsy, smoothing the pucker away from his eyebrows, "I see, now, what you are up to! You wish Joe-Boy to know where he gets his food to eat, his clothes to wear and his house

to live in, and some day you are to tell him stories about these pictures."

"That is it," said Mother Gipsy, with a merry laugh, "for how will he grow into a thankful boy unless he learns to love those who work for him? But I haven't yet finished about the pictures—there is something else Joe-Boy must learn to love and that is birds, so I have planned to put a border of birds all the way round the walls of the room just under the window facings, and low enough for him to see well before he learns to walk. There must be blue-birds and red-birds and robins, and sparrows, and doves, and woodpeckers, and orioles, and wrens and jays and thrushes and mocking birds and bob-whites and parrots and canaries. Some of them will be building nests, some watching their eggs, and some feeding baby birds,—what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think it will be most beautiful," said Father Gipsy, "and just like you to think about it. What else after the pictures?"

"A rug for the floor with daisies sprinkled over it," said Mother Gipsy, "and a table like what the kindergarten children have and six little chairs. Joe-Boy will not always be a baby, you know, and some day his playmates will be coming to see him, and if they wish to play with blocks the table and chairs will be ready for all. Then don't forget about the book-case for his books, and a cabinet to keep his toys in, for there will be horns and balls and blocks and beads and hoops and dolls and other playthings which Joe-Boy will have from time to time, and will wish to take good care of."

"He seems to think now that the best way to take care of things is to eat them," said Father Gipsy, "as he did your Sunday hat."

"Oh, he'll learn better than that," said Mother Gipsy, "just you wait and see! He has only his colored balls to play with now, but I shall begin to teach him very soon to put them away for a nap, when he goes to sleep—it will be a pretty game for him. But come, if we talk too long we will do no work, and I am anxious to see Joe-Boy's room finished."

Late that night some moonbeam fairies peeped through the windows into Joe-Boy's room, and this is what they saw: Beautiful pictures and a border of birds around the walls, a big square rug with daisies on it, a low table and its little chairs, a pretty book-case and a toy cabinet; and then the moonbeam fairies smiled, for on the top shelf of the toy cabinet they saw a little red ball!—Now, how do you suppose it got there?

The Completed House

Thursday

“WHAT makes you look so happy to-day, Mother Gipsy?” said Father Gipsy, as they sat before the tent door eating their breakfast.

“Why, I am happy every day,” said Mother Gipsy, “because I have you and Joe-Boy to love. And then, too, I am thinking about our pretty new house that we are to move into to-day; have you forgotten that this is to be moving day?”

“No, indeed,” said Father Gipsy, “this is the last morning we will eat breakfast in the woods, and we shall say good-by to the little gipsy tent that has been our home so long, and move into the new house which is all finished and waiting for us.”

“You need not think I am going to leave our dear old tent behind,” said Mother Gipsy, “no, indeed, not for anything! We love it too much for that, and besides I need it for Joe-Boy’s sand house.”

“Why, I never heard of a sand house,” said Father Gipsy, “you must be dreaming.”

“No,” said Mother Gipsy, with a merry laugh, “we will pack up the tent and take it with us, and put it up in the back yard under the trees. Then, I will have a wagon load of clean, white sand hauled and thrown under the tent, and Joe-Boy and his little friends can have many, many happy days, playing there in the sand.”

“Oh, yes, I see now,” said Father Gipsy, “it takes you to think up nice plans, and when Joe-Boy gets large enough to play ‘soldier’ or ‘Indian’ the tent will be there ready for him.”

So when they packed their gipsy-pot and other things they took down the dear gipsy tent, too, and it was placed in the wagon to be moved with them.

“All aboard!” cried Father Gipsy, “jump into the wagon and we’ll all take a ride!”

So Mother Gipsy and Father Gipsy and dear little Joe-Boy climbed in and away the horses trotted off to the new house.

When they opened the doors and walked in Mother Gipsy’s face was full of smiles, and she carried Joe-Boy from room to room that he might see everything. He jumped and crowed with joy, and when

he came to his own dainty room, he stretched out his dimpled hands to all the pretty things. Mother Gipsy held him in one of the little chairs, while she pointed to the pictures and birds on the wall, and then she carried him to the toy cabinet, and let him take down the little red ball with his own hand, and when he had played a game with it. Mother Gipsy showed him how to rock it to sleep and put it away for a nap.

It was just then the moonbeam fairies peeped in at the window to say good-night, for it was getting late and they wished to see how Joe-Boy liked his new house, before he went to bed. You know the sunbeams and the birds and the winds and the moon and stars were all old friends of Joe-Boy's. He had learned to love them in his forest home. Why, that very night when Mother Gipsy had undressed him to go to bed, he saw the moon shining through the window and reached up his hands to get it, and when Mother Gipsy shook her head Joe-Boy puckered up his lips and cried, because he couldn't have the moon to play with! He hushed though, when Mother Gipsy began to sing:

"Lady moon, lady moon,
Where are you going?
Over the sea, over the sea.
Lady moon, lady moon,
Whom are you loving?
All that love me, all that love me."

Joe-Boy's Party

Friday

WHEN Father and Mother Gipsy had lived in their new house a few days, they liked it very much indeed. "By and by, I shall love it as much as I did our tent home," said Mother Gipsy,—“and you know how much that was!”

Well, one day when Father Gipsy came home, he found Mother Gipsy in the kitchen making cakes. There was a great row of them on the pantry shelf—gold cake, silver cake, sponge cake, chocolate cake and cocoanut cake, and they were all iced, too!

"My, my," said Father Gipsy, "what are you going to do with all those cakes?"

"Why, Joe-Boy is going to give a party," said Mother Gipsy, "I thought it all out this morning."

"A party!" said Father Gipsy, "I thought Joe-Boy was too little for parties. He cannot eat anything, can he?"

"No," said Mother Gipsy, "but that doesn't make any difference; he will enjoy watching the others eat. Now guess who is coming?"

"All the girl babies in the town," said Father Gipsy.

"No."

"Then all the boy babies in the town."

"No, guess again."

"Well, it must be all the ladies in the town—then he would find some more Sunday hats to chew!"

"No, no, no," laughed Mother Gipsy, "put on your thinking cap, sir. Don't you remember that paper I tacked up on the tree by our tent, long, long ago?"

"Oh, yes!" said Father Gipsy, "to be sure I do, and now I know who is coming to the party—all the workmen who have helped us to get our house ready for Joe-Boy."

"Yes," said Mother Gipsy, "you have guessed right. You see, since I have been living in our pretty, new house, it has made me so happy that I wish to make happy those who helped to build it. So, I thought a good way to say 'thank you' would be to let Joe-Boy give this party, and we would send an invitation to every one of the workmen who helped. Don't you think that will be a nice thing to do?"

"Indeed, I do," said Father Gipsy. "It will be a real Thanksgiving party, and I am so glad you thought about it. What can I do to help?"

"You may write the invitations," said Mother Gipsy, "and be sure you don't forget a single one—the architect, the carpenters, the brick-masons, the painters and the furniture men."

Well, they really had the party and it was the very happiest party that you ever saw! Everybody came, and everybody had a nice time. Father and Mother Gipsy met them at the door, with Joe-Boy, dressed in his prettiest white dress, with pink ribbons on his sleeves. He crowed and kicked and stretched out his arms to go to everyone, and when they held him he tried his best to talk, and laughed until he showed all of his six new teeth.

"That is the only way he knows how to say 'thank you,'" said Mother Gipsy. And when the workmen went in to the party table, Joe-Boy sat in his white carriage, and watched them eat the cakes and other nice things, and he didn't cry a single time, but played with a red apple which the architect tied to a string, showing him how to swing it to and fro, to and fro.

When they finished eating Mother Gipsy sang and played for them, her pretty gipsy music, until it was time to go, but when the workmen went to tell Joe-Boy "good night," and tell him how much they had enjoyed the party, why, he had cuddled up on the brickmason's shoulder, and gone to sleep!

Now wasn't that a funny way to do at a party?

"Never mind," said the brickmason, as he placed Joe-Boy gently into Mother Gipsy's arms, "I know an old verse which reads,

'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'

"Maybe Joe-Boy knows it is not best to stay up late at a party and he has gone to sleep to remind us of it. We have all had a nice time, anyway, and I have never had quite so much fun at a party before. Whenever I build a brick wall or a chimney after this, I shall always think of Joe-Boy and the nice party he has given us."

Then one by one each workman kissed Joe-Boy's dimpled hand good night, and hurried away to their homes to tell their own little girls and boys about the pleasant party.

The Program for the Third Week—House Furnishing

The Dining Room

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is in your dining room? What things are made from wood? What things are silver? Glass? China?

Game: Use kindergarten tea set. Let one child spread cloth and set the table ready for a meal.

Marching: Walk through woods, play with fish in brook, etc. Gather flowers for dining room table.

Gift: Third. Sequence of dining room furniture—table, chairs, side-board, etc.

Occupation: Modeling china dishes and silverware. Or, raffia napkin-ring; chair, using cube for seat, wrapping only the back.

The Kitchen

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Tell me what is in your kitchen? What is made of tin? What is made from iron? What of wood?

Song and game: "Cooking."

Gift: Third. Make a stove, using cylinder beads for stove pipe.

Occupation: Cutting pans and cooking utensils from black and silver paper. Or, make dishes and pans from tin foil.

Joe-Boy's Room

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you a play-room? What is in it? What bird pictures would you choose for it? What color are these birds?

Play: Bird games.

Sense game to test color.

Gift: Fourth. Closet in which to keep playthings.

Occupation: Modeling. Toys for Joe-Boy.

Or, frame a bird picture to hang on walls of playroom.

The Completed House

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: If you were going to leave your old home, and go to a new home, what things would you wish to take with you? How could you take so many things?

Game: One division of children make horses and wagon, while those of the other division load imaginary treasures to be carried to the new home.

Gift: Fourth. Make a wagon.

Play "Moving."

Occupation: Drawing. What Joe-Boy saw, out of the window.

Joe-Boy's Party

Friday

1. Tell the story of Joe-Boy's party.
2. Let the children plan a party, and give it in their own way.

Game: Lady Fair, tell what dress you'd like to wear.

Occupation: Fold envelopes for the invitations.

Let the children help make a rhyme to be written on the card.

Farmer Green's Cotton Seed

Relationships as to clothing—Cotton, linen, silk, wool.

Traced from producer to the consumer:—Origin, farmer, ginner, manufacturer, merchant, home.

Fourth Week—Clothing

Monday

MAYBE you think that the house and furniture were all Joe-Boy needed to make him happy, but no, indeed, there were other things he must have and other workmen who would have to help him get them. Just the next morning after the party, a little swallow heard Mother Gipsy say that Joe-Boy was getting so fat he needed new cotton dresses, and there must also be some new clothes for Father Gipsy and herself, besides sheets and pillow cases and quilts for the beds.

Mrs. Swallow had been picking up the crumbs under Joe-Boy's window—some for herself and some for her baby swallows. They, too, had a pretty neat home in one corner of Farmer Green's barn, and Mrs. Swallow thought no baby in all the wide, wide world was half so lovely as her own brown darlings—not even Joe-Boy! She had often told them about Father and Mother Gipsy, and the beautiful house they had built for Joe-Boy, so that day when she had fed them and cuddled by their side in the nest, the baby swallows said:

"Tell us something more about Joe-Boy. Have you seen him today?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Swallow, "the crumbs I brought you today for dinner were thrown by his own little hand while his mother held him

in the window. He is growing fatter and fatter every day and now there must be new cotton dresses for him, besides sheets and quilts for the house. I am glad it doesn't take so many things for *our* snug little home—only a small piece of cotton will line our nest, and for clothes the dear God has given us soft, warm feathers."

Now, there was something else in Farmer Green's barn that liked to listen to Mrs. Swallow tell about Joe-Boy, and that was ever so many tiny cotton seeds, cuddled close together in a great, wide basket. Why, they even knew about the party, for they had heard Mrs. Swallow tell about it.

"Do you hear, sister?" said one little cotton seed, right on top of the basket. "Mrs. Gipsy needs cotton clothes for Joe-Boy, and quilts and sheets for his bed. Don't you wish we might be the seeds to make the cotton for her?"

"Well, we could," said the little sister cotton seed, "if Farmer Green would only plant us! Dick, the plough-boy, ploughed the field up yesterday. We saw him hitch the horse to the plough. How I wish he would plant us today! I am sure we would do our best to grow."

Well, it was just at that very minute that Farmer Green and Dick stepped in the doorway. And Mrs. Swallow said "H-u-s-h" to her baby birds in soft, cooing tones, and the little sister cotton seed said "H-u-s-h" very softly, and everything was as still as still could be! Then Farmer Green took up the basket and put it on his strong shoulder and said:

"Come, Dick, the ground is ready for these seeds, and we will plant them right now, and give them a good chance to grow." So away went Farmer Green and Dick with the basket, and planted them, every one!

"Oh, joy, joy!" said the little sister cotton seed, as she lay in the soft, brown earth, "now we can grow and make the cotton for Joe-Boy's clothes. Tell the little cotton seed lying next to you, that all may do their very best."

So that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, until by and by *all* the little cotton seeds in the field knew about Joe-Boy's clothes, and grew and grew and grew!

Farmer Green Picks the Cotton

Tuesday

WHEN the sunbeam fairies and the raindrop fairies saw how hard the little sister cotton seeds were trying to grow for Joe-Boy's clothes, why, they did their very best to help them, and by and by there was a great field of cotton waving in the sunlight. And every little cotton stalk was as happy as happy could be, to see her boll tucked full of soft, fleecy cotton—waiting, waiting to be picked for dear little Joe-Boy's clothes.

Farmer Green came every day to see how the cotton was getting on, and had raked it over with the greatest care, so one morning when he came into the field he said:

"Only see this cotton, Dick, hasn't it grown finely? Every stalk has hung out a white signal flag, which says as plainly as can be 'Come and pick me, Farmer Green, I am waiting, waiting, waiting, can't you see?'"

Then Farmer Green sent Dick for the big cotton baskets and all the cotton stalks waved their flags with joy as they sang:

"We are ready, we are ready,
Pick us quickly, Farmer Green.
See our cotton, white and fleecy—
'Tis the prettiest ever seen."

Soon Dick came back with the baskets, and a sack for himself and one for Farmer Green, and when they had strapped them over their shoulders they went to work—Dick on one row and Farmer Green on the other, and they picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked! Sackful after sackful was emptied into the baskets until all were heaped and running over, and it was night time before they had finished.

"Well," said Farmer Green, as he and Dick went home to supper, "picking cotton isn't very easy work, I'm thinking, but it is a pleasure to pick cotton like that, for a finer lot I am sure I never saw, and it will make somebody some very pretty clothes—one of these days. We will get up early in the morning and take it to the gin house, and we will be sure to keep the seed to be planted another year."

The Cotton At The Ginhouse

Wednesday

JUST as soon as Farmer Green and Dick left the cotton field the little sister cotton stalks began to chatter together about their cotton which had been picked.

"My! but doesn't it feel queer when you've lost all your cotton," said one of the little sisters, "just like having your hair shingled."

"Yes," piped another, "and we miss our baby seeds, too, which we had tucked away in the cotton. I do hope Farmer Green will take good care of them at the ginhouse, and send them safely back to the farm."

"You know he will do that," said another one; "didn't you hear Farmer Green tell Dick ours was the finest cotton he had ever seen? Of course, he means to keep our seed and plant them next year. Only look and see how soft and white our cotton is—heaped in the big baskets there. The little Gipsy boy Mrs. Swallow tells about should be glad to wear clothes made from cotton like that."

Then the little sister cotton stalks stopped talking and went to sleep, and when they waked up it was broad daylight, and Farmer Green and Dick were driving into the field with a big cotton wagon, whose body was so deep you just could see Dick's head when he was standing inside. They drove up to the baskets and emptied all the cotton into the wagon, and it was piled up so high it looked like a snow mountain. Then Farmer Green clucked to the horses and away they went down the big road to the ginhouse, while all the little sister cotton stalks waved a glad good-bye. But Farmer Green didn't hear them, because he did not look close enough, and then he was so busy thinking about other things; for he was saying over and over again:

"I'll carry this cotton to the gin and have the seeds taken out, and then I'll carry it to the warehouse and sell it, and then the warehouse man will send it to the factory, and the factory man will weave it into cloth and sell it to the merchant, and the merchant will sell it to the people for clothes, and who knows but what Farmer Green will buy some of the very same cloth made from this cotton?"

But just then he got to the ginhouse and drove his load of cotton under a big swinging pipe, which hung from an upstairs window. The big engine which turned the gin wheels was puffing and hissing its steam, ready to pick the seeds from the cotton, and then something queer happened

for as the wheels in the gin began to turn Farmer Green's cotton started up that long, swinging pipe,—and you never saw cotton travel so! Up, up, up it went, tumbling from the pipe into a long trough and then through the bins; faster and faster it went, and the way those cotton seeds rolled out of that cotton was a sight! If you'd heard them tumbling into the trough below you would most surely have thought it was a shower of rain—pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat they went on one side of the bins, while on the other side out rolled great sheets of the beautiful cotton—roll on top of roll, and not a seed to be seen in it!

"Wonderful!" said Farmer Green, "wonderful! I never saw a prettier sight in all my life! It seems like a pity to press it up into bales. But then, everybody wants cotton clothes to wear, so I will do my part."

Then the ginhouse man raked the cotton into the deep bale holes, and the heavy presser was placed on top, which packed the cotton into neat bales—all wrapped and tied with strong bands—while the gin wheels turned faster and faster, singing as they whirled:

"Over and over and over we go,
Picking the seeds from the cotton, you know,
Picking, picking all the day long,
And pressing the bales as we sing our song."

"Well, your cotton is ginned, Farmer Green," said the busy ginhouse man, as he stopped his engine. "You'll find your cotton seed in the wagon waiting for you—enough to plant another year, and some left for meal and oil, if you choose to make them."

"Thank you very much," said Farmer Green, as he paid the ginhouse man for his work; "I am very glad people do not have to pick seeds out of cotton with their hands these days. If they did, why, I'm afraid there would not be many cotton clothes."

The Cotton At The Warehouse

Thursday

FARMER GREEN and Dick left the ginhouse with their bale of cotton in one end of the wagon and a pile of cotton seed in the other. They drove down the big road until they came to a long, low brick house, with a wide platform all the way around it, and large double doors. All the platform was crowded with bales and bales and

bales of cotton, and if you looked inside of the warehouse you would see other bales of cotton piled almost to the ceiling. And still wagons loaded with the great, heavy bales came and went, while the warehouse man was busy all the day long weighing and buying cotton from the farmers.

So, when Farmer Green drove up to the platform with his bale of cotton the warehouse man was there to meet him.

"Good morning, Farmer Green," he said, "just roll the bale of cotton down here on my scales and let me weigh it. I am buying all the good cotton I can find today, because the factory men are waiting for it to weave their cloth, and I shall send them a big car load as soon as I can buy it. Is yours good cotton?"

"The very best there is," said Farmer Green. "Dick and I picked that cotton ourselves and we saw it ginned, and it is as clean and white and soft as can be!"

"Let me look at a sample of it," said the warehouse man. So he cut a hole in one end of the bale and pulled out some of the cotton, pressing it in his fingers and pulling it apart to see if it was strong and good.

"Yes, yes, Farmer Green," he said, "this is fine cotton—the very best I have seen. I will buy this bale from you to send to the factory, and just as many more like it as you will bring me. Do you want to sell your cotton seed, too?"

"No," said Farmer Green, "I shall keep those to plant next year, and now that I have sold my cotton I must hurry back to the farm, for there is always work there for Dick and myself."

So away went Dick and Farmer Green, leaving their cotton behind them.

The Cotton At The Factory

Friday

WELL, the next thing seen of the little sister cotton seeds' bale of cotton was on the freight train! And the engine was puffing and blowing as it pulled out of the depot with its long string of cars loaded with cotton. Of course, you know where it was going—straight to the factory to be spun into thread and woven into cloth. And that was just what the little sister cotton seed wanted, you know—only they wanted Mrs. Gipsy to buy some of it and make it into dresses for Joe-Boy. And maybe she will—we don't know!

There were many wheels in the ginhouse, you remember, but, my me! when the cotton got into the big factory, why, there were more wheels than ever—rows and rows of them, and such a hum and buzz I'm sure you never heard as those wheels whirled swiftly round, singing as they worked:

“Over and over and over we go,
Spinning the cotton as white as the snow,
Weaving the cloth for dresses and gowns
For all of the children in all of the towns;
So, over and over and over we go,
Spinning the cotton as white as the snow.”

And it did not take them long to make the cloth either, because there were many workmen there to help—men, women and even little children. They stood at the looms ever ready to mend the fine cotton threads when they became tangled or broken while crossing and re-crossing in the cloth. And so it was that Farmer Green's bale of cotton was woven into cloth—beautiful, soft and white. Just the thing for a wee baby's dress, and I am sure if the little sister cotton seeds had only seen it, they would hardly have believed their eyes. But there it was, all finished and wrapped into bolts, ready to send off to the merchants who would buy it to sell in their stores. And, only think! one day the factory man was fixing up a box of cloth to send to the *very* town where Joe-Boy lived, and he put a bolt of the little sister cotton seeds' cloth right in the middle of that box and nailed it up and sent it off! So there it was up on the store man's shelf, waiting for some one to buy it. Now, don't you hope Mrs. Gipsy will find it when she goes to buy Joe-Boy's dresses?

Program for Fourth Week—Clothing

Farmer Green's Cotton Seed

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you know what your dress is made of? Your waist? etc. Would you like to see a plant that helps to make our clothes? Show cotton stalk with boll of cotton.

Tell story for the day.

Game: “Plowing and Planting.” (Use children for cotton seed.)

Gift: Third and fourth: Let each child take his choice. Build a barn.

Occupation: Folding and cutting.—Barn. Or, Draw the swallow flying home, and the basket of seed in the barn.

Farmer Green Picks The Cotton

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Call for the reproduction of the story used Monday.

Game: Cotton picking. Let some children represent cotton stalks. Place in their hands real cotton bolls. Let others pick cotton.

Song: "Baby's Cotton Gown."

Gift: Second Gift beads, sticks, and small pieces of cotton. Represent a cotton field, ready to be picked.

Occupation: Water color. Cotton boll.

NOTE: Illustrate at circle the use of scales and suction pipe of gin.

The Cotton At The Ginhouse

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember our ride to the cotton gin last fall? What did we see there? Would you like to hear how the "little sister cotton seed" went to the ginhouse, too? (Show a miniature cotton bale.)

Game: An imaginary ride to the cotton gin.

Gift: Fifth. A gin house.

Occupation: Modeling,—Bales of cotton. Or, Press real cotton into small bales, fastened with wire.

The Cotton At The Warehouse

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you have a place in your house where jelly and preserves are kept? Well, after the cotton was ginned, it too was sent to a big warehouse to be kept, and I will tell you about it today.

Game: Horses and wagons, to carry cotton to the warehouse.

Gift: Fifth. Warehouse, platform and scales.

Occupation: Construct a wagon. Use an inverted box top for body, and milk bottle tops for wheels.

The Cotton At The Factory

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show a piece of loosely woven cotton cloth. Let children trace the threads, and discover the over and under way in which they are woven.

Game: "Freight train."

Gift: Third and fourth. Let children take choice. Build a freight train.

Occupation: Weaving (without needles).

Fifth Week—Clothing

Joe-Boy's Birthday Dresses

Monday

WELL, I don't know which grew the faster, Joe-Boy or the little sister cotton seed, but he was growing very fast, and one morning Mrs. Gipsy said:

"Come here, Father Gipsy, and let Joe-Boy give you a birthday kiss, he is one year old today. And fat? Why, he is just like a caterpillar and has popped through every one of his dresses. Whatever are we to do with such a fat boy, and what shall we give him for a birthday gift?"

"Why, we'll make him a present of some new dresses," said Father Gipsy, "won't that be a fine birthday present? Surely, with so much cotton growing around us here, and ginhouses and factories and stores close by, Joe-Boy ought not to be a 'raggedy-taggedy' baby! Let us buy him some birthday dresses today."

"All right," said Mother Gipsy, "I am sure that will be a very nice present, for he has needed new dresses quite a long time, but I did not buy them because our house and furniture cost so much money, and I was afraid you had spent all of your nickels."

"No," said Father Gipsy, "I still have some nickels left, and I guess by this time the farmers have planted cotton, and it has been ginned, spun and woven into cloth, so Joe-Boy will have fresh, new cloth for his birthday dresses. When can you go and buy them?"

"I will go this morning," said Mother Gipsy, "and maybe I can

get back in time to make him a new dress today, and when he takes his afternoon ride he can wear his new birthday dress."

"That will be fine," said Father Gipsy, "and when you do your shopping, go to the big dry goods store on the corner. I saw the merchant there opening a box of cotton cloth yesterday, and it looked very pretty."

So Mother Gipsy went to town that very morning, and she passed by all the stores until she came to the big store on the corner, and she went in that one and asked the clerk to show her some pretty cotton cloth for dresses.

"All right," said the clerk, "we have the very best cloth in town, right here in this store. It came from the factory only yesterday, and it is very beautiful! Just let me show it to you."

So he reached up to the top shelf and took down three bolts of cloth for Mrs. Gipsy to see which one she liked best. And Mrs. Gipsy held them up to the light and rubbed them in her fingers to see if they were soft and white and very strong. Then, only guess! She placed her hand on the very bolt made from the cotton of the little sister cotton seeds—the very same—and then she said:

"Oh, isn't this beautiful! So soft and white, and the very thing I wish. Please give me ten yards of this bolt for Joe-Boy's birthday dresses—it is the prettiest I ever saw!"

Now, aren't you glad? And don't you wish the little sister cotton seeds knew about it? So, the clerk cut the cloth and wrapped it up for Mrs. Gipsy, who paid him for it, and then she thanked him and went home with the bundle.

"Now," said Mrs. Gipsy, "I will sit here by the machine and make Joe-Boy's dress before I do another thing."

So she cut and sewed and stitched away as busy as busy could be, until the little dress was finished—such a pretty, pretty birthday dress, with ruffles on it! And Joe-Boy wore it that very afternoon when he went to ride and the sunbeam fairies danced around his carriage and kissed him on the cheeks and hair—they surely knew about the little sister cotton seeds, and meant to tell them some day about the birthday dress, but Mrs. Gipsy only smiled and said:

"See, Joe-Boy, the sunbeams have come to wish you a happy birthday—you are one year old today."

Joe-Boy's Linen Picture Book

Tuesday

JOE-BOY got another birthday present besides his new dresses, and it wasn't a ball or a top or a tin horn, either—I'm sure you can not guess.

It came by express in a big box, tightly nailed down, and when Mother Gipsy read what was written on the box her eyes got very bright and she said:

"Oh, Father Gipsy, only see, this box came from Joe-Boy's grandmother, all the way across the big ocean! I have written and told her all about Joe-Boy and the new house, and how nicely we had furnished it for him, so I am sure she, too, has sent something nice to go in the house. Do open the box quickly and let us look inside!"

So Father Gipsy got his hammer and drew out the strong nails, while Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy stood close by to catch the very first peep.

"It is something white," said Mother Gipsy, "because I see it through the cracks. It looks like cotton cloth, too, only it is prettier—what can it be?"

"I hope it is linen sheets and pillow cases for our beds," said Father Gipsy, "and maybe it is, because Joe-boy's grandmother lives on a flax farm, you know, and raises flax for linen cloth, just as Farmer Green raises cotton for cotton cloth."

"That is just what it is," said Mother Gipsy, as the top came open, "a whole box full of linen! Only see the sheets and pillowcases and beautiful linen towels and tablecloths—so soft and white, and just the thing we needed for our house. Aren't they beautiful, and isn't that a dear, good grandmother to think of us and our new home? And here, too, is a fine linen dress for Joe-Boy, made by this very same grandmother, so Joe-Boy has cotton dresses and linen dresses both."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "and here is something else Joe-Boy has pulled out of the bottom of the box by himself, and it has his name written on it."

"Well, well," said Mother Gipsy, "it is a very pretty picture book, made on linen, and can not tear—the very kind of a book for Joe-Boy now, because he tries to pull everything to pieces to see how it is made. Come, Joe-Boy, and let us look at the pictures in your birthday book."

So Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy cuddled down in the deep window seat and looked at all the pretty pictures. On the very first page there was a farmer planting flax seed—the very same that grew to make the linen sheets and tablecloths. The next picture showed where the flax seed had come up and grown straight and tall in long, even rows, and there were pretty blue flowers on every stalk, and some of them had tiny seeds tucked away to be planted another year. The next picture showed the farmers working with the flax stalks to change them into linen—soaking them in water, spreading them on the grass to dry and pulling apart the long, slender threads. Then, another picture showed the large factory where the linen threads were woven into soft, fine cloth—very much prettier than cotton cloth—and the factory wheels, turning swiftly around, sang the song that the cotton had sung:

“Over and over and over we go,
Spinning the flax into linen, you know,
Weaving the cloth for sheets and gowns
For all of the children in all of the towns;
So over and over and over we go,
Spinning the flax into linen, you know.”

The last picture was the one Joe-Boy liked best—a big steamship laden down with bolts of linen cloth and sailing across the great ocean to bring it to the American shores.

“That is a very pretty picture book,” said Mother Gipsy, as she closed the book. “Joe-Boy’s grandmother knew we did not have linen factories near our town, so she sent us the pretty linen cloth and the book to show how it was made. When we write to thank her for it we must tell her about the cotton plants that grow near us and what pretty cloth it makes for aprons and jackets and dresses.”

Father Gypsy’s Surprise

Wednesday

AFTER Joe-Boy’s birthday, Father Gipsy had to go off on a long business trip. He did not like to leave Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy at all, but then all fathers have to work, you know, for if they didn’t, where would clothes and food and houses come from, I’d like to know. So, Mother Gipsy packed his big traveling valise and then she

and Joe-Boy stood on the porch and threw Father Gipsy kisses until he was out of sight. After a while, when the whistle blew, Mother Gipsy looked at Joe-Boy and said, "Gone," and then Joe-Boy said, "g-o-n-e," too, right after her, so plainly that Mother Gipsy could not help but squeeze him just a little bit, it sounded so cute, and she was very anxious for Joe-Boy to learn to talk so that he could talk to her when Father Gipsy was away. But, only guess! One morning, while Father Gipsy was away, Joe-Boy learned to walk. He walked all the way from the door across the floor to Mother Gipsy's arms. And, bless you, when Joe-Boy found out he could walk, why, he was so proud he wanted to walk all the time! And up and down the hall and across the room he trotted, until Mother Gipsy was afraid he would get sick. So she had to catch him and hold him tight while he rested some.

"Well, well, well," said Mother Gipsy, laughing, "won't that be a fine surprise for Father Gipsy when he comes home? I shall not tell him one word about it in my letters, and then when he comes I'll let Joe-Boy run to the gate to meet him, and I know Father Gipsy will be surprised!" And then Mother Gipsy laughed again. But let me tell you something else about Joe-Boy that Mother Gipsy thought most dreadful! After he learned to walk and to get down the steps by himself, he began to run away! And one day Joe-Boy got away down the street before Mother Gipsy found him, and my! Mother Gipsy didn't like that one bit, because she didn't want any runaway boy, you know, so she got a tight button and put it on the gate and then Joe-Boy couldn't get out any more, and he stopped running away. Well, Mother Gipsy thought the time never would come for Father Gipsy to come home, but one morning the postman brought her a letter and it was from Father Gipsy, and he said he was coming home that very day, and he was going to bring something beautiful in his valise for Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy—a surprise.

"And I have a surprise for him, too," said Mother Gipsy, "a great big surprise!"

So that afternoon, just before train time, she dressed Joe-Boy in his fresh linen dress, and when she saw Father Gipsy turn the corner, she put Joe-Boy down the steps and then hid him behind the vines to watch. And you know what happened next just as well as I do, for when Father Gipsy opened the gate Joe-Boy stretched out both arms and trotted down the walk to meet him—and laughing every step of the way!

Father Gipsy almost smothered him with kisses and threw him up high—one, two, three times, and then Mother Gipsy came from behind the vines and they all went into the house together.

But I can't tell you what was in the valise for them, yet—because it wasn't unpacked, you know—so how could I? But I will by and by, of course, just as soon as I find out. Just you wait and see.

Joe-Boy's Silk Present

Thursday

“NOW,” said Mother Gipsy, when Fathey Gipsy had bathed his face and hands and had something nice to eat, “Joe-Boy and I are ready for our surprise—let us see what you brought us.”

“Well,” said Father Gipsy, “listen while I tell you about it, and maybe you can guess. One day while I was away I went to see a man who had a very queer farm—not at all like Farmer Green's, or even Joe-Boy's grandmother's, for instead of planting cotton and flax seed, or raising sheep and chickens, this Chinese farmer raised some very queer little caterpillars, hundreds and hundreds of them. He kept them in great, long boxes under the mulberry trees, and though the trees were full of fine white berries, those caterpillars did not eat a single one, but they ate the leaves instead—every one they could get, and they looked very fat and happy crawling over the twigs in the long boxes, eating, eating, eating. Some of the caterpillars ate so many leaves and got so very fat they would pop through their coats and a new skin would have to grow.”

“My!” said Mother Gipsy, “and is that what you brought us—some little worms?”

“You wait until the end of my story,” said Father Gipsy, laughing; “those little worms were the smartest things I've seen lately. When they had eaten and eaten and eaten all the leaves they could, why, they began to spin a wonderful silk thread, that came from one side of their mouths—yards and yards and yards of it, and what do you suppose they did as they spun?”

“I can't imagine,” said Mother Gipsy, “unless they wrapped up in it and went to sleep. I should think they would be very sleepy after eating so much.”

“Well, that is just exactly what those worms did,” said Father

Gipsy. "I watched them, and as they spun they wrapped the silken thread round and round and round their little doubled-up bodies, until after a while they looked just like a pretty bird egg. But the Chinese farmer did not call them eggs—no, indeed! They were cocoons, he said, and when I put one of the cocoons to my ear I could hear the little caterpillar spinning, spinning, spinning away, and wrapping itself closer and tighter within the silken bed, and then, by and by, all was still, and the little worm was fast asleep. 'Now,' said the Chinese farmer, 'that little worm has finished its work, and the wonderful silken thread that it has spun will be carried to the silk factory, carefully unwound and woven into beautiful cloth—softer and finer than any cloth made either in the cotton or linen factories, though the wheels whirl round the same, singing gaily:—

"Over and over and over we go,
Weaving the silk into cloth, you know.
Spinning the threads for mits and caps,
Socks and ties and ribbons and hats.
In colors blue and red and brown—
Enough for all of the people in town;
So, over and over and over we go,
Spinning the silken threads, you know."

"Dear me," said Mother Gipsy, "it must have been a pretty sight. I wonder if the factory men did not find it very hard work to unwind the long silk thread from the cocoon?"

"Not a bit," said Father Gipsy. "They were first dropped into hot water and that helped them to find the end of the thread, which was washed and cleaned nicely, and then the wheels did the rest. But you needn't think the Chinese farmer sent all of his cocoons to the factory, because he had to save some for 'seed,' you know, so the best cocoons were put away on a large white sheet and after a few weeks the little caterpillar inside changed itself, and, boring a tiny hole through one end of the cocoon, came out with wings—changed into a beautiful moth, and the first thing it did was to lay hundreds of wee, wee eggs all over that sheet, and out of those wee, wee eggs crawled ever so many wee, wee silk worms—just like what their mother had been, and they went straight to eating mulberry leaves, just as she had done! So, those were the Chinese farmer's seeds—not a bit like Farmer Green's, were they?"

And now my story is ended," laughed Father Gipsy, "and here in the valise is the surprise for you and Joe-Boy."

Of course, you know what it was?

To be sure, a silk dress for Mother Gipsy and a silk cap with a pair of mits to match for Joe-Boy.

The Woolen Balls' Story

Friday

IF YOU were a moonbeam fairy, now, and could peep into Joe-Boy's toy cabinet every night, as *they* did, you would see all of his play-things, for that is where he kept them, you know. But instead of the little red ball he used to play with and rock to sleep you would see *six* now, dressed in the brightest woolen dresses—a red ball, an orange ball, a yellow ball, a green ball, a blue ball and a violet ball. There they sat in a row on the top shelf. Then there was a wooden ball on another shelf with two other blocks, one that looked like a box, and one like a barrel, and down on the bottom shelf there was a rubber doll and a drum and the new linen picture book. I think Joe-Boy loved his balls best of all because he and Mother Gipsy had such merry games with them, playing, tossing and rolling across the low table. Sometimes they played the balls were ponies or dogs or sheep or kittens or birds, and always before putting them away they rocked them to sleep, Joe-Boy trying hard to hold his hands like a wee nest cradle, and walking on tip-toe as he placed them in the cabinet.

Away in the dark night after the clock had struck twelve, and when Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy and Father Gipsy were sound asleep, *then*, the toys in the toy cabinet would talk together—but only the moonbeam fairies could hear them and not you nor me, nor Joe-Boy nor Father Gipsy nor Mother Gipsy, because we were not there, you know. And one night the wooden ball said, "Let us tell tales about where we came from—last go!"

"All right," said the woolen balls, "we like to tell tales. It seems very funny to think about it now, but the first things we can remember, we were growing on a sheep's back—soft, fleecy wool to keep them warm, you know. The sheep belonged to Farmer Green, and he had more than a hundred, father sheep, mother sheep and dear little baby lambkins. He kept them in a beautiful meadow with soft green grass

and daisies and buttercups all mixed up together, and the clearest, merriest brook curled in and out, in and out, in and out, the long day through. Farmer Green came to see them often and sometimes brought them salt, which he sprinkled on a long row of rocks. The sheep liked that very much, and would rub their soft heads against him to say 'thank you.' Then Farmer Green would run his fingers through our long wool to see how thick it was, and by and by we found out that just as he raised cotton to be woven into cloth for summer clothes, so he raised sheep that their warm wool might be woven into cloth for winter clothes."

"Well, well, well," said the wooden ball, "I might have guessed that, because cotton and wool do look something alike when they are in bags, only they don't feel alike. But do go on, how did you get off the sheep's back?"

"Oh, that was easy enough," laughed the woolen balls. "One day in early spring, Farmer Green and Dick drove all of the sheep knee-deep into the meadow brook, and such a scrubbing and a washing and a combing of wool you never saw! My, how clean and white we were! Then when the sunshine had helped to dry us off, why, the first thing we knew, Farmer Green and Dick had clipped the wool from every sheep's back, just like shingling children's hair, and bless you! the next thing we knew, we were tied up in bags on our way to the woolen factory, where we were pulled and twisted and spun and woven into all kinds of woolen goods—carpets, rugs, curtains, blankets, flannel, dress cloth and threads—dyed in all the colors of the rainbow! And singing as they whirled:

"Over and over and over we go,
Weaving the wool into cloth, you know,
Spinning the threads for dresses and wraps,
Socks and zephyrs and shawls and caps,
In rainbow colors from red to brown,
Enough for all the children in town;
So over and over and over we go,
Spinning the woolen threads, you know."

"We were spun into zephyr threads and dyed in colors red, yellow, orange, green, blue, violet. Then we were sold to the store man in this very town, and Mother Gipsy bought us and crotcheted us into pretty

balls for dear little Joe-Boy to play with! And——” But just as that very minute the sunbeam fairies tripped through the playroom windows, and those balls wouldn't say *another single word*—because toys don't talk in the day time, you know.

Oh, no, toys *can't* talk in the day time, you know.

Program for Fifth Week—Clothing

Joe-Boy's Birthday Dresses

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Brief review of the story of cotton from field to cloth.

Play: Dramatize the review story.

Gift: Fourth (enlarged size and small size) shelves of dry goods store. Bolts of cotton cloth cut and sold by the children.

Occupation: Cutting and sewing. A dress from five cent lawn. Younger children “color dresses” cut from paper. Use wax crayons.

Linen

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is Janie's apron made of? Joe's collar? Jamie's waist? This doily? Do you know what table cloths are made of? Look when you go home and see if you can tell us tomorrow. (Use sense game, “Feeling,” cotton and linen.)

Play: Ocean steamer bringing box of linen. “Train.” “Wagon.”

Gift: Fourth. Special emphasis upon dimensions. Make a covered box $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Occupation: Fold books of linen squares. Paste pictures inside.

Father Gipsy's Surprise

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Read stories or rhymes from Joe-Boy's linen book.

Game: Dramatize departure of Father Gipsy.

Gift: Second gift beads (large size), sticks, half rings, etc. Children

select from these, what in their judgment they need to build fence and gate.

Occupation: Cutting paper dolls, representing Joe-Boy, Father and Mother Gipsy. (Place at the gate.)

Silk

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show a sample of silk. Is this like cotton or linen? Is it softer? Smoother? Sense game of "feeling." Compare silk, cotton, linen. Show a silk cocoon. Soak and let children pull thread.

Game: Caterpillar and moth.

Gift: Modeling—Cocoons.

Occupation: Sewing—Silk Cap. Cut three inch circles, gather around the edges and draw into shape. Let younger children paste strings to circles, representing hats.

Wool

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show sample of wool; compare through sense game "feeling" with cotton, linen and silk. Do you know where wool comes from?

Game: Farmer Green and his sheep.

Gift: Fourth—Sequence of rack, trough and barn, for sheep.

Occupation: Make ball by wrapping zephyr over card-board, tying and clipping. A ball for baby, or a hair-pin holder for mother.

Sixth Week—Fuel and Lights

The Wooden Ball's Story

*Monday**Relationships as to fuel and lights*—Wood (1), coal (2), gas (3).

Traced from origin to the consumer: (1) Tree, lumberman, mill, manufacturer, merchant, home. (2) Tree, miner, shipper, merchant, home. (3) Coal, gas plant, home.

“T HERE now!” said the wooden ball the very next night, “I’m ready to tell *my* story about where I came from. Isn’t it nice that Joe-Boy placed me up here on the top shelf near you woolen balls, when he finished playing with me today?”

“Yes, and isn’t he growing fast! Why, he can walk and talk as well as anybody, and it is too cute to hear him say ‘please’ when he wants Mother Gipsy to hold him up to the toy cabinet. The first thing *we* know that child will be going to kindergarten, and won’t he have a merry time then? But hurry and tell your tale; we are anxious to hear,” said the woolen balls.

“All right,” laughed the wooden ball, “if I can sit still long enough. Why, bless you! once upon a time I was a tree—now wasn’t that queer? I grew from a tiny acorn, my mother told me so, an acorn which fell from an oak tree, and of course when I grew I became an oak, too—just like my mother. So I grew and grew and grew and grew and grew, until many summers and many winters passed away, and I tell you I was large and straight and tall! Why, I could peep over the heads of nearly every tree in that forest—all the way to town I could see, and I saw so m-a-n-y things! There were houses and churches and stores and ships and cars and wagons and carriages and furniture, and, do you know, my mother told me every one of those things were made from trees—even Joy-Boy’s house—and people called us wood—I was so surprised, I didn’t know what to do! And then I began to wonder what people would make out of me—something, I hoped, because that was the way to become useful—my mother told me so. But I didn’t have to wait very long to find out, for the very next week a man came and carried me away in his wagon. He trimmed off all of my branches, until I hardly

knew myself, and *looked* like a great, long walking stick. But I wasn't any walking stick, because the man *called* me a *log*, and the next thing I knew, I was floating down the river, as merry as you please. There were other logs tied to me, so I didn't get lonely, and by and by we floated right to the side of a big saw mill, and there we stopped. And when those saw mill men finished working with us, we certainly did feel mixed up, and I didn't know which was who! Why, I wasn't a log any longer, but I was what people called *lumber*—think of it—and when they put me on the freight train and shipped me to the factory, I kept saying over to myself—tree, log, lumber, tree, log, lumber, tree, log, lumber—so I wouldn't forget my name, you know. And *still* that wasn't the end of me! Do you know that man whirled me around in his machine until, when I rolled out, sir, I was a wooden ball, and there were dozens and dozens of others just like me! My, I was like the old woman that lived in the shoe—there were so many of me I didn't know what to do!

“And how did I get here? Why, Mrs. Gipsy bought me for Joe-Boy. And do you know, *she* sometimes calls me a *sphere*! Now, don't you think that very queer?”

Why The Trees Slept

Tuesday

WHEN the wooden ball had finished his story, and all the toys had had a big laugh, what else do you suppose wanted to tell a tale? No, it wasn't the drum or the rubber doll or the linen picture book, but it was a big lump of coal, sitting on the hearthstone. “You see,” said the lump of coal, “I am not a toy, but then I am kin to the wooden ball, for I am his great, great, great, great grandfather, though I am as black as black can be, and I can tell you a wonderful story. Listen:

“Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when the world was new, I, too, grew as a tree, just as the wooden ball did—but a tree larger than any tree you ever dreamed of, with huge branches spread wide to the sunshine and a trunk whose top towered almost to the clouds. In those days great winds swept the earth which bowed me almost to the ground, and the rains came down in great torrents and washed about my roots. So fierce were the winds and so mighty the floods of water, that one day I fell and lay stretched upon the ground. And then something

beautiful happened to me, and all the other trees which had fallen with me. The sunbeam fairies came to us, and gliding among our leaves and down each trunk they said:

"Let us go to sleep together—we to mingle in the green of your leaves—you to sleep beneath the water and sand and gravel. For hundreds of years your sleep shall last, but when you awake, you shall be changed. People will no longer call you trees, but coal—great masses of black rock. You shall then be useful not only to the lizards which glide among your branches nor as shade for the creeping animals, but you shall be of use to the whole wide world as heat and light, and men shall seek deep into the depths of the earth to find you! We sunbeams will still be locked within you, and we shall make for you a great heat, whose power shall run steam engines and factories and foundries and mills. Churches and stores and houses shall be made warm and bright by you and people in many lands will call you blessed because of this warmth and light you bring. Are you willing to make the change?"

"‘Yes, yes, yes,’ sang the trees in one great chorus, ‘we will gladly sleep for thousands of years, and become the blackest of rocks—to bless and help the world like that.’

"And so it was. Year after year, year after year, sand and gravel and water pressed over us—layer after layer, tree over tree, beneath the marsh and the water of the swamp we sank deeper and deeper; and we slept and slept and slept.

"How long we slept in the earth I can not tell, but the change came as the sunbeams said it would, and we were no longer trees, but great walls of solid coal—as hard as rock and as black as black could be! And one day as we lay hidden in the earth, I heard a sound very near me—pick, pick, picking away, and digging nearer and nearer it came. Then all at once I heard the glad cry of a man, and his voice rang out: ‘Coal! coal! coal! we’ve found coal, great beds of coal, enough to heat and warm the world!’ And then I remembered what the sunbeams had told us, and waited. Day after day the miners worked away with pick and shovel, digging deeper and deeper beneath our bed, picking us out in great lumps and sending us out of the mine to be loaded in carts and cars and sent away to the people of towns and cities. Each miner had a tiny lantern in his cap as he bent over his work, for no daylight was there, and the darkness was very great. At

last it came my turn to be sent to the sweet, fresh air of the outside world, and just as you were bought by Fathèr Gipsy to make Joe-Boy happy, so did he buy me to brighten his home and keep him warm. Would you see the sunbeams of the long ago dance about us? Watch Mother Gipsy as she kindles a fire and see them curl and dance in flames of joy! Call it not fire, but pent up sunshine—set free after the lapse of ten thousand years.”

The Marble Palace

Wednesday

JOE-BOY'S toys and the lump of coal grew to be very great friends—indeed, they begged him for a story every single night that came, and would crowd close to the glass doors of the cabinet, so that they could see and listen well.

“Tonight,” said the lump of coal, “I shall tell you about the first gas that was made from coal. It is a most beautiful story, and really happened—so I’m told.”

“Do! do!” said the wooden ball and the woolen balls in a breath, and they cuddled close while the lump of coal began:

“Once-upon-a-time there was a King who went to live in a wonderful marble palace with over a hundred rooms and in every room there were beautiful things for the King to look at. All day long he walked from room to room and through the marble halls looking at the pretty things, but when night came, the King found there was no way to light the palace and it grew darker and darker and darker—so dark he could not see how to take one step. ‘This will never do!’ said the King; ‘there must be some way to light my beautiful marble palace, that it may be bright even in the blackest night.’

“So the next day the King sent out his swiftest horseman with a letter which said, ‘on the twelfth day of the month the King would give a bag of gold dollars to the workman who would show him the best way to light his marble palace.’ When the day came many workmen crowded to the palace to show the king their lights. Some brought torches, but the King said no—torches will smoke the palace walls. Some brought wax candles and some brought tallow candles, but again the King shook his head, for they would drop grease on the palace floors. Others brought lamps and lanterns with colored lights, but the King only shook his head and it looked as if no one would win the bag of golden dollars.

"At last there was only one workman left—a coal miner, with sooty clothes and hard, rough hands, and a sack across his back. But he smiled as he stepped to the front and said: 'Oh, King, I bring in my sack a wonderful light, which I dug from the depths of the earth—a light so bright it will make your palace shine like day, however dark the night!'

"Then the King was very glad and they all pressed close to the miner to see his wonderful light, but when the sack was opened they saw only a lump of coal—as black as black could be! Then all the people laughed and said: 'Surely this man has lost his senses—a black rock like *that* light the King's palace—why, that is only a lump of coal! What foolishness!'

"But the miner only smiled as he said: 'Wait, and don't laugh too soon. I will show you what the coal can do.'

"Then stooping on the hearth he took from his sack a heavy hammer and pounded the coal into tiny bits, while the King and workmen watched. Next, he took from his sack a lump of red mud and a large clay pipe, which he filled to the brim with coal, covering it tightly over with the damp mud and even pressing a piece of it over the end of the pipe stem. Then all was ready, and stepping to the broad fireplace the miner plunged the pipe under the hot ashes and coals, as he said, 'Now watch!' In a few minutes he struck a match, and taking away the mud from the pipestem, held it near and at once a clear, bright light leaped from the end of the pipe, which burned in a steady flame, lighting all the darkened room. 'Bravo! bravo!' cried the King and every workman, 'that is a light fit for the King's palace, and to you belongs the bag of golden dollars.'

"So they called it a gas light, and the miner showed the King how to build a great furnace which would change the coal into gas and carry it through the many iron pipes hidden in the palace walls, and into the hanging chandeliers of every room and hall, and at night when the jets were lighted the marble palace looked like one blaze of glory, and the King was happy ever afterward.

"So now, you see," said the lump of coal, "I can help Joe-Boy in two ways—I can give him fire to warm him, and I can give him gas light to see by, as bright as that used in the marble palace."

"Well, well, well," replied the wooden ball, "you surprise me more and more and I am beginning to feel very proud that you are my cousin."

"Thank you," laughed the lump of coal, "and before I stop I can tell you one more thing that may surprise you—I have the most beautiful colors locked within me, as beautiful as any the woolen balls wear."

"How can that be, do you say? Did you never see Mother Gipsy catch a sunbeam on her prism and throw the band of wonderful colored lights on the wall, which Joe-Boy tries to catch? I told you once before I was pent up sunshine and the colors that are in the sunshine are within me, too, though my cloak, to you, seems always black."

"And now, good night—if Mother Gipsy should kindle a fire with me tomorrow, watch for my colored lights."

Joe-Boy at Kindergarten

Thursday

WELL, it was just as the wooden balls said it would be about Joe-Boy, and by and by he was one, two, *three* years old—large enough to go to kindergarten—only think! And the very day he started, Mother Gipsy had his picture taken.

"Dear me, our baby has gone now!" said Mother Gipsy, with a tiny, tiny sigh. But bless you! Joe-Boy could not *always* be a baby, you know, and Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy wanted to do the very best thing they could for Joe-Boy, and so they sent him to kindergarten. They had talked about it a long time and Father Gipsy said, "I did not go to kindergarten when I was a boy, but surely things are better now than then, and if we want Joe-Boy to grow into the finest, strongest kind of a man, and if kindergarten will help him to grow that way, why, we must not let him miss it."

"That is what I think, too," said Mother Gipsy, "and then the kindergarten is such a happy place; the children who go *look* so much happier than the children who do not go, so I am sure it must be a good place for little children. The more I read about it the more I like it, and every time I go into a kindergarten, I long to be a child again."

And Joe-Boy had heard a great deal about the kindergarten, too, because Charlotte Anne, the little girl who lived across the street, went, and when she would come to see Joe-Boy, why, they would play "kindergarten" in the playroom nearly all the time, and Joe-Boy almost knew

everything the children did. So you see when he was really three, and the morning came for him to go, he did not even want to wait long enough to eat any breakfast, because he was so anxious to go.

Mother Gipsy carried him and when they got there he was just a little bit afraid at first, and hid his head in Mother Gipsy's lap—because there were so many children, you see, more than Joe-Boy had ever seen before. But when he looked around at the bright, pretty room, with its flowers and pictures and blocks and things, he did not feel afraid. And then he saw the "light bird" with its lovely colored dress, as it danced around the room to say "good morning" to the children, and he pulled Mother Gipsy down and said: "See, mother, it is just like the one you made for me at home, and there are the same pretty woolen balls and the wooden one that rolls so well—oh, oh, oh!"

And the very next thing Mother Gipsy knew Joe-Boy had left her side and was seated in one of the little red chairs by Charlotte Anne, clapping and singing away with the other children in the circle. And then he played some of the happy games that you have played, and marched and built a pretty house with blocks, and when the time came to say "good-bye" Mother Gipsy said the sunbeams must have hidden in his feet—because he danced and skipped the whole way home. And when Father Gipsy came home to dinner, there was a pretty, blue paper basket on his plate—just like the one you have made—and Joe-Boy said: "I made it all myself for you, father, because you couldn't go to kindergarten, and tomorrow I'll make you something else."

And Father Gipsy took the little blue basket and hung it over his desk, where he would often see it, and think about the first day that Joe-Boy went to kindergarten.

Joe Boy's Cow

Friday

Relationships as to food.—(1) Milk, (2) oats, corn, wheat.

Traced from origin to consumer: (1) Cow, farmer, laborer, home. (2) Seed, farmer, miller, merchant, home.

The Child's Food.—(1) Milk—Its value traced to the cow. (2) Grain—Corn, meal, bread; wheat, flour, biscuit; oats, oatmeal, porridge.

Traced from the source to Joe-Boy's home, and stressing thereby the laws of interdependence and co-operation, thus: Seed, farmer, miller, merchants, home.

ONE night when Father Gipsy came home from his work he said, "Just guess, Mother Gipsy, what I bought today for you and Joe-Boy. It is something very large, has four legs, two soft brown eyes, a pair of horns and a tail that curls at the end. If we take very good care of her she will give us something nice to eat—that is white and yellow."

"Oh, that must be a cow," said Mother Gipsy, "and she will give us milk and butter and cheese! I am sure, I am very glad, too, because Joe-Boy drinks so much milk these days, he ought to have a cow. When is she coming?"

"I bought her from Farmer Green, away out in the country," said Father Gipsy, "and he promised to send her in by Dick tomorrow, so you and Joe-Boy may watch for her in the afternoon, and when she comes show her the way to the red barn where she is to sleep."

"All right," said Mother Gipsy, "that will be fun for Joe-Boy and me, and we will see that she has something nice to eat, too, after her long trip, because cows get tired as well as people do."

"And do you reckon she will have her baby with her?" asked Joe-Boy. "To be sure!" said Father Gipsy. "Do you suppose Lady Cow would come to town to live and leave her baby behind? No, indeed! and she will expect us to treat her very politely, so you and Mother Gipsy must not forget."

"And Joe-Boy didn't forget, either, and the next morning when he went to kindergarten—why, he couldn't talk about a single thing but cows! And then the kindergarten teacher and all the children got to talking about cows, too, and they took clay and modeled cows, and they made block houses for cows, with nice broad windows in them, and hay racks and water troughs. And then they played "milking" and "churning" the whole day long and everybody had the finest time! When Joe-Boy went home he carried a little three-legged milking stool, made out of cardboard and toothpicks—he had made it himself, and he gave it to Betty, the big, fat cook—but he told her not to sit on it—no, not for anything, because she might break it, you know.

After dinner Joe-Boy went down to the barn with Mother Gipsy and helped her to make a clean straw bed in one corner of the stall, and put fresh hay in the rack and filled the long stone trough with cool water. "Because if Lady Cow is to give us fresh, sweet milk to drink and butter to eat," said Mother Gipsy, "I'm sure we ought to do all we can to make her happy."

After they had prepared everything, Joe-Boy ran to the big gates to watch for her, and it wasn't very long before Mother Gipsy heard him shout, "Oh, oh, oh, Mother, here comes Lady Cow, and she has a little brown baby, trotting by her side, sure enough, oh, oh, oh!"

"Moo, moo, moo," said Lady Cow, as she came through the gate with her baby. That meant "Howdy-do, howdy-do," you know, and then she and the baby calf trotted—just guess where? Right straight to the red barn and began eating the nice hay that had been fixed for her. She was very gentle, and let Joe-Boy pat her on her head and smooth her on the back, as he called her "pretty cow."

"You needn't ever be afraid of her," said Dick, "she's the best cow that ever Farmer Green raised, and her milk is so rich her butter is as yellow as gold!"

That night when Betty went to milk, Joe-Boy went with her and carried his silver cup, and Betty milked the silver cup full to the brim and gave it to Joe-Boy to drink. And when Joe-Boy had drunk it every bit, he ran around right in front of the cow and made a little bow as he said, "Thank you, pretty cow," in his very politest way. And then Betty laughed, but I'm sure I don't know why!

Program for Sixth Week—Fuel and Lights

Wood

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What are our chairs made of? What other things in the room are made of wood? Where does the wood come from? How is it changed from trees into chairs, blocks and balls? Did you ever see a sawmill? (Show pictures; if possible, visit a sawmill.)

Games: Inspection of trees. "Wood choppers." (Using song of sawing and chopping.) Sawing logs. Float down the river. Sawmill (represent noise of the saw).

Gift: One-inch cylinders, four to represent logs; one-inch cubes, four logs to represent slabs; two cubes (oblongs), lumber; also cut clay cylinder to show the process. (Second gift, beds, large size.)

Occupation: Modeling, making of balls at factory.

Coal

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What made us warm in the summer? What keeps us warm these cold days? What makes the trees grow and even lives in them? Let me tell you a wonderful story about trees.

Game and song: "The Miner."

Gift: From variety of material let children choose what they need—some to make coal car; some fence coal yard; some make coal carts, hod, etc.

Occupation: Paper cutting, grate from black paper. Represent fire with colored crayons.

Gas

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Review story of Tuesday. After the day's story, make gas as described in story.

Game: Miners digging coal to make gas.

Gift: Fourth, co-operative work. Build palace.

Occupation: Toothpicks and peas. Make a gas jet.

Joe-Boy at Kindergarten

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: After the story has been told. What games do you think Joe-Boy played at the kindergarten? Which one do you think he liked best? Why?

Play favorite games.

Gift: Third (entirely free use).

Occupation: Folding lunch basket. Let older children use raffia, wrapping a simple basket, by use of wires, placed upright, in a circular disk.

Joe-Boy's Cow

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What do you like to drink for your breakfast? Where do you get it? Where does the milk come from? Shall I tell you about Joe-Boy's cow?

Game: Grass mowing. Pumping water for the cow.

Gift Period: Show milking stool and let children contrive how to make one.

Occupation: Milk pail and pans made of tin foil.

Seventh Week—Food

Lady Cow's Butter

Monday

LADY COW and her brown baby liked their new home at Joe-Boy's house very much, and every night Betty came from the barn with the bucket brim full of milk, which she strained in the big pans on the pantry shelf. Indeed, Lady Cow gave so much milk that even Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy and Betty and the brown baby could not drink it all! And then Mother Gipsy told Joe-boy she was going to town to buy something—to buy something

That was big at the bottom
And little at the top,
And something inside
Went flipity-flop!

Can you guess what that was? To be sure, a churn! That was the very first riddle that I ever learned, and Joe-Boy guessed it, too, because he had heard it at kindergarten the day they played "churning." So, he was very glad, and Mother Gipsy took him with her to the hardware store and they bought one of the old-fashioned churns, with the dasher inside that went "flipity-flop." And then just as soon as they got home Joe-Boy wanted to churn! But Mother Gipsy said:

"Dear me, who ever heard of churning butter until the milk turns to clabber! Why, we'll have to skim the cream from all the pans of milk and the pour it into the churn and let it set all night before it will be ready to churn. By morning it will be ready and *then* I'll let you see how you like churning, and we'll surprise Father Gipsy with some fresh, yellow butter for his dinner."

So that night Joe-Boy watched Mother Gipsy skim the cream from the pans of milk and get the churn ready and, sure enough, by the next morning the milk had turned to clabber and was ready to be churned into butter, and, sure enough, when Joe-Boy churned something inside

went "flipity-flop," just as the riddle said it would, you know. And then Joe-Boy lifted up the top to *see* it go flipity-flop, and the milk splashed all out into his eyes and nose and hair! And Mother Gipsy said: "W-h-y, we don't churn with the top open,—we just *listen* to the flipity-flop."

Then Joe-Boy wanted her to sing a song about the butter—he always wanted songs about everything—so Mother Gipsy sang:

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Joe-Boy's out here waiting for some.

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Mother Gipsy's out here waiting for some.

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Father Gipsy's out yonder waiting for some.

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Betty is out here waiting for some."

Then Joe-Boy clapped his hands and said, "Oh, see, mother, see! it's coming! Ever so many yellow specks—a mother speck, a papa speck and little baby specks!"

And then he ran and brought Betty, so she could see, too. By and by, when all the butter had come, Mother Gipsy gathered it into a ball with the dasher and then she put it in a bowl and poured cool water over it and then took the paddle and pressed and pressed all of the milk out, and put in some salt, and then molded it into a most beautiful cake of butter, with rosebuds on top.

And when Father Gipsy came home to dinner—there was a fresh cake of yellow butter! And he had some on his bread and Mother Gipsy had some on her bread, and Joe-Boy had some on his bread, and Betty had some on her bread—and it was so nice. Then Father Gipsy said:

"I wonder who helped to get this nice butter for our dinner?"

And Mother Gipsy said, "Well, the hay helped, the cow helped, Betty helped, the churn helped, Joe-Boy helped, the store man helped, and I helped!"

Now, how do you suppose they all helped?

The Little Sick Girl

Tuesday

THAT night, when Joe-Boy was tucked away in his white iron bed, he said, "Tell me a story, please, mother." And Mother Gipsy said, "What must I tell you about?" And Joe-Boy said, "About cows." And then Mother Gipsy smiled as she gave him a love pinch on his cheek and said, "You must think a great deal about cows these days. Let me see,—I'll tell you about how a cow's milk made a little sick girl strong."

"Once -upon -a-time there was a little girl who had been very sick—so sick that all of the red blood, which made the roses bloom in her cheeks, had gone away, and the little girl was very white and thin. So the mother sent for the doctor to see if he could give her some medicine which would make the little girl strong again—so the roses would bloom in her cheeks. But the doctor shook his head and said, 'I have no medicine that can make the little girl strong again, but go and ask the cow—she will give you milk, fresh and warm, and when the little girl drinks it, why, she will grow strong,—and the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.'

"Then the mother took a pitcher and went to the cow, and she said, 'Kind cow, will you please give me a pitcher of milk, fresh and warm? Then I will take it to my little girl, she will drink it and it will make her strong, and the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.' But the cow shook her head and said, 'I have no milk in my bag. Go bring me clover, fresh and sweet, that I may eat; then will I have milk in my bag, and will give you a pitcher full, and you may take it to your little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, that the roses may bloom in her cheeks again.'

"So the mother went to the farmer, and said, 'Kind farmer, will you please give me an armful of clover, fresh and sweet? Then will I take it to the cow, that she may eat and have milk in her bag. She will then give me a pitcherful, fresh and warm, and I will take it to my little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, and then the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.' But the farmer shook his head and said, 'I will give you an armful of clover, fresh and sweet, if the sunbeams and the rain-drops will fall upon it and make it grow. Then you may take it to the cow, that she may eat and have milk in her bag, and give you a pitcherful,

fresh and warm, and you may take it to your little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, that the roses may bloom in her cheeks again.'

"Then the mother looked up to the clouds, and she said, 'Oh, sunbeams and raindrops, will you please fall upon the clover and make it grow? Then the farmer will give me an armful, fresh and sweet. Then will I take it to the cow, that she may eat and have milk in her bag. She will then give a pitcherful, fresh and warm, and I will take it to my little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, and then the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.'

"Then the sunbeams and the raindrops smiled, every one, and they said, 'Yes, if God will send us, we will fall.' And God did. And the sunbeams and raindrops fell upon the clover, and it grew sweet and fresh, and the farmer gave the mother an armful, and she carried it to the cow, and the cow ate and had milk in her bag, and she gave the mother a pitcherful, fresh and warm, and she hurried home and gave it to her little girl, and the little girl drank the milk, and it was changed into rich, red blood, which ran through all the veins in the little girl's body—along her feet and legs and arms, and into her thin, white cheeks, and she grew stronger and stronger and stronger—and then the roses bloomed in her cheeks again. And the mother was very happy."

"Did she say, 'Thank you, pretty cow?'" asked Joe-Boy.

Farmer Green's Grain

Wednesday

"WELL, Dick," said Farmer Green, "did you carry that cow safely to Mr. Gipsy's house?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, "and the little fellow that lives there, named Joe-Boy, was very happy to see the cow, too! He patted her on the back and he smoothed her on the head and he called her 'pretty cow' over and over again. I know she will be well taken care of in her new home, for there was a nice supper waiting for her and a nice red barn for her to live in, with a window and a straw bed."

"That's nice," said Farmer Green; "I do not like to sell my cows to people unless they treat them kindly. But come, we must do some planting today; I believe that very same little Joe-Boy will be wanting some oatmeal and bread to eat with his milk by and by; and how will he ever get it unless the farmer plants and the miller grinds and the grocer sells, that his mother may bake? Come, we will do our part—plow the ground and sow the seed."

Now, Farmer Green had three fields—a great big field, a middle-sized field and a little wee field—and he and Dick plowed them deep and fine, and then raked them nicely over. After that they went to the barn—the very same where the little sister cotton seed had been—and there they found three sacks, a great big sack, a middle-sized sack, and a little wee sack. The great big sack held corn, the middle-sized sack held wheat and the little wee sack held oats. So they carried the sacks to the fields and planted the grain—the corn in the great big field, the wheat in the middle-sized field, and the oats in the little wee field, and then they went away and left it to grow. And the grain, it grew and grew and grew and grew and grew and grew and grew and grew, helped by the rain and the sun and the dew, and after many days it got ripe—the corn in the great big field, the wheat in the middle-sized field, and the oats in the little wee field.

Then, one morning Farmer Green said, “Dick have you seen how well the grain has grown? Why, it is ready for the miller to grind into flower and meal to make the children’s bread. Let us go and gather it.”

So they hitched the horses to the big farm wagon and Farmer Green and Dick got in and drove to the fields. First, they stopped at the great big field and gathered all the corn, and then they stopped at the middle-sized field and gathered all the wheat, and then they stopped at the little wee field and gathered all the oats, and they carried it to the barn and stored it all away—the corn from the great big field, the wheat from the middle-sized field, and the oats from the little wee field.

“There, now,” said Farmer Green, “that’s what I call fine grain, and it is ready for the miller now to grind into flour and meal to make the children’s bread—Perhaps the little Gipsy boy will get some ground from this very grain that grew in the great big field, the middle-sized field and the little wee field.”

The Miller

Thursday

I HOPE you do not think the grain stayed in Farmer Green’s barn all the time! No, indeed, for if it did, how would we ever get any bread, I’d just like to know—you or I or Joe-Boy? No,

The farmer must plant and the miller must grind,
Or there wouldn’t be bread of any kind;

For how could the grocer get it to sell?—
Flour and meal, I can not tell;
And how would the mother get it to bake?
How would she ever make bread and cake?—
If the farmer did not plant the grain,
And the miller grind over and over again.
Yes, the farmer must plant and the miller must grind,
Or there wouldn't be bread of any kind.

So I guess you know where Farmer Green and Dick were going one morning in the big wagon, when they rolled through the wide gate and down the big road with a wagon load of grain—corn and wheat and oats. They were on their way to the mill, which stood on the banks of the hurrying river, and the horses walked slowly, because the load was very heavy.

The miller came out of his mill to meet them, and his hat was white, and his coat was white, and his shoes were white—white with the dust of the flour and meal, for all day long, from morn till night, the miller worked in his mill, grinding the golden grain.

"I am glad to see you, Farmer Green," he said. "What have you there for me to grind today? I have many letters from the merchants in town asking for bags of meal and flour. What do you suppose they would do without us, anyway—those town people?"

"I can not tell you, sir," said Farmer Green, "for people must eat, you know. But I have brought you a load of very fine grain—this corn you may grind into golden meal, this wheat into pure white flour, and these oats into oatmeal flakes—'twill make a fine dish with milk, I'm sure, for it was planted with the greatest care."

"Yes," said the miller, as he peeped into the wagon, "and the meal from this corn will make good cornbread, and the flour from this wheat will make good buscuit—of that I'm very sure! Because everything that comes from your farm is extra good and fine."

"Thank you very much," said Farmer Green, with a smile, "Dick and I always do our best."

And then—well, if you have never been in an old-fashioned water mill, I wish you had been there to watch the miller grind the grain; it was a beautiful sight! Most mills are turned by steam these days, you know, but this one the waterdrops turned, and just as soon as the miller

opened the water-gate and let them in,—through the race they dashed with a rush to the wheel, and turned it quickly over, singing their gay little song:

“We push you, wheel,
To help you turn,
To grind the flour and meal;
Merrily, merrily, over so,
Faster and faster you go.”

And while they sang at their work at the wheel, the miller sang at his work in the mill. First he untied the sack of corn and poured it into the hopper, and as the corn slipped down, down beneath the heavy millstones, it was ground into fine, soft meal, which soon filled the trough below. So the miller brought his sacks and filled them full of the meal—all ready for market, you know, and when all the corn had been ground, then he filled the hopper with wheat, and quickly it, too, passed beneath the heavy millstones and was soon ground into flour, and put into sacks for sale.

Last of all, the busy miller poured the oats into the hopper and it was ground into the brown oatmeal flakes, which every child likes to eat.

And so all of the grain was ground—the corn and the wheat and the oats, and the miller shut up the water-gate, and the mill wheel stopped, very slowly, because there were no little waterdrops to push, you know. But there were the sacks of meal and flour, and the next day they were sent to a store in the very same town where Joe-Boy lived, and—only guess! Joe-Boy’s mother bought some! And I’ll tell you what she made out of it—tomorrow.

The Kindergarten Lunch

Friday

THE next day while Joe-Boy was at kindergarten, Mother Gipsy went to the kitchen with one of her very merriest smiles, and she said to the big, fat cook:

“Betty, I’m going to surprise the children at kindergarten today, and send them a nice, dainty lunch. You know Joe-Boy has been telling them so much about the cow that I thought maybe they would like to taste the milk and see what nice milk Lady Cow gives. But, of course, there

must be something nice for them to eat with the milk, so I have planned to send them oatmeal, and something else, made from the flour and meal I got from the grocer yesterday. It was so fresh and nice, and right from the mill, he said. Let me see," said Mother Gipsy, "what shall we make? Oh, now I know, the very thing! There are twenty children in the kindergarten, and from the flour we will make twenty little biscuits, just the size of a silver dollar, and from the meal we will make twenty little pones of cornbread, just about the size—the size—the size of Father Gipsy's thumb! And then we'll have twenty little dishes of oatmeal and twenty mugs of milk—why, that will be the finest kind of lunch, and so much fun, don't you think so?"

"Y-e-s, indeed, ma'am," said Betty, "it'll be a power of fun for de chillun! I ken see Joe-Boy's eyes a-dancing right now; but me and you—we'd better set to work if we gwine to make all a them dollar biscuit and thum pones o' bread!"

You see, Betty didn't know how to talk, in just the best way, but she was very kind anyway, and pretty soon she and Mother Gipsy were hard at work. Such another sifting and beating and rolling of meal and flour into dough you never saw, and by and by the twenty little biscuits and the twenty little pones of bread were all ready to go into the stove, while the oatmeal steamed away in the double boiler.

"Now they are done," said Mother Gipsy, as she opened the stove door—"such a beautiful, golden brown; my! Won't the children be happy?"

And then she packed them all away in the big lunch basket while Betty got the waiter and fixed the mugs and the dishes and the spoons and the pitcher of milk all ready for the oatmeal, you know. And then they went to the kindergarten and knocked at the door. And my, me! didn't those kindergarten children smile when they saw that lunch! They were so surprised they didn't know what to do! And, sure enough, Joe-Boy's eyes danced just as Betty said they would when he saw the twenty little biscuits and the twenty little pones of bread, and the twenty little dishes of oatmeal and the twenty little mugs of milk! Yes, they danced and danced and danced, and while the children ate, the kindergarten teacher told them all about the farm where Lady Cow came from, and about Farmer Green who had planted the grain, and about the miller who had ground the corn and wheat and oats into flour and meal, and about the grocer who had sold some to Mother Gipsy, and how busily

she and Betty had worked to bake for them the twenty little biscuits and the twenty little pones of bread, and the oatmeal flakes so brown—which every child likes to eat. And then the children gave five claps as a “thank you,”—a clap for Farmer Green, a clap for the miller, a clap for the grocer and a clap for Mother Gipsy and Betty. And so everybody had the nicest time!

Don't you wish you'd been there?

Program for Seventh Week—Food

Lady Cow's Butter

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you ever seen butter made? How was it made? (Let cream be stirred in a bowl that children may see the formation of butter.)

Play: “Churning.” Take some to grandmother, gather nuts, etc., when returning.

Gift: Second. Use cylinder for the churns. Have a toy churn, and real cream, for each child to use in turn.

Occupation: Modelling or cardboard construction. Make a churn.

The Little Sick Girl

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What do you like best to drink for breakfast? What do you suppose is best to make little children grow strong—milk or coffee? Then, which would you rather drink?

Listen while I tell you about a cow that helped a little sick girl.

Play: Cloverfield, sunbeams, raindrops, mother, sick child, farmer. (Dramatize the story.)

Gift: Tiles.—Represent the clover field with beaded pegs.

Occupation: Parquetry circles or free cutting. Clover leaves. Older children—water color leaf and blossom.

Farmer Green's Grain

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show grains of corn, wheat and oats. Do you like oatmeal? Do you know which one of these seeds it is made of? Do you remember all about Farmer Green and Dick

and the little sister cotton seeds? I have another story about Farmer Green, and some seeds like these we have looked at. (Story.)

Game: Would you know how does the farmer?" (emphasize threshing).

Gift: 8th.—Sticks—Outline the three fields (emphasize dimensions).

Occupation: Shell corn, thresh wheat and oats. Fold bin, to hold seed, ready for mill.

The Miller

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Take the children to visit a mill. If not possible, show picture of a mill, wheel, hopper and stones, also of grain product. Relate story for the day.

Game: "Merry little river."

Gift: Fourth. Mill sequence. (Construct a toy mill wheel and show its action.)

Occupation: Folding. Sacks filled with meal, flour and oatmeal.

The Kindergarten Lunch

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is made from cornmeal? Flour? Oatmeal? Would you like to hear about the party Mother Gipsy gave the kindergarten children? (Relate story.)

Game: Mill.—Sell the flour to the grocer, and buy for Joe-Boy.

Gift: Period. Bake biscuit and cakes.

Occupation: Period. Picnic lunch.

Eighth Week

Joe-Boy's Letter

Civil Relationships—Postman, Policeman, Fireman, Doctor, Preacher.

Monday—Postman

NEXT to Joe-Boy's kindergarten teacher, there were five friends that he loved very much indeed, and I must not forget to tell you about them. You may count them on your fingers, beginning with your thumb, as I tell you their names: The postman, the policeman, the fireman, the doctor and the preacher. He loved them, every one, and because he loved them he had made each one of them something

pretty at kindergarten—and they have them now, so I am told. He had known the postman longer than any of the others, because, you see, he had been bringing letters and papers to Joe-Boy's house ever since it had been built, and that was before Joe-Boy learned to walk, you know. No weather had been too hot or too cold or too wet or too windy for the postman to come, two times every day, so Joe-Boy had learned to love and watch for his cheery whistle, as he came hurrying down the street with his big leather mail sack stuffed full of letters for all the people. It was always Joe-Boy who ran to the gate to meet him and get the letters and papers, and he always asked the postman the very same question, with a most wistful little smile on his face: "Is there any letter for me today, Mr. Postman?"

And always the postman would look through his sack very carefully before he shook his head and said, "Not today, my little man, but here is one for your mother and a paper for your father. Won't that do?"

So Joe-Boy would take the mail and run into the house to Mother Gipsy, but he wanted to get a letter for his very own so much he didn't know what to do, and he kept wondering why somebody did not write him one. But the postman always had a smile for Joe-Boy, anyway, and they grew to be the best of friends as the days went by. Sometimes when it was very warm Joe-Boy would have a glass of cool water waiting for the postman, when he came, and if it was very cold weather, why, he would always ask him to come in and warm, though, of course, the postman couldn't do that, because the people were waiting for their letters, you know, and he did not have time to stop. Then, when Joe-Boy had started to kindergarten, the postman was the very first one he told about it, and he made him a red basket with a gold handle to it, too, and the postman thought that was most beautiful. And one day, not so very long after that, the postman stopped in front of Joe-Boy's gate and blew and blew and blew his whistle—so loud and long and merry that Joe-Boy dropped his linen picture book on the steps in a hurry and ran with a skip and a hop to the gate. And when he said, "Is there any letter for me today, Mr. Postman?" why, the postman took his sack down from his shoulder and said very slowly, "L-e-t m-e s-e-e," as he looked through his sack. And then he pulled out a big, fat letter and said, "Why, to be sure, this letter must be for you! It reads, 'Master Joe Boy Gipsy.'" Then the postman laughed and Joe-Boy laughed as he took his letter and skipped to

the house to show it to Betty and Mother Gipsy—such a happy, happy boy, because he had a letter.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! mother, I did get a letter!" he said; "open it quickly and read me what it says. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

And when Mother Gipsy opened it, just you guess whom it was from? No, indeed, it wasn't his grandmother, and it wasn't his grandfather, and it wasn't his uncle, nor his aunt, nor his cousin—it was none of these. Why, it was from the postman himself! Now, wasn't that funny? And the letter said:

"Dear Joe-Boy:

"I write you this letter to tell you that I love you. I thank you very much for the cool water you sometimes give me and for the pretty red basket, too. I wish I were like you, and could go to kindergarten every day. It must be great fun.

"I haven't time to write you any more now.

As ever, your friend, "THE POSTMAN."

How the Policeman Helped Joe-Boy

Tuesday—Policeman

JOE-BOY was so very proud of his letter that he almost wore it out carrying it around with him. And, of course, he took it to kindergarten the very next day, because he wanted the children to see it. The kindergarten teacher read it to them, while Joe-Boy smiled and smiled and smiled, and the children thought it was a very nice letter indeed, and everybody wanted to play "postman" right away! So the teacher sang them a pretty song about a postman while they played the game, and everybody in the circle got letters, and they had such a nice time reading them to one another. Then when they went to the table they built mail boxes and mail trains and answered their letters, folding pretty envelopes to send them off in, so you see they had a merry time of it, playing "postman."

After kindergarten, when Joe-Boy started home, he held his precious letter tight in his hand, because he was afraid he might lose it, you know, and every once in a while he would stop and peep into the envelope to see if it was still there. Then he thought he would like to read it again, so he pulled it out and was walking slowly down the street, reading—as he had sometimes seen Father Gipsy do—and all at once, before he

knew it, somebody ran up behind him and snatched the letter right out of his hand,—o-oh! And when Joe-Boy turned round to see, there stood Billy Sanders—a great big boy, and he held the letter away up high, so Joe-Boy couldn't reach it, and then he said, "It's mine now! Oh, yes, it's mine now! I'd just like to see you get it! Jump, sonny, jump!"

But Billy Sanders wasn't a kindergarten boy,—oh, no, indeed! I don't think Billy went to any school, and he wasn't a kind boy, either, because when Joe-Boy said, "Oh, Billy, Billy, do please give me my letter! It's mine, Billy; the postman brought it to me!" Billy only laughed and shook his head as he held the letter up, higher still, and said:

"No, sir! this is my letter now, and you'll never get it any more! I'm going to run home and lock it up in my trunk."

And then Billy ran around the corner just as fast as he could go, and took the letter with him, and Joe-Boy couldn't catch him. But somebody else did, yes, sir! For just as Billy dashed around the corner he ran *right* into the arms of a big, fat policeman, and the policeman held him very tight, and Billy wriggled and wriggled and wriggled, but he couldn't get away. And then the policeman saw the letter and he thought something was wrong, so he said, "Hi there, Billy! What makes you run around street corners like a steam engine, knocking into people on the sidewalks? That's no way for a gentleman to do! What letter is that you have in your hand?"

And then Billy hung his head and said, "It's mine." Wasn't that dreadful? But the policeman said: "Just hand it here and let me see, please. Why, Billy, this is no letter of yours! It reads, on the envelope, 'Master Joe-Boy Gipsy.' I hope you haven't been doing anything wrong, for I only like brave, true boys to live in our town. Come right along with me, sir, and let me see about this letter."

And Billy didn't want to go, very much, but the policeman held his hand, and when they got around the corner there stood dear little Joe-Boy, trying his very best not to cry—because he wanted to be a brave boy, you know. And as soon as the policeman saw Joe-Boy he knew right away Billy had taken the letter from him, and he felt very much ashamed that big boys like Billy would take things away from little boys and then tell stories about it, too—that was most dreadful!

So the big policeman looked at Billy very hard, and he said, "Now, Billy, you just hand that letter over to Joe-Boy right this very minute, and don't you ever let me hear of you doing such mean things any more!"

And then Billy handed that letter over to Joe-Boy in a hurry, and he felt very much ashamed of himself, too. And when Joe-Boy had his letter again his eyes got full of sunshine, and he said, "Oh, thank you, Billy, I wanted my letter so much!" And then he ran off home and told Mother Gipsy all about it.

"That was too bad," said Mother Gipsy, "but I'm sure you are glad we have such good, kind policemen in our town, to help people do the right things. You can always go to them, when you get into trouble on the streets. I hope you did not forget to thank him for helping you?"

"I just thanked Billy," said Joe-Boy, "but tomorrow, when I see him, I won't forget."

And sure enough he didn't, for the very next morning, as he went to kindergarten, he saw the policeman, and then he thanked him. And the policeman smiled and smiled, and that is how they got to be such good friends, for after that Joe-Boy always called him "my policeman."

How Lady Cow Was Saved

Wednesday—Fireman

THE fire engine house was on the next block from Joe-Boy's house, and, of course, when the fire alarm rang he was one of the very first to see the large strong horses dash out with the engine and wagons and gallop away to fight the fire. Often, at kindergarten, Joe-Boy played "fireman" with the other children, and that was almost as much fun as being a truly true fireman. Sometimes he would be one of the horses to dash off at the first tap of the bell and sometimes he would be a part of one of the long wagons and sometimes he would be one of the firemen to run up the ladders or throw the water from the hose pipes over the burning house.

But one day the children had a happy, happy time, because the kindergarten teacher took them all to the fire engine house, and let them see everything! There were the shining engines which the firemen kept so clean and bright, and the hose wagons and the hook and ladder wagon and the brave white horses, standing right under the harness, all ready to be buckled in, at the first tap of the bell. They knew as well as the firemen did what it meant to do their very best, and, I tell you, they could run! Upstairs were all of the iron beds where the firemen slept, and near by was the big brass pole that they had to slide down when the fire alarm rang in the night. They did not have time to come down

steps, you know—no, indeed, that was too slow for a fireman! He would just hold to the brass pole and down he would come in a twink! One of the firemen showed Joe-Boy just how he did it, and then Joe-Boy wanted to slide down, too, and the fireman helped him up two or three times and let him slide all the way down. Wasn't that kind of a fireman? Joe-Boy thought he was the very best one in all the world. And I will tell you why. One night—away late in the night—Mrs. Gipsy waked up, hearing people running and some one shouting, "Fire! fire! fire!" And then she heard the fire alarm ring out, "Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!" and then she knew there was a fire somewhere, and it sounded like the people running to her house. So she shook Mr. Gipsy to wake him, and they both ran to the window and threw open the blinds to look out, and then Mr. Gipsy said, "Goodness me! I do believe our barn is on fire! See how bright it is in our yard! Lady Cow and her brown baby will be burned up, I'm afraid—what shall we do?"

"No," said Mrs. Gipsy, "there come the fire engines and we need not be afraid, because the firemen will put out the fire, I know, before it burns the barn very much."

And, sure enough, just at that moment the strong white horses dashed into the yard with a gallop, and the brave firemen, dressed in their rubber clothes, were soon fighting the flames. Some of them threw a large stream of water over the barn and some of them ran up the ladders, and others watched the sparks to keep them from putting Joe-Boy's house on fire when they fell on the roof. When the fire was all out Joe-Boy waked up, and he was so surprised when he saw the big fire wagons standing in the yard; and Father Gipsy wrapped a big shawl around him and carried him to the barn to thank the firemen for putting out the fire. And the very first thing he said was:

"Oh, oh, oh, where is Lady Cow and her brown baby?" Then the fire chief said, "Look over there under the tree, Joe-Boy, and you will see the friend who went through the smoke and flames to bring your cow and calf safely out of the burning stable."

And when Joe-Boy looked where the fire chief pointed, guess whom he saw? The very same fireman who had held him and let him slide down the brass pole the day the kindergarten children visited the fire engine house. And now he had saved Lady Cow and her brown baby from burning up, so you may know how very much Joe-Boy loved him after that.

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, when they had all gotten back to bed, "I do not know what we would do without firemen to help in our towns, Why, just suppose our pretty home had caught on fire, too, and burned to the ground! Wouldn't that be most dreadful?"

"Yes, indeed," said Father Gipsy, "and I am very thankful that the firemen put out the fire before the barn was burned down. Only the top was hurt, and tomorrow we must have a new roof put on it, or Lady Cow and her brown baby will have no where to sleep."

So the next day the workmen came and soon a new roof was fixed and the barn looked as good as new.

And, you know, Lady Cow was glad of that!

Joe-Boy And The Doctor

Thursday—The Doctor

ONE morning when Charlotte Anne came to kindergarten she said, "Only guess, my birthday comes in seven days, and then I will be five years old, and mother is going to send some ice cream and my birthday cake to kindergarten, and then all the children will have some."

Then everybody smiled and clapped their hands and begged Charlotte Anne to tell them whom she was going to choose for her birthday king. But Charlotte Anne wouldn't tell, oh, no! not for anything, because that was to be a surprise. Birthdays at kindergarten were the very happiest days of all. If it was a girl's birthday, why, she was called the birthday queen, and she chose one of the boys to be her birthday king, and there was a pretty birthday throne for them to sit on, while all the other children were called the "love fairies" and worked to make the king and queen have a happy day. They would make a beautiful crown and chain for them to wear, and carried it to them with a pretty birthday song, and after the king and queen had skipped with everyone, then came the time for the birthday lunch, when there was always something nice to eat. So that is why the children were so happy when Charlotte Anne told them her birthday was coming in only seven days. When Joe-Boy went home he told Mother Gipsy all about it, and then he said, "Oh, mother, I do hope Charlotte Anne will choose me for her birthday king, because I never have been a king yet—do you guess she will?"

"We can't tell," said Mother Gipsy, "we must wait and see, but,

anyway, you will be sure to have a merry time in helping Charlott Anne to have a happy birthday. You can help make the crown and chain."

But, dear me! just three days before Charlotte Anne's birthday Joe-Boy waked up in the morning sick—and he was so sick he couldn't get up, because his head felt queer—just as yours does when you get sick; and his hands were hot and he had a fever. Oh, wasn't that too bad, when it was only three days till Charlotte Anne's birthday? Just suppose he shouldn't get well in time to go! Mother Gipsy said, "Well, I'll go and bring your breakfast, and you may eat it in bed, and then maybe you will feel better."

So she took her prettiest silver waiter, and she got a glass of Lady Cow's fresh milk, and one of the speckled hen's eggs, and a nice little piece of brown toast—and a pink rosebud—that was to make the waiter look nice, you know. And then she carried it to Joe-Boy, but though he tried his very best, he couldn't eat a thing!

"Well, well," said Father Gipsy, "when boys can't eat a dainty breakfast like that, something's wrong, and the best thing I know to do is to send for the doctor. Maybe he can get you well in time to go to the birthday. Do you think you can take any medicine?"

Well, Joe-Boy said he would surely try, because he just must get well in time to go to kindergarten on Charlotte Anne's birthday, so away Father Gipsy went to the doctor's office, and pretty soon his buggy was at the door—the dearest, merriest doctor that you ever saw, with eyes that twinkled and twinkled ever time he looked at you. He hung his high, shiny hat on the rack and then he said, "Where's the little boy that *thinks* he's sick? I have all kinds of sugar coated pills and fine tasting medicine—pink and yellow and black and white—to make a sick boy well."

Then the very first thing he did was to feel Joe-Boy's pulse—you know what that is—and then he said, "Yes, this is a sick pulse; it beats a little too fast." And then next he said, "Let me see your tongue; yes, that's a sick tongue, too; it is a little too white. I'll try the little fever man now, and see what he says; open your mouth." And when Joe-Boy opened his mouth the doctor put a pretty little glass tube, called a thermometer, in his mouth, and let it stay two minutes and a half, and when he took it out he said, "Yes, the little fever man says you are too hot and need some medicine to make you cooler. Do you know what a miller is?"

And Joe-Boy smiled and said, "Yes, the miller grinds up Farmer Green's corn and wheat and oats."

"Ah," said the doctor, and his eyes twinkled and twinkled, "why, I didn't think you knew! Very good, then I can tell you what is the matter with you. There is a queer little miller who lives down in your stomach, whose business it is to grind up very fine everything you eat—so that it can be changed into rich, red blood. But you have been giving *your* little miller something that was too hard for him to grind and it has made him sick, you see. So that is the reason you do not feel very well today. But never mind, I have some white powders here that will make the little miller well—if you can swallow them. Do you think you can give him one every two hours?"

"Yes," said Joe-Boy, smiling, "if it will make him well by Friday—because I must go to Charlotte Anne's birthday party then."

"And of course you don't want to carry a sick miller with you to the party," said the doctor with one of his twinkles, "that would never do! Well, well, we will give him the powders, and you mustn't let him do any work today, but have a good, long rest, and I feel sure you will be all right for the birthday party."

Then he fixed up the paper for Mother Gipsy to send to the drug store for the powders, and put on his high, shiny hat and away he went to see some more sick people. And when he stepped into his buggy, why, he had a little pink rose bud in his hand. Now, where do you suppose he got it?

Well, Joe-Boy took the powders, one every two hours, and sure enough the little miller got well and Joe-Boy went to kindergarten on Friday; and the children were so glad, and everybody wanted him to be the birthday king, because he had been sick and he had never been a king, and then they loved him so! And when the time came Charlotte Anne chose Joe-Boy to be her birthday king, and he was so happy he danced all the way home to tell Mother Gipsy about it. So now you can guess why Joe-Boy loved the doctor.

Joe-Boy In Church

Friday—The Preacher

THERE was a grand and beautiful church between Joe-Boy's house and the kindergarten. Its steeple was so high it seemed to reach almost to the very sky with its shining weather-vane, that told which way the wind blew. There, too, was the big bell, whose rich

tones rang out far and near—"ding dong, ding dong, ding dong." Charlotte Anne said that meant "Come to church, good people; come to church, good people; come to church, good people."

The stone steps which led up to the large double doors were very long and very high and very many. Often and often Joe-Boy had wondered about the church, and longed to go inside. Once he sat on the bottom step just a minute, but Charlotte Anne said they must not go any farther, because it was God's house and only big people went inside. But one day when Joe-Boy was passing the church by himself he heard music—such beautiful, beautiful music—and it came right out of the church. Joe-Boy stopped still and listened, and it grew sweeter and sweeter—sometimes loud and joyous like wind and sunshine among forest trees, then softer and softer like the ripple of a tiny stream, until he thought it had quite gone away, when it would swell out again and echo its grand, sweet song. Joe-Boy listened and listened, and then before he knew it he had climbed the big stone steps to the very top, crossed the old stone porch and stood before the great double doors—but they were closed tight, and though he tried and tried he could not reach the latch.

"Oh, if I only could!" said Joe-Boy, "then I could see inside." And while he stood there tiptoe, somebody ran up the steps—the man who preached in the church—and when he saw Joe-Boy at the doors he was very much surprised, and didn't frown one bit; only smiled a pleasant smile as he took Joe-Boy's hand in his and said, "Why-er, how do you do, sir? Did you come to church today?"

"No," said Joe-Boy, with his shy little smile, "Charlotte Anne says this is God's house and only big folks come here. But I'm just listening to His music. Will God care?"

"Why, no!" said the preacher, "to be sure God won't care! And what's more, Charlotte Anne is mistaken about only big people coming here. To be sure it is God's house, but He wants everybody to come, and the little people most of all. So come right in with me now; I'm sorry this isn't church day and you can't see all the people when they sing, but I'll show you everything else, anyway. Would you like to come?"

Joe-Boy slipped his hand into the preacher's, and pushing the double doors open, hand in hand they walked slowly down the broad

aisle. And yes, there was the very place where the music came from—Joe-Boy saw that first of all—such a great, great organ, with its gilded pipes reaching away up to the ceiling, and on the organ bench sat a man playing the music that Joe-Boy thought so beautiful. The preacher nodded his head to him with a smile, and said, “Keep on playing while we look around.” And as they walked Joe-Boy’s eyes filled with wonder. Never before had he seen so many, many benches! Surely enough for everybody,—big people and little people, too, thought Joe-Boy. And windows and windows and windows, where the beautiful light crept through, and fell on walls and carpet, in all of the rainbow colors. That was almost as beautiful as the music. Then they climbed the altar steps, and Joe-Boy sat in one of the big chairs, while the preacher showed him the great big Bible, that told all about the Christ-child.

“Mother has a book that tells about Him, too,” said Joe-Boy, “but it isn’t so large as that.” Then the preacher took him through a little door that led into the Sunday School room, and that looked so much like a big kindergarten that Joe-Boy said, “Oh-o, I didn’t know God had this kind of a room in His house.” “Yes,” said the preacher, “this is the very room we keep for the children, so you see little folks do come here, and I hope you will come often. When you go home be sure and tell your mother about it, and ask her to come with you.”

“All right,” said Joe-Boy, “and I’ll go right now, and I will tell Charlotte Anne, too, because she doesn’t know.”

Then away skipped Joe-Boy down the aisle and through the doorway in such a big hurry to tell Mother Gipsy about the preacher and God’s house.

Of course Mother Gipsy was glad for him to go, so on the very next Sunday when the big bell from the high church steeple rang out, “Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! Come to church, good people; come to church, good people; come to church, good people!” Why, Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy all went, and when the preacher saw Joe-Boy he just smiled and smiled, because he was *so* glad to see him there. And after that they went every Sunday, and sometimes the preacher came to Joe-Boy’s house to see him, and sometimes Joe-Boy went to the preacher’s house to see him, and they grew to be the very best of friends.

Program for Eighth Week

The Postman

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games—Who brings letters to the house? Where does he get them? Do you ever get one? Did you know Joe-Boy got a letter? Guess who wrote it. Listen and see.

Song and game—"Postman."

Gift—Sixth, (large blocks). Build postoffice. Use mail boxes made of pasteboard.

Occupation—Folding letters and envelopes.

The Policeman

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Who stays awake all night, walks up and down the streets and watches to see that no harm comes to the people while they sleep? Who stands at the street corner in town and keeps people from being run over when they cross the street? What is the best thing you ever knew a policeman to do?

March—Policeman going to roll call.

Play—Policeman at street corner.

Gift—Building blocks and tablets, and such other material as needed to represent buildings, streets, crossings, etc., in city.

Occupation—Make policeman's hat or coat with brass buttons.

The Fireman

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games—What should we do if our house caught on fire? Did you ever go inside an engine house? Did you see the harness for the horses? Where were they? Do you know how long after the bell rings before the horses are harnessed and out of the engine house?

Play—Fireman.

Gift—Sixth. Build engine house.

Occupation—Folding and cutting engine house; or, drawing. The child's own idea of the whole scene.

The Doctor

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games—Do you know of anybody who spends all his time trying to make sick people well? Do you like to have the doctor come to see you? Why? Joe-Boy loved his doctor very, very much, and I will tell you about it.

Play—Dramatize story.

Gift—Fifth. Each child one-third of the gift. Bed room furniture. Play the whole story.

Sense game—"Tasting."

Occupation—Modeling. Pills, bottles, boxes.

The Preacher

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games—Where did you hear the most beautiful music you ever heard? Where the most beautiful singing? Did you ever hear this? (Play Schubert's Serenade.) How do you like it? Shall I tell you about Joe-Boy and the music.

Play—First Gift, balls (long string). "Church bells."

Gift—Sixth. Belfry, organ, pews.

Occupation—Folding, organ. Paper cutting, bell from silver paper.

Ninth Week

Joe-Boy's Pets

Monday

Animal Relationships—Cow, horse, dog, cat, sheep, pig, rabbit, fish, frog, spider.

I HAVE not told you anything about Joe-Boy's pets yet, and I most surely must not forget them, because that's the very best part of all. When Joe-Boy first began to get his pets, why, do you know he told Mother Gipsy that he was going to get one of every animal in the whole world! And Mother Gipsy laughed that merry little laugh of hers and said, "All right, you may get as many as you please, just so you remember four things: Give them plenty to eat, give them plenty to drink, give them a clean place to sleep in and then be sure that they are happy."

Well, I'm sure all of Joe-Boy's pets were happy, because he treated them very kindly and there were the cow and her brown baby that you already know about; and the horse and dog and kitty and sheep and pig and rabbits and spider and frog and fish and chickens and pigeons and birds—but you needn't think he kept his birds in a wire cage nor his fish in a glass bowl! No, indeed, for I do not believe they would have been happy that way! But let me see which one I shall tell you about first. Oh, yes, about the horse, of course. He was the largest pet Joe-Boy had, and I believe the very smartest one. His name was Prince Charming, and he belonged to the circus before Joe-Boy got him, and that's where he had learned all his tricks, you know. He was a very large pure white horse, with a long tail and a long, wavy mane, and had been so beautiful when he was young and used to gallop around the circus ring with the painted lady standing tiptoe on his back—while the music played and the people clapped. Prince Charming liked that and he could even waltz to the music, too, and march in perfect time as well as you or I; so in the street parades that marched through the towns he did his very best, and stepped so high and proud that the people who saw him said, "See what a beautiful snow-white horse! How he tosses his head as he steps to the music! The circus man should be very proud of him!"

And the circus man was proud of him, too, but that was when Prince Charming was a young horse; after he began to get old and a little bit stiff, why, the circus man bought another horse to gallop around the ring with the painted lady standing tiptoe on his back, and he kept Prince Charming for a work horse, to pull the heavy wagons loaded with the circus tents and boxes and other things. Then Prince Charming used to miss the painted lady and the music and the people who would clap their hands when they saw him, and he would long to waltz and gallop around the circus ring again. But anyway, he always did his very best and he worked so hard and pulled such heavy wagons for the circus man that he grew thin and poor—so thin you could even see his backbone and count his ribs—and I'm afraid the circus men sometimes forgot to treat him kindly, and did not give him enough to eat, because they said he was getting too old and wasn't of very much account. And one day the circus came to the town where Joe-Boy lived, and Prince Charming fell and hurt himself, because the circus men were trying to make him pull a great heavy wagon-load of things too heavy for *any* horse to pull, and when he fell and couldn't get up, it made the circus men very angry, and they said ugly words and hit him with a long switch. But though Prince Charming tried his very best, he couldn't get up, because he was so sick and tired. But just at that very minute Father Gipsy and Joe-Boy passed by. They had come to see the circus animals, and when Father Gipsy saw how those men were treating Prince Charming his black eyes flashed, and he said:

"You wicked men, aren't you ashamed to treat a good horse like that! Why don't you take some of those heavy boxes down and make the wagon lighter? Come, I will help you."

But the circus men wouldn't do it. They said, "You just attend to your own business! This is our horse and we will treat him as we please—he is lazy and no 'count, that is all!" And then they jerked Prince Charming again to make him get up. Now, all the time Father Gipsy had been talking, Joe-Boy had been thinking, and he remembered about his letter and Billy Sanders. So he said, "Wait a minute, father, I know what to do."

Then he ran off very quickly, and when he came back he brought somebody with him—somebody that wore a blue coat with big brass

buttons on it—you know who. Yes, sir, it was that very same policeman you've heard about, and when those circus men saw him they didn't jerk Prince Charming any more, either. And the policeman looked at those circus men very hard, and then he said:

"Just unhitch that horse, please, and roll the wagon away from him until he is ready to get up by himself. Hurry! we don't have horses treated that way in our town, and it is my business to see to it."

Well, those circus men did hurry, too; they knew what would happen if they didn't so pretty soon all of the harness had been taken off of Prince Charming, even to the iron bit—which made him feel very much better, and he looked at the policeman and Father Gipsy and Joe-Boy out of his great brown eyes as much as to say, "I thank you so much!"

"Now," said the policeman, "I'll just keep my eye on this horse the rest of the day, and he shall have a good rest! If you circus men want that wagon moved, you'd better move it yourselves—or get another horse that is strong and well to do the pulling."

Then the circus men went away, and Joe-Boy stooped down and rubbed and patted Prince Charming all over his tired body. But the best part of it all is, that the circus men *did* come back and get their wagon, but they *never* did come back for Prince Charming.

They thought he was too old and worn out to do them any more good, so they just went away and left him. It was then that Joe-Boy asked to have Prince Charming for a pet, and the policeman said, "Well, I am sure if he belongs to anybody now, he ought to be Joe-Boy's, and I am sure he will always treat him kindly, so we will give Prince Charming to him, and see what love will do to make him well again."

So that is how Joe-Boy got the circus horse for a pet, and I have something else to tell you about him—tomorrow.

Prince Charming

Tuesday

RIGHT next to the stall in the stable where Lady Cow lived, there was another large airy stall, and that is the place where Prince Charming slept at night. There was a broad window between the two stalls, and he and Lady Cow grew to be the best of friends. If Prince Charming waked first in the morning he would poke his white head through the window to say "Good morning," and if Lady Cow waked first she would poke her brown head through the window to say "Good Morning," and then they would have the nicest little talks together—long before Joe-Boy waked up. Prince Charming told Lady Cow all about the circus and the painted lady, and how he used to gallop and waltz around the circus ring with her standing tiptoe on his back, and how very careful he would be to run so smoothly that she might not fall off. Lady Cow thought that was all very wonderful, but she shook her head and said, "I shouldn't like to lead a gay life like that—I'd much rather stay with Farmer Green or Joe-Boy."

"Yes, indeed," said Prince Charming, "I, too, would rather stay with Joe-Boy. He is always kind to me, and the circus men sometimes forget. I feel sure Joe-Boy saved my life the day he went for the policeman. But let us not talk of those unhappy times any more, because I am so happy now. I have this clean stall to live in, and a soft straw bed, and fresh water and so many nice things to eat! Just see how fat I am getting!"

And Prince Charming was getting fat. I only wish you could have seen him. Why, you couldn't see his backbone any more, and you couldn't begin to count his ribs, either, and he had been brushed so nicely each day that he was looking almost like silk, and his mane and tail were smooth and wavy as they used to be. I guess that was because Charlotte Anne used to plait it up sometimes, and let it stay all night. She and Joe-Boy just spent hours and hours playing with Prince Charming in the buttercup meadow—Prince Charming thought that buttercup meadow was the dearest spot on the earth! The first time Joe-Boy turned him in there he was so happy he didn't know what to do, and he hadn't seen any fresh green clover in such a long time that he did not know whether to eat it or to smell it or to roll over in it, and so Prince Charming did all three, while Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne clapped

their hands in glee. Charlotte Anne loved him as much as Joe-Boy did, and every day she would come over to bring him an apple or a lump of sugar or something nice to eat, and Prince Charming would come to the gate to meet her. He liked apples very much and would eat them from her hand, bowing his head up and down while he chewed—that meant “Thank you,” of course. Some days Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would dress Prince Charming up in clover chains, and he would hold his head very still while Charlotte Anne fastened it around his neck, and then he would trot off around a big circle, with his head lifted high—just as he used to do in the circus ring, you know—and Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would laugh and clap their hands. That would make Prince Charming think more and more about his circus days and the painted lady. Don’t you know it did? And so the happy days went by, and dear old Prince Charming was growing stronger and better every day—so strong that Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy both often rode on his back. But one day while they were riding something very funny happened. They had ridden down the big road and back again and were crossing the front lawn, when all at once Prince Charming heard Mother Gipsy playing a waltz on the piano. He stopped right still and pricked his short white ears back and forth very quickly, and *then*, only think!—Prince Charming began to waltz! Round and round he went in a ring, with Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy both on his back—just for the world as he used to do with the painted lady on his back! Betty laughed until her fat sides ached, and Father Gipsy laughed until his sides ached, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne laughed until they almost rolled off of Prince Charming’s back! And then Mother Gipsy came out to see what was the matter with everybody, and of course when the music stopped, why, Prince Charming stopped, too! Now, wasn’t he the dearest horse that ever you heard about?

Captain

Wednesday

CAPTAIN was a great big shaggy dog, and he was another one of Joe-Boy’s playmates, and one of the best playmates. They often ran races together, tumbled in the grass, played hiding, and all sorts of games, and if Joe-Boy would throw his rubber ball away out in the pond, Captain would jump into the water with a great splash

and swim after it. He liked to do this very much, and when he would bring the ball back to Joe-Boy he would drop it at his feet, and then wag and wag his tail, which meant, "Please throw it again, I like to swim after it."

Once-upon-a-time, Captain had saved Joe-Boy's life, too, when he was a baby. There was a tub of water on the back porch, that Betty had left—just for a minute—and Joe-Boy tumbled into it, with his head right down under the water, and he most surely would have drowned had not Captain seen him and pulled him out by his dress. It was then Father Gipsy said he would not take a bag full of gold dollars for Captain, and he made him a new dog house, with a soft bed inside—all his very own. But then Captain was always doing something kind. He came from a very noble family of dogs called the St. Bernards. Mother Gipsy told Joe-Boy many wonderful tales about these dogs hunting for people who had been caught in the snow storms on the mountains and almost frozen to death, when the dogs would find them and dig them out from under the snow. Then they would howl and howl, until somebody came to help them. But one of the smartest things Captain did was to find Joe-Boy the time he got lost in the woods, near their house. There was a white sandy path that stretched through the buttercup meadow and twisted over the hills and through the woods, and every time Joe-Boy saw that path he wanted to follow it and see where it led to. So he started out one day all by himself, without telling a single soul good-bye, and he walked and walked and walked before anyone missed him; and when he couldn't find the end of the little path, and turned around to come home—well, he was lost, and just couldn't find the way! There seemed to be two or three little paths and Joe-Boy had forgotten which one he had taken. By and by, when dinner-time came, there was a high chair at the dinner table, but there was no boy in it, and Mother Gipsy called and called, and Betty called and called, and Father Gipsy called and called, and then everybody hunted and hunted and hunted, but no Joe-Boy could they find. He wasn't at the barn and he wasn't in the meadow, and he wasn't on the lawn, and he wasn't at Charlotte Anne's house, and none of the other neighbors had seen him, though they all came over to help hunt, and even the big fat policeman looked, too, and he couldn't find Joe-Boy. Then Mother Gipsy thought about Captain, and she said, "Oh, why didn't I think about that first! Captain will find him, I feel very sure!" Then she took Joe-Boy's red cap from the rack and called, "Here, Cap-

tain, here!" And when Captain came running up she patted him on the head and held out the cap for him to see and smell, and then she said, "Joe-Boy—gone—go bring!" Captain looked up at Mother Gipsy, watching her very closely, and his tail went wag, wag, wag, as it always did when he listened, and I'm sure he understood, because he darted off like a flash, with his nose right close to the ground, and guess which way he went? Right down that very same little path that twisted over the hills, to be sure, and he ran so fast that nobody could begin to keep up with him! Father Gipsy got on Prince Charming and galloped off after him, and pretty soon he heard Captain give a long, glad bark, and he knew Joe-Boy had been found. When he got to them, there sat Joe-Boy on a log and Captain was licking the tears away from his cheeks, with his long pink tongue.

"Oh, father, father," said Joe-Boy, "I thought you never would come, and this little path just twists everywhere and has no end!"

"Well, well," said Father Gipsy, "we'll soon be home again now, and the next time you start out to find the end of a little, twisting path, you must invite somebody to go with you—don't you think so? Why, I don't know what we should have done without Captain today." Joe-Boy cuddled up close to Father Gipsy on Prince Charming's back and off they trotted home, with Captain following after. Mother Gipsy ran out to meet them, and I tell you he was a happy, happy boy to get back home once more.

Captain had a very fine dinner that day, and everyone patted and hugged him so, he was glad to trot off to his house for a nap. Mother Gipsy said he was the dearest dog in all the world, and you know Joe-Boy thought so!

Snowball

Thursday

THE pet kitten's name was Snowball, but, my, me! you never would have thought she looked like a snowball if you had seen her the first day Joe-Boy got her. Why, she was as black as black could be—with dirt. You see, it happened this way. Joe-Boy got her from the trash man—and, do you know, that trash man didn't have any more sense than to think that kitten was trash? Why, I never heard of such a thing! One morning he came with his cart to Joe-Boy's house to get the trash, and right on top of his cart, mixed up with all the

dirt and rags and paper, was this poor little kitty, crying "meow, meow, meow!"

Captain was the first one to hear her, and he ran up to the cart, wagging and wagging his tail—he knew something was wrong. Then Joe-Boy heard the kitty crying "meow, meow, meow!" and he ran up to the cart, too, and there was the little kitty, just as black and dirty as she could be.

"Oh-o," said Joe-Boy, "a dear little kitty! What are you going to do with her, Mr. Trashman?" But the trash man must have gotten out of the wrong side of his bed that morning, because he didn't even stop his cart long enough to give a polite answer. He just said, "Throw her in the trash pile, of course! Get alone there, mule!" and then he started off down the lane.

"Wait a minute, please, Mr. Trashman, I want that kitty, and I'll give you all the pennies in my red bank if you won't carry her to the trash pile, too."

"Whoa, mule!" said the trash man, as he held out his hand, "Here, take the kitten! I'm glad to get rid of the little old squalling thing! Where's your pennies? Be in a hurry!"

"I'll bring them in just a minute," said Joe-Boy, as he flew into the house for his bank, and then when he came back he shook every one of the pennies out into the trash man's hand. And then the old trash man said, "Get along there, mule," and away he rolled down the lane.

But he he didn't have any little kitty in his cart then; no, indeed, because Joe-Boy had that, you know, and the little kitty was so glad to hear a kind voice once more, and to feel a soft hand rub and pat her on her head. Captain tried his very best to lick her with that tongue of his that made such a good wash-rag—I guess he thought she needed a washing, don't you? Well, Joe-Boy thought she needed something to eat, so he carried her up to the pantry, and gave her a saucer of Lady Cow's fresh milk. But the kitty would not drink the milk, she only cried and cried, and she couldn't stand up either. Joe-Boy looked at her very sorrowfully for a minute, and then his face brightened as he said, "If kittens won't eat a nice, dainty breakfast like that, why, something's wrong, and the best thing I know what to do is to send for the doctor—that's a sick kitty."

You, see, Joe-Boy remembered the very thing that Father Gipsy had said to him, the morning he waked up sick and couldn't eat any

breakfast, when Mother Gipsy fixed it up with the pink rosebud, and what do you suppose he did? Why, he picked up that kitty and went right off to the doctor's office, with Captain trotting on behind. And there was the doctor, just stepping out of his buggy, and when he saw Joe-Boy and the kitty, he said, "Why, this is my little friend, I do believe! Is the little miller sick again?"

"No, no," said Joe-Boy, "my little miller is well, I thank you, but this little kitty's miller is sick, I am afraid, because she can't eat anything."

"Ah," said the doctor, with his same old twinkle, "I'm sorry to hear that! Just bring her into the office here, and let us see about that. Lay her over there on that leather lounge, while I get my gloves off—poor little thing! she can't stand up; maybe it's her leg and not her miller that is out of fix. Let me see." So the doctor felt the right front leg, and that was all right; then he felt the left front leg, and that was all right; then he felt the right hind leg, and that was all right; and then he felt the left hind leg and the kitty said "M-e-o-w!" That meant, "it hurts," you know.

"Ah," said the doctor, "it is just as I thought; that kitty has a broken leg! She is sick in her left hind leg, and there is nothing wrong with her little miller. I do not think she has a fever, so we need not try the thermometer. I will set her leg, and then by and by you must give her a gentle, warm bath, and in a few days she will even be well enough to go to a party!"

That tickled Joe-Boy very much, and he held the kitty while the doctor fixed her leg. First he bathed it with some medicine, to take the pain away, and then he took two pieces of soft thin pine and bound it on each side of the kitty's leg, to hold it still until the bone grew together again. And he did it all so very gently that the little kitty forgot to cry!

"There, now," said the doctor, as he patted her on the head, "you are all right now, little kitty," and then he said to Joe-Boy, "You may take her home now, and put her to bed, and if she isn't all right in a few days, just let me know!" And then his eyes twinkled some more. Of course, Joe-Boy knew that doctors had to be paid for their work just like any other workmen, but you know he had given all the money in his bank to the old trash man for the kitty, so he didn't have any left to pay the doctor.

"Never mind," said the doctor, "that's all right! It seems to me if you loved the kitty enough to buy her out of her trouble, why, I ought to love her enough to set her leg for her, so I won't charge anything."

Well, sure enough, that kitty did get well, and when Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy bathed her with soap and warm water,—why, she wasn't a black kitty any more, but looked so white and fluffy that Joe-Boy named her Snowball right away, and she got so fat—my! Sometimes she wore a blue ribbon around her neck—Charlotte Anne thought she looked beautiful that way—and everybody learned to love her. Even Captain would let Snowball take a nap between his shaggy paws. I think that was kind—don't you?

Silverlocks

Friday

SILVERLOCKS came to live with Joe-Boy when she was only a wee, wee lambkin, and couldn't say a thing but "B-a-a," all the time. But that was when Silverlocks was a baby; of course, she did not cry when she grew up into a big sheep. She stayed in the buttercup meadow most of the time, so she knew Lady Cow and her brown baby, and Prince Charming and Snowball and Captain, and all the others. Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne liked to play with Silverlocks because she was so gentle, and would follow them all around the meadow—just like Mary's little lamb that you've heard about. Only Silverlocks always wore a pretty silver bell around her neck that went "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," ever step she took. That helped them to find her when she got lost among the bushes—and, dear me! Joe-Boy would not have had Silverlocks lost, not for anything, because she was to give him the wool for his first pair of trousers. He had begged to wear them from the first day he started to kindergarten, but Mother Gipsy said, "No, let's wait until you grow a little bit larger; three years old is most too young for trousers."

And, do you know, the very next day Joe-Boy said, "Now, mother, I'm a little bit larger. May I have some trousers?"

And that is what he said almost every day, so at last Father Gipsy said: "I'll tell you what we will do about those trousers. Just as soon as Silverlocks can give you a bag full of wool to make them out of, why,

you may have your trousers, so you had best go down and talk to her about it!"

And that is just what Joe-Boy did. He got his cap and went to the meadow and when he found Silverlocks he told her all about the new trousers, while he stroked her wool, to see how thick it was. Silverlocks did not say anything, but she rubbed her head against Joe-Boy's shoulder and then trotted away with a very happy look on her face, so I *believe* she understood. Anyway, Joe-Boy would not let Captain run any more races with Silverlocks, because he was afraid she would run through the briars and pull some of her wool out, and he needed it, every bit, you know, for those trousers. Well, every day Silverlocks' wool grew thicker and thicker, and all that time Joe-Boy was growing bigger and bigger, but he was so busy thinking about Silverlocks, why, he forgot all about himself, and didn't know how large he was getting. That tickled Betty a great deal; she laughed and laughed over Joe-Boy and Silverlocks. Of course, the kindergarten teacher and all the children knew about the trousers, too,—they had heard all about it, over and over again, and were just as anxious about Silverlocks' wool as Joe-Boy was. And when the day came to shear Silverlocks, why, the kindergarten teacher herself did that—and all the children helped. They sat in a line on the banks of the meadow brook, while Silverlocks had her wool washed. One by one, they each had a turn at the scrubbing, and Silverlocks behaved most beautifully—but then they did not wash her ears, only her wool—and when she was just as clean as clean could be, Joe-Boy led her out on the grass and the sunbeams and another scrubbing soon got her dry. Her wool was as soft and white as any Farmer Green had ever had, and Silverlocks did not seem one bit afraid as she stood in the center of the circle with the children gathered all around her. Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne held the bag open while the kindergarten teacher took the big shears and clip, clip, clip, went all of Silverlocks' wool into the bag, while everybody watched to see that none was wasted. They were so afraid there wouldn't be a bag full, you know. But the bag was full—and full to the very top—and the children couldn't help laughing just a little at Silverlocks, because she did look too funny with all her wool shingled off. But she didn't care, she was glad to get rid of it, because it was getting too warm, so after licking salt and meal from the children's hands, Silverlocks switched her tail and walked off, as happy as you please. Well, of course, you know what had to be

done with the wool next—you heard the woolen balls tell all about that. And so Silverlocks' wool was sent to the big factory, too, and spun and woven into cloth, and dyed a most beautiful red, which was the color Joe-Boy liked best. After that the cloth was cut and sewn into a pair of trousers, just to fit a little boy four years old—do you know who that boy was? And there was a Russian blouse to match, and a white kid belt with a most beautiful buckle on it. And one morning what do you suppose was in a box on a chair right by the side of Joe-Boy's bed when he waked up? His trousers, to be sure! And he could hardly wait long enough for Mother Gipsy to buckle his belt! And he didn't want a mouthful of breakfast! He wanted to run and show them to Charlotte Anne and to all the neighbors. Then he went down to the barn to show them to Lady Cow and Prince Charming; and then he skipped all the way to the buttercup meadow to show them to Silverlocks, while he hugged her and hugged her, because he was so proud of his trousers! When he went to the kindergarten, all of the children said, "Oh, oh, oh, here is Joe-boy in his trousers!" And everybody wanted to sit by him, and when the time came to skip, everybody wanted to skip with him! After kindergarten, Mother Gipsy had his picture taken in them, and that night, when bed-time came, Joe-Boy wanted to sleep in his trousers! Now, what *do* you think of such a boy?

Program for Ninth Week—Pets

Joe-Boy's Pets

Monday

Circle talks, songs and games: Did you ever see a horse that could march in time to music? What else have you seen them do? Do you suppose they knew how to do these things without being taught? Did you ever see how the trainers pet and feed their ponies after they have done well? Joe-Boy had a pet horse all his very own. I must tell you about it.

Game: Training of ponies and horses. Galloping, trotting and stepping.

Gift: Fifth. Barn, feeding box, etc.

Occupation: Modeling, "Prince Charming." Folding, feeding box.

Prince Charming

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Where do you think Joe-Boy kept Prince Charming? Do you suppose in the same stall with Lady Cow? Did Prince Charming like the same things to eat as Lady Cow? What kind of food will make her fat?

Play: "Training horses."

Gift: Sixth. A double stall with a window between, where Prince Charming and Lady Cow bowed "Good morning."

Occupation: Drawing, dancing horse; or, paper cutting, barn window.

Captain

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you a dog at home? Do you ever play "hide-and-seek" with him? How can he find you when he has not seen you hide? Did your dog ever find you, when you were lost? Relate story.

Game: Fox and hound (following scent).

Gift: Fifth (one-third for each child). Make a kennel for Captain.

Occupation: Folding, a red cap. Or, parquetry, half circle, and obtuse angled triangle, to represent cap.

Snowball

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Guess what other pets Joe-Boy had? Did a stray cat ever come to your house? Did you feed her? Did you find her soft cushions and her sharp claws? Listen, while I tell you about Joe-Boy's kitty named Snowball.

Game: "Five little mice." "Mrs. Pussy."

Gift: Modeling, a cat.

Occupation: Drawing cat.

Silverlocks

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is your jacket made of, Ben? Is your coat made of cotton, too? What else have you that is made

of wool? Do you know where the wool comes from? Have you ever seen mother sheep and baby lambs? Shall we go and see one now?

Note:—If a pet lamb can not be brought to the kindergarten for the children to observe, they should be carried to a farm where sheep are kept.

Game: "Sheep."

Gift Period: Fourth, Barn, water trough, hay rack. (Use song from Poulsson book.)

Occupation: Folding and cutting. Trousers.

Tenth Week—Animal Relationships—Pets

Pig-a-Wee

Monday

WHICH would you rather have, a little fat pig, or a fat little pig? Well, one of the funniest pets Joe-Boy had was a fat little pig named Pig-a-wee, and he was so fat and so round and so slippery that you couldn't hold him very well, after you caught him, and he had the curliest of little curly tails, that turned all around in a circle—so. But do you know Pig-a-wee did not like to bathe anywhere but in a mud-puddle? Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne thought that was most dreadful, and every time they caught Pig-a-wee in the mud-puddle they would drive him out and into the clean water of the meadow brook, and then Joe-Boy would hold him and Charlotte Anne would scrub him, and Pig-a-wee would squeal and squeal and squeal—because he did not like to be bathed. And then just as soon as they would turn him loose, what do you suppose he would do? Go right straight back to that mud-puddle and wallow over and over again, with the very happiest little grunt that ever you heard!

"Mercy me!" Charlotte Anne would say, "Pig-a-wee will never stay clean long enough to wear a pretty blue ribbon around his neck, like Snowball's, and I have kept one in my apron pocket for him two or three days!"

"Maybe he will, when he gets older," said Joe-Boy, "he is only a baby now, and doesn't know any better."

"Oh, I'll tell you what let's do," said Charlotte Anne. "Tomorrow I am going out to grandfather's to spend a week; s'pose you let

Pig-a-wee go with me? There isn't any mud-puddle in grandfather's meadow, and so Pig-a-wee will *have* to keep clean, and then maybe when he finds out how nice it feels, why, he will want to keep clean all the time, and then he can wear the blue ribbon."

"All right," said Joe-Boy, "but you must be sure to bring him back again."

So they washed Pig-a-wee one more time and penned him up in the barn until time to start, because, of course, they did not want Pig-a-wee to go visiting to the country dirty—that would never do!

Well, the next day when Charlotte Anne's grandfather came for her, she climbed into the buggy by his side, and then she said, "Now, grandfather, drive by Joe-Boy's house, and get Pig-a-wee; he's going, too."

"What? Who? Which?" said Grandfather Ray. "A little p-i-g, you say? Why, I never had a pig visit me before, my dear; I hope he isn't very big?"

"Oh, no," said Charlotte Anne, very gravely, "Pig-a-wee isn't big; he is only a little fellow, but he hasn't much sense yet, and bathes in mud-puddles all the time, so Joe-Boy and I want to break him of it. We just thought we would send him off to the country for a while until he forgets all about it, you know."

And then Charlotte Anne showed him the pretty blue ribbon in her apron pocket, which Pig-a-wee was to wear as soon as he had sense enough to keep clean.

"Well, s-i-r!" said Grandfather Ray, as he shook the reins over old Dobbins' back, "if that don't beat all! But if Pig-a-wee is really going to visit me, why, I suppose I'll just have to stop for him. But I'll tell you one thing—you'll either have to do the holding, or you'll have to put Pig-a-wee in a bag—because he'll be sure to fall out on the way if you don't! I can't drive Dobbin and hold a fat little pig at the same time."

"Well, we'll just have to put him in the bag then," said Charlotte Anne. "I hope Pig-a-wee won't mind, but he's so very slippery, I couldn't hold him, you see."

"Very well," said Grandfather Ray, "that's settled, so here we go."

Then they drove over to Joe-Boy's house and caught Pig-a-wee, and put him in a bag and tied the bag up, and put it *underneath* the buggy seat! And as they drove away Joe-Boy stood at the gate and shouted,

"Good-bye, Charlotte Anne, take good care of Pig-a-wee, and don't let him stay but a week."

And Grandfather Ray smiled and Charlotte Anne waved and Pig-a-wee squealed and squealed, and away they rolled off down the big road to the country. Pig-a-wee stopped squealing in a little while—I guess he found out how nice it was to take a ride—and by and by, when they got to Grandfather Ray's house, Grandmother Ray came out to the gate to meet them, and Charlotte Anne jumped down and then she said, "Wait a minute, Pig-a-wee's come, too, grandmother." And when they pulled Pig-a-wee out from under the seat Grandmother Ray was so surprised she didn't know what to do; so she just wiped her spectacles and said, "Deary, deary, deary! Now, did you ever!" But she went with Charlotte Anne to the meadow where there wasn't any mud-puddle, and turned Pig-a-wee loose, and when he got out of the bag he shook his curly tail about and went rooting around for his supper, and grunting every step of the way.

"You see, grandmother," said Charlotte Anne, "Pig-a-wee is hunting for a mud-puddle this very minute! He just won't keep clean, and Joe-Boy and I want him to wear a blue ribbon so!"

"Well, well, well," said Grandmother Ray, "I'm sure I never saw a pig in my day that kept clean enough to wear a blue ribbon, but I hope this one will be different, because everybody loves clean things."

Then they told Pig-a-wee good night, and went to the house to supper, and pretty soon Charlotte Anne was in the high bed fast asleep.

And now comes the funny thing about Pig-a-wee. The very next morning, right after breakfast, Joe-Boy went down to the buttercup meadow to take Silverlocks some salt, and when he passed by the mud-puddle, guess what he saw? Yes, sir, there was Pig-a-wee in the very middle of that mud-puddle, with mud all over his back and head and nose, as happy as happy could be!

Now, how do you think Pig-a-wee found his way home? Joe-Boy could hardly believe his own eyes. It surely *was* Pig-a-wee, and it did look as if he had *some* sense, if he couldn't keep clean! It seems to me if somebody tied me up in a bag, and put me under the buggy seat, and rode and rode down the country road, and turned me loose in a big wide meadow,—why, I'd never find my way home! Could you?

The Rabbits That Wore a Blue Ribbon

Tuesday

I GUESS you would like to know what Charlotte Anne did the next morning when she found Pig-a-wee was gone. She went to Grandfather Ray's meadow early to take Pig-a-wee his breakfast, and she looked and she looked and she looked everywhere for Pig-a-wee, and she could not find him. And the hired man looked for Pig-a-wee and he could not find him; and Grandfather Ray looked for Pig-a-wee and he could not find him; and Grandmother Ray looked for Pig-a-wee and she could not find him! And then—well, I do not like to say Charlotte Anne cried, but her mouth was turned down some at the corners—you know how that is—and Grandmother Ray said very quickly:

"Well, well, well, deary, we won't worry. I'll just send the hired man into town, horse-back, and see if Pig-a-wee could have gone home. I *have* heard that you could hardly lose a little pig if you tried, so I believe Pig-a-wee is safe at home this very minute. Come along, and while the hired man is gone we'll go and look at the white rabbits. They are clean enough to wear a blue ribbon, any day. How would you like to have a pair to carry home for your very own?"

"I'd like it very well," said Charlotte Anne, and then the corners of her mouth got turned up—you know how it is when you smile.

"All right," said Grandmother Ray, "and you may carry a pair to Joe-Boy, too." So away they went to find the rabbits, and Charlotte Anne was smiling and smiling and smiling. She picked out a white one with pink eyes for Joe-Boy, and a white one with blue eyes for herself, and a spotted one with blue eyes for Joe-Boy, and a spotted one with pink eyes for herself, so they couldn't get mixed up when they went visiting.

"Now," said Grandmother Ray, "I'll tell you about these rabbits, so when you take them to town to live you will know how to take good care of them. Of course, they must have a little house to live in and plenty of fresh water all the time, and a clean straw bed to sleep on. They like to eat almost anything green—cabbage leaves and lettuce leaves and celery tops and parsley, and sometimes cracked wheat and fruit."

After they had played with the rabbits a long time, Grandmother Ray said, "Well, it is about dinner time now, and I expect the hired

man has gotten back, too, so we will go and see." And, sure enough, when they got to the house there was the hired man waiting for them.

"Yes," he said, "that little pig went right straight home, and he was down in the meadow, when I went by—lying in 'the middle of a mud-puddle, too."

"Oh-o," said Charlotte Anne, "what is to become of Pig-a-wee?" But she was very glad to hear that he had gotten safely home, anyway.

"You see," said Grandmother Ray, "Pig-a-wee has got some sense after all!"

"Yes," said Charlotte Anne, "he just doesn't like to keep clean like us, and then maybe Pig-a-wee likes his own home better than any other. I know Joe-Boy was surprised to see him, too, but I never shall bring Pig-a-wee visiting with me any more."

Well, when the end of the week came Charlotte Anne went home and she carried the pretty rabbits with her, tucked away in a basket, and Joe-Boy was so proud of his, he just jumped up and down like a churn dasher. He and Father Gipsy worked nearly all of the next morning on a rabbit house for them, and after dinner they went over to Charlotte Anne's and made a house for her rabbits. There were straw beds in both, and little windows and doors, so the rabbits could come out and go in whenever they pleased—because rabbits do not like to be penned up, you know, any more than you or I. Charlotte Anne named her rabbits Pink-eyes and Blue-eyes, and Joe-Boy named his rabbits Blue-eyes and Pink-eyes. Sometimes Charlotte Anne would bring her rabbits across the street to see Joe-Boy's rabbits and then Joe-Boy would take his two rabbits across the street to see Charlotte Anne's. And when they went visiting they always wore their blue ribbons, and were just as clean as clean could be! Now, which would you rather be—a fat little slippery pig, or a fat, little, soft, white rabbit—as clean as clean can be?

Mrs. Spider-Brown

Wednesday

IF I told you Joe-Boy had a pet as big around as a bird's egg, and with eight legs and eight eyes, what would you guess it was? No, it wasn't a fly, because they haven't as many as eight legs, you know, and a great many more than eight eyes. But this pet of Joe-Boy's was very fond of flies—I can tell you that. It was a great big brown spider, and Joe-Boy named her Mrs. Spider-Brown the morning he found

her in his room. Now, Mrs. Spider-Brown had always lived in the flower garden before this—her family did not like to live in houses very much—but for some queer notion she thought she would spin her a web in somebody's house. Maybe she thought there would be more flies to catch. Anyway, late one night, while everybody was sleeping, Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into Mrs. Gipsy's house, and when she had looked all around she said to herself:

"I like this house very much indeed! It looks dainty and clean and has so many transomes over windows and doors that I could crawl out to the open air any time I chose. I just believe I will go right to work and build me a silken web, away up high, out of everybody's way, and then surely the people who live here will not care. But first I will look around and see which room I like best."

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into the parlor, but she quickly shook her head as she looked at the pretty walls, all sprinkled with violets, and said, "I guess I had best not build in here! Everything looks so fine, I don't believe a fly ever looked inside of this room—I'll try another room."

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into the dining room. But she slowly shook her head again and said, "No, this room looks rather fine, too; there are too many mirrors and bright things around. Why, that large sideboard glass over there would get me all mixed up. I would be sure to think there were two of myself, instead of one, and I might forget which was who! People are queer things, anyway." And then she crawled on into the kitchen.

"No," she said, "this will not do either; this is where the family do their cooking and, of course, when the baby spiders come I should not like to raise them altogether among pots and pans. I shall hunt longer."

So then Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled all the way up the hall and went into Mrs. Gipsy's room. "Ah," she said, as she looked around, "I like this room better than any. It is bright and cozy—I always did like red—but before I decide to room in here I guess I had better just take a peep at those people over there in the bed—possibly they are fond of brooms and dusters."

So up the wall by the side of the bed crawled Mrs. Spider-Brown and peeped with her eight eyes at Mother and Father Gipsy, lying fast asleep. She looked a long time and then she shook her head three times and said:

"Mr. Gipsy has a fine face! I do not believe he would ever think of sweeping or dusting up high. But Mrs. Gipsy? No, indeed! I could not think of rooming in the same room with her! She has a face that is sweet and beautiful enough, but her hand—I believe Mrs. Gipsy almost lives with a broom in her hand, to say nothing of a duster! She would sweep me off the face of the earth in less than three minutes!"

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled down the side wall very quickly and went straight into Joe-Boy's room.

"Dear me," said she, as she went to the top of the toy cabinet for a good look, "isn't this a dainty room! All in white, with daisies scattered around! Just the place for the baby spiders, and I know they would enjoy these birds along the walls—I could tell them stories of every one. But there is a little white bed over there, too; who sleeps in it, I wonder? Why, a little boy, I do believe,—how charming! I always loved children; they never dust high with brooms and dusters—bless their dear hearts! Yes, yes, yes, this is the place for me, and I shall room with the little boy. I believe he will treat me kindly and we will be great friends."

Then Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled over in the corner and went to the top of the ceiling, where she began to spin a most beautiful silver web, which was to be her sitting room, you know, and the place where she always caught the flies she ate. The wonderful silken thread came from the tiny spinning holes near her hind legs, and Mrs. Spider-Brown could work those legs of hers as fast as you can work your fingers, and it did not take her very long to build her pretty web, from the thread of dark, rich blue. First she fastened a few long threads to stand on while she worked, and then she spun some cross threads, gluing them tightly to the wall. Then came the pretty part of her work, for she spun the threads round and round like a wheel, and by and by Mrs. Spider-Brown had finished one of the daintiest, prettiest silken rooms that ever you saw, with a small round window right in the center. And then she felt so tired she crawled in and went to sleep. The next morning when Joe-Boy waked up the very first thing he saw was Mrs. Spider-Brown peeping at him from her round window, and he thought her silken house was very beautiful.

"I'm glad she came to room with me," said he, "and I shall have her for my own pet spider; she shall live with me as long as she chooses."

"That's good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "I knew that was a polite child!"

But right after breakfast in walked Mrs. Gipsy and then something inside Mrs. Spider-Brown went "thump, thump, thump," because, sure enough, in Mrs. Gipsy's hand there was a broom and a great long duster.

"Just as I expected," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "and now my day has come!"

But when Mrs. Gipsy saw it she smiled one of her most beautiful smiles and said, "Oh, isn't that a lovely web? Why, it must have been spun last night. I never saw it before. And I did not know that kind of web was ever found in houses at all. I thought the spiders always spun them in the gardens on bushes or in fence corners or barn windows and doors, and they look so much like silken fairy wheels that it is a pity to dust them down! I wonder if Joe-Boy saw it. Here he comes now."

"Mother, mother," said Joe-Boy, "I just remembered and ran in to tell you that Mrs. Spider-Brown in the corner belongs to me—I am going to have her for my pet, so be sure and do not clean her up, too!"

Then Mrs. Gipsy laughed merrily and long—the very idea of Joe-Boy's saying, "don't clean a spider up!" Why, she cleaned up rooms and not spiders, of course! So she said:

"Well, I never heard of anybody having a pet spider in all my life, but this is *your* room and not *my* room, and I suppose if you want to keep a spider in it, why, you can,—just so that it isn't poisonous and won't bite."

"The idea," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "why do people always think we garden spiders are poisonous and bite? Why, we wouldn't bite them for anything, and would be their friends if they would only let us! I am very glad the little boy there is to be my friend, and I believe I shall learn to love his mother, too,—see the smile around her mouth! She believes in letting even children have their rights, and that shows she has a kind heart. Now, if she would only let brooms and dusters alone!"

Mrs. Spider-Brown's Children

Thursday

MRS. SPIDER-BROWN spent a very happy time in Joe-Boy's room and they were the best of friends. He had drawn her picture two or three times, and her silken house, too, and had even carried it to kindergarten and shown it to the children there. So when Mrs. Spider-Brown saw she need not feel afraid she decided to weave her nest and get ready for the baby spiders she had spoken about. "I believe I will make my nest here, under the window ledge," she said one day, "and lay my eggs in it."

You need not think Mrs. Spider-Brown was going to lay her egg in that pretty silken house with the round window in the center. No, indeed, that was for her sitting room and to catch any stray flies that happened near. She lived on flies, and woe be unto any of them that buzzed around Joe-Boy's room! It was Mrs. Spider-Brown's special pleasure to see that none of them ever specked the walls of Joe-Boy's room or those of her own. But, as I started out to tell you, Mrs. Spider-Brown built her nest under the window ledge by the transom—such a tiny, tiny nest, about the size of a thimble, and made out of that same silken thread which came from her body. When she had lined it soft and warm, then she laid her egg—only one egg, a wee, wee, wee egg, not even as big as a pea! But Mrs. Spider-Brown was very proud of it—she would even fight for that egg, because she knew the baby spiders were growing inside and would soon wake up. Why, she often carried it around on her back, and that is how Joe-Boy came to see it. He called Mrs. Gipsy to see it, too, and Mother Gipsy said:

"Well, I think Mrs. Spider-Brown is very glad that she isn't like the speckled hen that has twelve eggs to take care of instead of one! And I also guess the speckled hen is very glad she doesn't have one hundred babies to come out of just one egg, as Mrs. Spider-Brown will have when her egg hatches!"

But Mrs. Spider-Brown did not worry over that fact a single minute—she only wished her egg would hurry up and hatch, so she could have her baby spiders for company. She didn't tell Joe-Boy so, but she said to herself that as soon as her baby spiders did hatch, and were large enough, she was going to turn them all into the garden to live, where they belonged. It was too dangerous to raise a hundred babies

in the house with Mother Gipsy—she believed too much in brooms and dusters!

Well, by and by the egg hatched out, and my! I wish you could have seen those hundred babies roll out! Just exactly like their mother—legs and eyes and all! And Mrs. Spider-Brown made them mind, too, from the very beginning! She would not have one bit of foolishness, and those babies knew it, too! She told them they would all have to make their own living, but, of course, she meant to teach them how before she turned them out into the garden. So, every morning Mrs. Spider-Brown had school with them up over the transom window, and they were all learning very fast. She would first make them get in a long row, and then she would say, "Attention!" That meant for all the little spiders to look at her. And they looked, too, with all of their eight eyes.

"Now," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "tell me where you came from?"

"We came out of one egg," piped all the baby spiders together.

"Don't say 'We came out of one egg,' my dears," said their mother, "why, that is too long; just say 'egg,' and be done with it. I like short answers!"

"Egg, and be done with it," said the baby spiders, trying their very best. Mrs. Spider-Brown sighed, because that is not exactly what she wanted them to say, but she went on to the next question, anyway.

"Now tell me," she said, "what do little spiders eat?"

"Flies," said the baby spiders, "flies!"

"Good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "that's a short answer! Now, how do you catch the flies?"

"Run after them," chimed the baby spiders.

"Tut, tut," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "the idea! Whoever heard of a spider running after a fly! Why, they have wings! We could never catch one that way! Listen, every one. Spiders spin webs to catch flies in and they spin the web from a wonderful silken thread that comes from their bodies. Each one of you spiders have a silken thread in you, too, and you will find the little spinning holes by your hind legs—look for them now." Then Mrs. Spider-Brown gave them a spinning lesson and they all learned how to spin a short thread.

"Good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown; "now, where is the best place for spiders to make their webs?"

And all the spiders said, "Down on the barn, in the fence corners, by the side porch, and on the rose bush!"

"Very fine," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "most especially by the barn, because there will always be plenty of flies near. And don't forget the pattern—round like a wheel. I will show you how pretty mine is by and by. Now, two more questions and school is out for today. Why should not spiders build their webs in houses?"

"Brooms and dusters!" said the little spiders—they knew that answer well.

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Spider-Brown. "Never build your webs in houses, unless you are very sure the people inside will be your friends. Now for the last question: Why shouldn't spiders build their webs close to the ground?"

"Frogs! frogs! frogs! frogs!" said all the baby spiders. "Frogs!"

"Why, to be sure," said Mrs. Spider-Brown; "I know you are the very smartest little spiders that ever drew the breath of life! Come, I shall give you all a ride on my back to see my pretty web—pile on!"

Then all the baby spiders that could find room got up on Mrs. Spider-Brown's back and she carried them over to her web, coming back for those which had been left behind.

"Hold tight," she said, "whatever you do, don't fall onto Mrs. Gipsy's floor—brooms and dusters! Remember the silken thread you've learned to spin—if you *should* fall, just spin one quickly, fasten it to my body, and crawl up."

After Mrs. Spider-Brown had taken them all to her web and let them watch her catch a fly, then she took them back to the nest for a rest, and the very next day she turned them out in the garden to make their living! And do you know, not a single one of those baby spiders forgot what they had learned at school?

Dimple and Dot

Friday

OUT on the lawn at Joe-Boy's house there was the loveliest fountain that ever you saw, and that is where Joe-Boy kept his pet fish. They were very happy in the fountain, too, because the water was always fresh and pure, running in through one pipe and out through another. The pipe that Joe-Boy liked to watch, though, was the pretty one that ran right up from the center of the fountain and carried a sparkling stream of water high in the air, which curved

over and fell into the stone basin below like ever so many dimpling stars. The water was so clear you could see the white sand and pebbles and tinted shells that lay on the bottom, while ferns and water-cress peeped over the sides to play with the sunbeams that sometimes danced there. A few snails lived in the fountain, too, and helped to keep the water pure; and then there were the four gold fish, three minnows, four speckled perch, and Mother Silver-Sides and her two children, Dimple and Dot. It was a pretty sight to watch them gliding and darting about in the water—up and down, up and down, to and fro they swam, often coming up to the brink of the water for the cracker crumbs which Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy sometimes brought to feed them with.

Dimple and Dot, the two silver fish, used to live in the brook at the buttercup meadow before Joe-Boy found them. But one day their mother went into the big pond for a swim in the deep water, and she told Dimple and Dot to stay close at home under the big rock, until she came back again. But the two little fish forgot to mind, you see, and you know how it is—something nearly always happens when children forget to mind their mothers.

Dot said, "Come, let's play jumping."

And Dimple said, "All right! let's see which one can jump the higher!" So they jumped and jumped and jumped, until by and by—why, they jumped so high they just jumped out of the water! And when they fell on the hard ground and got sand in their gills and on their pretty sides and in their pretty eyes. my! how it did hurt! They had no eyelashes like yours and mine to keep trash out of their eyes, you know, and then little fish can not live very long out of the water. So they were very unhappy.

"Oh, oh, oh," said Dimple, "I wish I were back in the water!"

"Oh, oh, oh," said Dot, "I wish I did have my mother! I feel so very stiff, and the sand is stinging me so!" And then they wriggled and wriggled and jumped around on the ground, but the more they wriggled the worse it felt. It was just at that moment that Captain came by, and when he saw them wriggling in the sand he stopped right still and wagged his tail and barked and barked. Wherever Captain went, Joe-Boy was sure to be close behind, so he ran up, too, and when he saw Dimple and Dot, I reckon you can guess what he did! Joe-Boy thought of the fountain right away, so he picked Dimple up in one hand

and Dot in the other hand, and away he ran to the front lawn with them and dropped them into the fountain water with a gentle splash. You should have seen those two little fish give a curve to their tails and a dart of their bodies and go gliding to the very bottom! I can tell you they were glad to get into the water one more time! And it did not take them long to wash the sand from their eyes and fins and gills either.

"Oh," said the little gold fish, when they saw them, "here are two little silver fish come to live with us in the fountain. Where did you come from?"

Dimple and Dot told them all about playing "jumping," but they did not say anything about not minding their mother—they were ashamed for anybody to know that.

"Well, this is a most beautiful place to live in," said the gold fish, "and we are glad to have you with us in the fountain. Come and see how many pretty shells and pebbles we have to play with, below. I'm sure you will like living here."

So Dimple and Dot swam round and round the fountain, looking at everything, and had a very merry time. Joe-Boy and Captain ran to the house to tell Mother Gipsy about the new pets, and she came back with them to see the little silver fish in their new home. But the best part of it all was that Dimple and Dot's mother came to live with them in the fountain. Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy caught her in the dipper the very next day. I guess she was at the top of the meadow brook looking for her baby fish, and when Joe-Boy dropped her into the fountain, and she found Dimple and Dot down under a shell, she was so glad she didn't know what to do! And they lived happily ever afterward—as happy as happy could be!

Program for Tenth Week—*Pets*

Pig-a-Wee

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever see a baby pig? What can a pig do? How does he talk? Do you think if you carried him away he could find his way home?

(Song and finger play—"Pig-a-wee.") Relate the story.

Game: "Find who the missing one (pig) is."

Gift: Second. Gift beads,—large size and sticks. Slip beads on sticks and make pen.

Occupation: Modeling,—“Pig-a-wee.”

The Rabbits that wore a Blue Ribbon

Tuesday

Circle, talk, songs and games: Did you ever have a pet rabbit? What can a rabbit do? What kind of eyes has a rabbit? How high can a rabbit leap? (Show). What do rabbits eat?

Song—“See the Pretty Bunny.”

Game: Mother Rabbit teaching babies what to do in case of danger.

(Note—Have real rabbit for the children to observe.)

Gift: Fourth—House for rabbits.

Occupation: Water color or crayon—Picture of rabbits.

Mrs. Spider-Brown

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games. Show spider in a glass box. Let the children tell all they can about it. Lead them to observe number of legs. Tell them number of eyes.

Play Period: Hunt spider's web in garden or yard.

Gift Period: Sewing. Octagonal web—Card, large holes; use single zephyr.

Occupation: Picture of spider's web. (Simplified.)

Mrs. Spider-Brown's Children

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Protection of baby spiders from wasp.

Do you suppose Mrs. Spider-Brown loved her babies? Why?

Game: Dramatize incident given in circle talk.

Gift: Sixth—Door-transom. Where spiders went to school.

Occupation: Modelling—Spider. Or, drawing—Spider in web.

Dimple and Dot

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Can you name all of Joe-Boy's pets you have heard about? He had pet fishes, too; have you any gold

fishes at home? Do you know how they swim? Can you show me? How do the fins help? Did you ever notice something just back of the head, moving faster than the fins? These are the gills, to breathe with (show real fish). What do we breathe? Do you think the fish would like to stay up in the air as we do?

Music: Lack's "Brook." See if the children can close their eyes and hear the "Running Water."

Song: "See the Fishes in the Brook."

Play: Run to meadow brook; gather pebbles for fountain; find fish, and put in.

Gift: Second gift, beads, large. Use cylinders for fountain, cubes for basin, half rings for spray of water.

Occupation: Free cutting—Fish.

Eleventh Week—Animal Relationships; Pets

Hippity-Hop

Monday

HIPPITY-HOP was a little toad—a funny, funny little toad, and she was three years old. She had a pair of green eyes on the top of her head, four legs and a very big mouth indeed, for such a little toad. And the queerest tongue—why, it wasn't fastened to the back of her throat like yours and mine, but it was hitched right up in the very front of her mouth, so she could poke it out a long, long ways. And the doctor wouldn't have a bit of trouble looking at Hippity-Hop's tongue, if he only looked *quick* enough, because Hippity-Hop's tongue always went in and out like a flash. That was the way she caught her dinner, you know. And then her tongue was covered with something as sticky, as sticky—as sticky as molasses candy, only it wasn't so sweet, of course. And the reason why Hippity-Hop had such a sticky tongue was because she had to catch whatever she ate with it, and as she didn't have any teeth, she just swallowed things whole! She was fond of ants and flies and bugs and worms, and if any of them ever passed too near Hippity-Hop, all she did was to poke out that great long tongue of hers, and they most certainly would be on the end of it when she took it in again. One morning Hippity-Hop said:

"I believe I will go up in Mrs. Gipsy's flower garden and see if I can help her some. She says she is always glad to see me, because I keep the worms and bugs away from the plants, and help the flowers and leaves to grow faster."

So Hippity-Hop went across the meadow, and by the barn, and into Mrs. Gipsy's garden,—hop, hop, hop,—and then a little stop; hop, hop, hop, and then a little stop.

"Dear me," said Hippity-Hop, "it is so warm and I am so tired, I believe I will hop under the old tent and rest a bit in the sand pile—Joe-Boy won't care."

But just at that very minute Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne were under the tent making sand pies, and when Hippity-Hop peeped in,—why, she hopped away in a big hurry, "Because," said Hippity-Hop, "*maybe* those children might punch me with a stick!"

"Oh," said Charlotte Anne, "I saw a toad. Let's stop making pies for the party, and make a beautiful frog house!"

"All right, let's do!" said Joe-Boy; and then they danced all around the old tent, and pulled off their slippers and stockings,—because how could you make a frog house *without* pulling off your shoes and stockings, I'd just like to know! And then they piled the damp sand over their bare feet and pressed it hard and firm, until they could pull their feet out, and there would be a fine, large door, for the toads to hop in. So they made another and another and another, until Charlotte Anne said there was a parlor and a bedroom and a kitchen and a dining-room—enough for any toad to set up housekeeping! And do you know, all that time Hippity-Hop was hiding in the grass peeping at those children, and just as soon as they went in to get ready for dinner, why, Hippity-Hop hopped right under the tent and took a seat in that frog house! She liked the parlor so well, she hopped into the dining-room, and she liked the dining-room so well she hopped into the kitchen, and she liked the kitchen so well she hopped into the bedroom, and she liked the bedroom so well—why, she stayed there all night. And the next morning, Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy ran to the tent to see if any toads had been to the frog house, and sure enough they found Hippity-Hop's tracks in the damp sand, and then Charlotte Anne put her finger on her lips and said, "Sche-e-e! there's a little toad peeping at us from the door! Isn't she too cute?"

"Oh, oh, oh," whispered Joe-Boy, "let's run and tell mother we have found a pet toad."

So away they ran across the yard, and Hippity-Hop said, "Well, those are very kind children after all. I'm sure now they would not poke me with a stick! I believe I will go down to the buttercup meadow

and tell the other toads about this nice sand house. Maybe they would like to come here and live."

So away went Hippity-Hop across the garden and by the barn and down to the buttercup meadow—hop, hop, hop, hippity-hop; hop, hoo, hop, hippity-hop.

The Wonderful Eggs

Tuesday

WHEN Hippity-Hop told the other toads in the meadow about the nice sand house under the tent of course they wanted to see it, and almost every day Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne would see them hopping about in the sand. They could always tell Hippity-Hop from the others because her breast was so white and she had such a pretty spotted back; and then Hippity-Hop did not seem to be afraid, either, and would let both Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne pat her gently on the head. And once she let them see her catch a fly on that long, sticky tongue of hers, so you see they were growing to be real good friends.

One night Hippity-Hop and the other toads were talking. "You see," said Hippity-Hop, "I told you what a fine place this sand house was. But then toads can't lay their eggs in a sand pile, you know, so I am going away tomorrow to hunt for a good, safe place, somewhere, and lay my eggs. Because if we toads don't lay eggs how will there ever be any baby toads, I'd like to know."

"That's true," said the other toads, "that's very true; there must be eggs before there can be baby toads, so, if you find a good, safe place, tell us about it when you come back, so we will know where to go when we lay our eggs."

Well, sure enough when Joe-Boy visited the sand pile the next morning Hippity-Hop was not there. And she was not there at dinner time, nor late in the afternoon, so Joe-Boy told Charlotte Anne he was very much afraid she had run away. But Hippity-Hop did not have any idea of running away. She was thinking about her eggs, you know, and right at that *very* minute she was hop, hop, hopping along through the meadow grass; and where do you suppose Hippity-Hop laid those eggs? Why, she hopped right into the meadow brook and laid her eggs in a long string of grayish jelly, and then wrapped the string around a stick to keep them from floating away! Now, don't you think that

was a queer place to lay eggs? I told you Hippity-Hop was a funny little toad. And you needn't think she sat on those eggs to hatch them, either, and she didn't carry them around on her back as Mrs. Spider-brown sometimes did. No, indeed, when Hippity-Hop laid those eggs in a jelly string and wrapped them safely around the stick, why, she hopped away and left them to hatch out by themselves. But the best part about it was, that Joe-Boy found those very same eggs the next day while he was paddling in the meadow brook. But he didn't know they were Hippity-Hop's eggs, though; Joe-Boy thought that string of jelly was a *snake*, until Mother Gipsy laughed at him, and said:

"Why, Joe-Boy, snakes crawl! Those are eggs of some kind; let us take them home and put them in the fountain, then we can watch them every day and see what comes out of them."

So Mother Gipsy broke off part of the stick with the string of jelly wrapped around it, and she and Joe-Boy placed it near the rim of the fountain, and then I *think* Joe-Boy looked at it about twenty times a day, so that he would be sure to see the wonderful eggs hatch out. It was just three days afterward, though, that Joe-Boy went flying to the house from the fountain and said, "Oh, mother, run, run, run, the jelly eggs are popping open and every so many black, wiggling fish are coming out! Run, mother, run!"

So Mother Gipsy dropped her sewing in a hurry, and off she ran down the garden walk, right behind Joe-Boy, to see the wonderful sight, and sure enough there were ever so many little black wigglers, diving to the bottom of the fountain, as merry as you please.

"Dear me," said Mother Gipsy, with wonder, "such funny, funny things to come out of those eggs. They do not look like fish, exactly; I believe we will just call them wiggle tails—they wiggle so much—until we find out what they really are, and I guess we'll have to watch them closer and closer, or they might get away."

Well, for the next few days those little wiggle tails grew and grew and grew, and they found so much to eat in the fountain water that they got very fat, and only think, one morning every one of them had a pair of hind legs! Now what do you think of that?

"They can't be fish," said Mother Gipsy, "for whoever heard of a fish having hind legs or any other kind of legs! Then, see how often they swim to the top of the water for a swallow of fresh air—fish do not do that way. We must watch them very closely." And I know

you will be surprised when I tell you, but one day when Joe-Boy went to see them, why, those queer wiggle tails had a pair of *front* legs, too, besides their tails and hind legs.

"Well, well," said Mother Gipsy, "if it were not for those tails, I most surely would think they were kin to Hippity-Hop. We will watch them a few days longer—maybe they will lose their tails like Bo-Peep's sheep."

And sure enough, that's just what happened, though they did not leave their tails behind them, because Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne both looked and could not find them. No, indeed, those wiggle tails did not mean to waste their tails in any such way—they just began and grew shorter and shorter and shorter every day until at last there wasn't any tail left at all. And they had gone into the wiggle tails' bodies, and helped to make them strong and fat. And then what do you think! Every single one of those queer wiggle tails jumped right out of that fountain, and went hop, hop, hop, and then a little stop; hop, hop, hop, and then a little stop—just for the world like their mother, Hippity-Hop!

"Ho! ho! ho!" said all the little toads, "Joe-Boy thought we were going to be little fishes! *We* aren't fishes, we are little toads—funny, funny little toads!"

And then they hopped away.

And Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne were so surprised they didn't know what to do!

Birds

Joe-Boy's Feathered Friends

Object—To develop love and sympathy for bird life.

Points developed—Bird homes, the material used, kind of eggs, varieties of birds and their help to man.

- (1) *Poultry*—Hen, duck, turkey and pigeon.
- (2) *Familiar birds*—Bluebird, wren, swallow, whippoorwill, catbird, thrush, mockingbird, jaybird, oriole, woodpecker, canary, sparrow, robin, redbird, bobwhite.

Mother Play Study—"The nest."

Mrs. Speckle

Wednesday

MRS. SPECKLE had a secret that even Joe-Boy did not know, and that was very wonderful, because Mrs. Speckle belonged to Joe-Boy and he watched her very closely. She had been very kind to lay him many fresh eggs for his breakfast, for a long, long time.

"But now," said Mrs. Speckle, as she ruffled up her breast feathers, "I have something else to do with my eggs. I should like to have a family of baby chickens, myself, and how will I ever get them if Joe-Boy eats all of my eggs? I will just hunt me another place for my nest, where even Mr. Rooster can not find it. And I shall tell no one my secret until all the baby chickens are hatched out—and won't everybody be surprised!"

Then she clucked with delight, and, shaking out her tail feathers, slipped under the barn and made a new nest away up in one corner, and I'm sure no one knew where it was except a little gray mouse, and he promised never to tell—not for anything! So, when the nest was full of eggs, Mrs. Speckle began to set. She told the gray mouse that she would stay on the nest three weeks to keep the eggs warm.

"And then," said Mrs. Speckle, gaily, "you will see a wonderful sight indeed, Mr. Gray-Mouse! A whole family of dear little baby chickens, crying 'peep, peep, peep; we love you, mother, peep, peep, peep.'"

"Goodness," said Mr. Gray-Mouse, pulling his whiskers, "do you mean to tell me that you will sit right there on those eggs three whole weeks without leaving?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Speckle, "except a little while each day, when I shall run off a little while to take my dust bath, get something to eat and a drink of fresh water. Then I shall hurry back to keep the eggs warm, that they may change into downy chickens."

"Well, I do wonder!" said Mr. Gray-Mouse, "I had no idea baby chickens were such a bother. I shall be very glad to see them, Mrs. Speckle, when they come from the egg-shells—if they ever do!"

"If?" said Mrs. Speckle, "why, of course they will! Just you wait and see, Mr. Gray-Mouse!"

Then Mrs. Speckle settled down over her eggs, and Mr. Gray-Mouse skipped into his hole to tell Mrs. Gray-Mouse about it. Well,

it happened just as Mrs. Speckle said it would, and one day when Mr. Gray-Mouse came to pay his morning call Mrs. Speckle ruffled up every one of her feathers and said softly, "Cluck, cluck, cluck, come and see, Mr. Gray-Mouse! Cluck, cluck, cluck!"

Then something else *under* Mrs. Speckle said softly, "Peep, peep, peep, we are here, mother dear! Peep, peep, peep,—don't you hear?"

Mr. Gray-Mouse could hardly believe his ears! But then, there were the empty egg shells, too, scattered around the nest, and what was more, there were ever so many downy balls of yellow, peeping from Mrs. Speckle's wings, climbing on her back and nestling by her side. Mr. Gray-Mouse thought it a very wonderful sight, and he watched them closely as he held his head on one side and said:

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Speckle, on your l-o-v-e-l-y family! They all favor you, except *one*,—his bill is too wide and his feet look a *little* queer! I wonder why?"

"Oh, that is little Buffy," said Mrs. Speckle, "he is my youngest child, and favors his *father*, I suppose."

"Do excuse me," said Mr. Gray-Mouse, "I hadn't thought of that." Then he ran back into his hole to tell Mrs. Gray-Mouse about it,—he always told her everything.

Well, Mrs. Speckle stayed on the nest all day with the baby chickens, but the next morning she said she believed she would take them for a walk in the barnyard, because she was so proud of her family, she wanted the other hens to see them. So, clucking to her babes to walk close beside her, she stepped gaily from the nest and started out. Just as she got from beneath the barn, she heard Joe-Boy calling, "Chickie, chickie, chickie; come to your dinner, come one and come all; chickie, chickie, chickie!"

Mrs. Speckle hurried on with her brood—so proud she could hardly step, and then she heard Joe-Boy say, "Mother, mother, run here quickly and see Mrs. Speckle! Oh, oh, oh! If she hasn't got a whole heap of little baby chickens, and all this time I thought she was lost!"

"And all this time Mrs. Speckle was fooling you," said Mother Gipsy. "But I do wonder where she hid her nest."

Mr. Gray-Mouse knew, but he wouldn't tell! Oh, no, not for anything!

Buffy

Thursday

MRS. SPECKLE went back to her nest that night a very proud and happy mother. Every one seemed delighted with her new family, and Mr. Rooster had promised to take them all for a walk to the buttercup meadow just as soon as they were strong enough to go.

"But somehow," said Mrs. Speckle to herself, "I do not feel *quite* satisfied about Buffy. It is just as Mr. Gray-Mouse said, he looks very queer, and not one bit like the other chickens. His bill is *so* wide, I'm really ashamed of it, and his feet—why, I'm sure I never saw such feet on a chicken before, in all my life. His toes seem to have skin sewn between each one of them—it worries me dreadfully! Then, besides, Buffy is so hard headed; he doesn't want to mind me one bit! Why, today I had to pull him out of the water trough *three* times! I never saw a chicken love to play in mud and water so! Really, I feel quite worn out trying to keep Buffy out of mischief!"

She fell asleep at last, though, and forgot all about her trouble, while her twelve yellow darlings nestled close beneath her warm wings, as happy as happy could be. For the next few days Buffy behaved very nicely, and even Mrs. Speckle could not find any fault with him, "Except," as she told Mr. Gray-Mouse, "he still looked queer!"

"Now, Buffy," said Mrs. Speckle, a few nights later, "tomorrow Mr. Rooster is going to take us for a walk to the buttercup meadow. *Do* try to behave nicely. Stay close to me and be sure not to go near the water! I wouldn't have you to fall in that deep water—not for anything! I am almost afraid to let you go with us."

"Oh, yes, mother," said Buffy, "I want to go, too! I'll be just as good and walk close to your side all the way."

"Oh, do, mother, we *all* want to go," said all the other chickens, "we'll help you to take care of Buffy!"

So Mrs. Speckle promised to let them go. The next morning every chicken was awake at the crack of day, and right after breakfast they started out—Mr. Rooster, Mrs. Speckle and Buffy, and all the other baby chickens. Buffy walked close to his mother and behaved beautifully until he got to the meadow fence and squeezed through.

Then he caught a glimpse of the pond of sparkling water and began to run just as fast as he could go! Mrs. Speckle called him, Mr. Rooster called him and *all* the baby chickens called him, but still he wouldn't come back! Nobody could do a thing with him; he only spread out his pretty wings and ran faster and faster, and when he got to the edge of the pond, why, he jumped *right* over into the very deepest part, with a *great* big splash! My! how it frightened everybody.

"Mother, mother," cried the baby chickens, "do come quickly to Buffy! He's jumped right into the water; he will get very wet!"

Poor Mrs. Speckle did not know what to do. She ran up and down the side of the pond scolding and cackling and calling, "You, Buffy, come right here this very minute—you naughty, naughty Buffy! You shall never come walking again—come out of that water, sir!"

But Buffy only shook his yellow head, and splashed the water drops high with his wings, as he said, "Oh, mother, don't be afraid, I won't get hurt, see? It is so nice here in the water; I just wish I could live in the water all the time! Watch me duck my head, so—I'll be out in a minute."

Well, I don't know what Mrs. Speckle would have done, but just at that very moment Joe-Boy, away up in the barn-yard, called: "Chickie, chickie, chickie; come to your dinner, come one and come all; chickie, chickie, chickie!"

Buffy heard him, and he knew that meant dinner! Now, Buffy liked to eat—he most certainly did—and just as soon as he heard that call, he scrambled out of the water, shaking the drops from his wings and tail, and *away* he started on a run for the house, Mr. Rooster, Mrs. Speckle and all the other chickens close behind. They were glad enough to get Buffy back to the barnyard once more, and Mrs. Speckle said she'd never go to the buttercup meadow any more, until Buffy learned to behave himself. When Mr. Turkey-Gobbler heard about it, he gobbled a very big laugh, and he said to Mrs. Speckle, "*I* know why Buffy likes the water so. If you'll come over here, I'll whisper it in your ear."

And he did. Now, what do you suppose Mr. Turkey-Gobbler told Mrs. Speckle? Mr. Gray-Mouse knows, because Mrs. Speckle told him. But he wouldn't tell! Oh, no, not for anything!

Buffy's Stepmother

Friday

MRS. SPECKLE was not the only hen in the barn-yard with a family of chickens to look after. There was the black hen that had young chickens, and the white hen with young chickens, and the brown hen with young chickens, so you see there was quite a crowd of them, when they all got together, and Mr. Rooster was kept busy from morning till night helping the hens care for the babies. That was his business, you know, and when he scratched up anything very nice to eat he never thought of taking it for *himself*—that wouldn't have been one bit polite. You would hear him say short and quick, "Kut, kut; kut, kut, kut!"

Then all the mother hens came running up with their chickens, and such a busy time as they would have scratching and eating. Besides helping the hens scratch, Mr. Rooster had other business, too. He always crowed just at sundown to tell the hens it was time to put their babies to bed, and again he crowed in the middle of the night to tell everybody it was twelve o'clock, and then at the very peep of day he would crow again, and that meant it was time for chickens and people to get up. But the time he did the most cackling was when any of the hens laid an egg. He was always very proud of that, and you would hear him say, "Kut, kut, kut, kut, kut, laid an egg! Kut, kut, kut, kut, kut, laid an egg."

And Betty told Joe-Boy that she heard him say time and time again, "Lock the d-a-i-r-y d-o-o-r!"

So you see he was quite a busy fellow. Mr. Turkey-Gobbler was quite a good friend of his, too, and though he couldn't crow, why, he could gobble most beautifully, and took as much care of the little speckled turkeys as Mr. Rooster did of the hens and chickens. One day they got to talking about Buffy, and Mr. Rooster said, "I am afraid Mrs. Speckle is going to have a hard time with Buffy. Because, just as fish love water, so Buffy loves water, and, like all ducks, he will want to go swimming *every* day. I don't see what Mrs. Speckle is going to do about it."

"Well, I know a very fine plan," said Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, "if Mrs. Speckle is willing to do a very kind thing."

"What's that?" said Mr. Rooster; "I'm sure everybody likes to do kind things, and Mrs. Speckle does, too."

"It is this," said Mr. Turkey-Gobbler. "You know Mrs. Silver-Duck, who has been away from the barnyard such a long time? Well, she made her nest in the tall grass by the pond some time ago, and had it almost full of eggs—she showed them to me just before she went to sitting. I counted them myself, and there were *ten*, and, do you know, yesterday, when I went to see her, someone had stolen every one of those duck eggs, and then put a *china* egg in that nest for poor Mrs. Silver-Duck to sit on! And you know, Mr. Rooster, neither, hens, guineas, turkeys, ducks, nor any other kind of bird can hatch anything from a c-h-i-n-a egg! I told Mrs. Silver-Duck so, but poor thing! she only shook her head and said, 'Quack, quack,' in such a sorrowful way that I left her there—sitting on that china egg. And there, she says, she expects to sit until that egg changes into a duckling!"

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

What shall we do! What shall we do!"

said Mr. Rooster.

"Do?" said Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, "why, can't you guess the plan? If we can only get Mrs. Speckle to give Buffy to her, won't that be fine?"

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Rooster, "the very thing to do. Cock-a-doodle-do!"

And he flapped his strong wings up and down many times, and then he and Mr. Turkey-Gobbler went off to find Mrs. Speckle and tell *her* about it. And what do you think Mrs. Speckle said? First, she listened very closely, with her bright black eyes fixed on Mr. Rooster and then on Mr. Turkey Gobbler, and she thought and thought and thought. And then, she said, "It is a mighty hard thing you have asked me to do—give away one of my children. I love Buffy very much and should not like to part with him, but then I have twelve children and Mrs. Silver-Duck has none. And I am sure Buffy would be *happier* with her than with me—he loves the water so, and I am *so* afraid of it! I am always afraid Buffy will get wet and catch cold, though they tell me ducks never do. Anyway, I will let Buffy do as *he* chooses, and if he says he would rather be Mrs. Silver-Duck's child than to live with me, why, I think the *kindest* thing I can do is to let him go."

Well, she told Buffy about it that very night, and then she said, "Now, which would you rather do?"

And dear little Buffy nestled his yellow head against his mother's and said, "You know I love you, mother dear, but I should *much* rather live down by the pond than up here in the barnyard—it is such fun to go in swimming!"

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Speckle, "go to sleep 'now and rest; tomorrow I will take you down to Mrs. Silver-Duck—I am sure she will love you and treat you kindly."

So Buffy cuddled up beneath Mother Speckle's wings for the last night and was soon fast asleep, dreaming and dreaming about water. The next morning Mrs. Speckle waited until Mrs. Silver-Duck had left her nest to find something to eat, and then what do you think she did? She slipped down to the nest in the grass and scratched that china egg out into the water, and then she put Buffy in the nest and told him to stay there until his new mother came back, and she went away—up to the barnyard to take care of her baby chickens. By and by Mrs. Silver-Duck came back to her nest and saw the china egg was gone, and she saw dear little yellow fluffy Buffy cuddled in the nest, waiting for her! And, don't you know, she was glad! Why, she was so happy she couldn't say one thing but "Quack, quack, quack." And she and Buffy went in swimming that very afternoon, and they went in swimming the next day and the next day and the next day, too—they went in swimming *every* day, even when it rained, and they lived happily ever afterward.

Hippity-Hop

Program for Eleventh Week—Animal Relationships.

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you seen toads? Where were they? Do you know why they go into the garden? What do they eat? (Impress the fact that toads eat bugs destructive to plants.) Would you like one to live in your garden?

Gift: Excursion to nearest pond to get eggs of toad and of frog. Carry home plenty of pond water with some mud and weeds to place with eggs in open basin or jar that children may watch development.

The Wonderful Eggs

*Tuesday**Circle talk, songs and games:* Compare eggs of toad and frog.*Song:* "Pollywog and Taddypole."*Game:* "Toady, how art thou?" "Frog in Middle Pond?"*Gift Period:* Sand modeling.—Toad house in garden.*Occupation:* Clay modeling.—Eggs.

Mrs. Speckle

*Wednesday**Circle talk, songs and games:* Joe-Boy had another pet. Instead of having four feet, she had two. Instead of having large eyes, she had small. Instead of having a large mouth, she had a small mouth. Instead of loving the water as a place to lay her eggs, she was afraid of it.*Play:* Poultry in farm yard.*Gift:* Modeling.—Nest, eggs, chickens.*Occupation:* Sewing.—Outline chicken coming out of shell.

Buffy

*Thursday**Circle talk, songs and games:* Did you ever see a baby duck? How was it different from a chicken? Do you know why the feet are different? Do you know why the bill is different?*Play:* Dramatize the story.*Song:* "See them there in the pond below,
Good mother duck, and her ducklings four."*Gift Period:* Sand table. Meadowbrook pond.*Occupation:*—Folding.—Ducks.

Buffy's Stepmother

*Friday**Circle talk, songs and games:* Show china egg. "This came out of a hen's nest." Would it hatch? Why not? Do you know why a china egg is kept in the hen's nest?*Play:* Dramatize story.*Gift Period:* Modeling.—Duck's Egg.

Occupation: Drawing, or excursion to some pond or park where ducks can be seen. Feed ducks, watch their manner of walking.

Twelfth Week, Birds

White Wings

Monday

THERE was something else that came to the barnyard to get something to eat when Joe-Boy fed the hens and chickens. They would flutter, flutter around his head and about his feet, saying softly, "Coo, coo, coo, coo, give us some, too; coo, coo, coo." Of course, you know now they were Joe-Boy's pigeons. Some were white, some were blue, and some were gray, and some were green, and some were brown, and some were many colors. They lived in the pretty pigeon house Father Gipsy had helped Joe-Boy build. There were pretty little windows and pretty little doors and cosy little porches that went all around so the pigeons could sit there in the sunshine and tell about the many things they saw when they went out flying—they could fly so high and so far away, you know. Joe-Boy had often wished that he had strong wings like theirs, and could fly away with them. White-Wings was the prettiest pigeon of all. She was pure white, with the brightest eyes and the pinkest feet! And she was so gentle and tame that she would light on Joe-Boy's shoulder and eat from his hand, while he stroked her softly. Rosy-Feet was White-Wings mate—he was white, too, and they lived together in one of the little rooms in the pigeon house. One day while they were out flying together they passed over the pond in the buttercup meadow, and White-Wings peeped down and saw little Buffy swimming on the pond with his stepmother, Mrs. Silver-Duck.

"See, Rosy-Feet," she said, "I did not know Mrs. Silver-Duck had a little duckling. He looks like a fluffy yellow lily, floating on the water. Don't they look happy?"

"Yes," said Rosy-Feet, "and you just ought to see Mrs. Speckle's family, too. She has more than I can count—the dearest little downy darlings—and when Mrs. Speckle sits down to rest they peep from beneath her wings and scramble over her back as cute as can be. Come, let us fly to the barnyard and see them; it is almost dinner time anyway, and Joe-Boy is sure to have something nice for us to eat."

So away flew White-Wings and Rosy-Feet to the barnyard, and just as soon as White-Wings saw Mrs. Speckle's babies, why, she said she wanted some, too, and that very day she and Rosy-Feet began to gather twigs and straw to make a nest for the baby pigeons, flying in and out of the little round doors, and working so hard until the nest was finished. Then, only guess, White-Wings laid four white eggs in the nest, and then she sat on them for days and days, just as Mrs. Speckle had done—you know why. Sometimes she would get tired and long to fly away over the green hills and tree tops; but she would shake her pretty head and say:

"No, no, no, if I go the eggs will get cold. I must stay and keep them warm, so that the baby pigeons will wake up."

So when Rosy-Feet peeped in many times a day, to see how White-Wings was getting on and to tell her the news, he always found her on the nest, as happy as happy could be. By and by, early one morning, White-Wings felt the eggs under her breast moving—something *inside*, trying to get out. White-Wings knew it was the baby pigeons waking in the eggs, and she rolled one of the eggs out from her soft feathers and pecked and pecked very gently until the egg shell came open, and there was one baby pigeon. And then she rolled another egg out and pecked and pecked very gently until it came open, and there was another baby pigeon. And then she rolled another egg out and pecked and pecked very gently until it came open, and there was another baby pigeon. And then she rolled the last egg out and pecked it open very gently, too, and there was another baby pigeon—four baby pigeons for Rosy-Feet and dear little White-Wings. Aren't you glad? White-Wings tucked them all under her wings and said, "Coo, coo, coo," so softly, and do you know it wasn't any time before those baby pigeons were trying to say, "Coo, coo, coo," too? When White-Wings showed them to Rosy-Feet he felt very proud and glad, and he said:

"Now I am papa pigeon, and you are mother pigeon, and we shall both work hard for our babies. They do not look like Mrs. Speckle's children, do they?"

You see, they didn't have any clothes on yet, but White-Wings said she was sure when their feathers grew they would be white like theirs, and they already had pink bills and rosy feet, and she thought they were the most beautiful babies in all the world! And then Rosy-Feet looked at them again and he said, "I believe they are."

The Little Pigeons Four

Tuesday

WHEN the baby pigeons got their white dresses on and were large enough to walk a little, White-Wings let them each come to the little round door and peep out. They liked to peep into the barnyard below and see the hens and chickens walking about. They saw Mrs. Speckle and her babies, and they saw Mr. Rooster, and they saw Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, and they saw Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy, too. Then they looked up high at the blue, blue sky, and the sunbeams dancing on the trees, and they longed to fly away.

"Wait a little longer," said Rosy-feet and White-Wings, "until your wings are stronger. Then we will teach you how to fly, and you may go with us to the buttercup meadow and see little Buffy swimming on the pond."

And those baby pigeons wanted to go so very much, they could hardly wait long enough for their wings to grow strong. But by and by White-Wings and Rosy-Feet said they believed they were all strong enough to fly, and the little pigeons four, hopped out on the little porch, ready to take their first flying lesson. And *then* when the time came to start, why, they were afraid to go!

"Well, did you ever!" said White-Wings,—*"such baby pigeons! Why, it is easy to fly. Just work your wings so: up and down, up and down, up and down—now give a little jump from the porch, and off you go!"*

But though the little pigeons four worked their wings up and down all right, they were afraid to jump, you see.

"Oh, I'll fall!" said baby pigeon one.

"Oh, oh, I'll fall!" said baby pigeon two.

"Oh, oh, oh, I'll fall," said baby pigeon three.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, I'll fall!" said baby pigeon four.

And then Rosy-Feet would laugh and say, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, you silly little things! If you won't *try* you'll never learn—I can not carry you on my back, and how will you ever see Buffy and the pond and the buttercup meadow. Now, t-r-y!"

"I'll try," said baby pigeon one.

"I'll try, I'll try," said baby pigeon two.

"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try," said baby pigeon three.

"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try," said baby pigeon four.

"You little darlings!" said White-Wings, "follow me."

And then she jumped from the pigeon house porch, and baby pigeon one jumped, and baby pigeon two jumped, and baby pigeon three jumped, and baby pigeon four said, "oh, oh, oh, oh, I am afraid to jump!"

And then Rosy-Feet just gave him a quick little *push*, and off went little pigeon four, and he could fly as well as anybody! So off they all flew in a row, cooing and cooing.

"Oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon one.

"Oh, oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon two.

"Oh, oh, oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon three.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon four.

And they were so very happy.

They flew straight to the buttercup meadow, and stopped by the pond for a rest, and they saw some pretty grass and some white rocks and some flowers and—yes, they saw Buffy swimming on the water. And they saw Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne making a daisy chain, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne saw *them*, too. And then they flew back home, and cuddled up in their nest and talked about all the wonderful things they had seen that day. And when they went to sleep they dreamed about them, too, singing softly, coo, coo, coo, coo.

The Carrier Pigeon

Wednesday

THE next day it rained, and rain so hard the baby pigeons could not go out to fly, so they stayed in the nest and only peeped out of the little round door. It was raining at Charlotte Anne's house, too, and *she* couldn't go out to play, and it was raining at Joe-Boy's house, too, and *he* couldn't go out to play, so he stood at the play-room window and peeped at White-Wings and Rosy-Feet and the little pigeons four, who peeped back at him from their little round door, saying:

"Coo, coo, coo, it is raining at *our* house today; coo, coo.

Is it raining at *your* house, too?"

Then White-Wings called them in, because they *might* catch a cold, you know, if they peeped out in the rain too much. It was just then that Mother Gipsy came to the window and heard White-Wings

cooing to her babies. So she said, "I believe White-Wings is telling the baby pigeons a story now; shall I tell you one?"

Of course you already know what Joe-Boy said, and then Mother Gipsy sat in the broad window seat and began:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl named Cleo, and she had a beautiful pet pigeon called a carrier pigeon, because it could fly such a long, long ways, miles and miles, even across the great ocean, and he would carry a letter with him if you fastened it beneath his wings. Cleo called him Fairy, and she loved him very much. Fairy would light on her shoulder and eat from her hand, just as White-Wings eats from your hand. Cleo's father was the captain of a great ship, and very often he would have to go away and leave her, and then of course she missed him very much.

"One day as her father was starting away to cross the big waters, Cleo went to the ship to see him off. And she said, 'I'll tell you what, father dear, take Fairy with you this time, and when you get far away on the ocean waters, write me a long letter, and tie it under Fairy's wing, and send him back to me with your love.'

"Then the sea captain laughed merrily and he said, 'All right, my dear, I will do just as you say, and when I am far out on the waters, I will write you the letter, and send Fairy back to you with my love.'

"Then he sailed away on the great ship, taking the pretty pigeon with him. But when he had sailed far out on the waters, a great storm came up and the wind blew so hard that it washed the waves high over the sides of the ship, until at last the ship was broken and could not sail any more.

"'What shall we do?' asked the people on the ship. 'We can not swim back to land, and if we went in the boats we would get lost, because we do not know the way. And then the captain thought about the carrier pigeon, and he said, 'Don't be afraid, there is a carrier pigeon on the ship that belongs to my little daughter. We will write a letter, telling about our trouble, and tie it under the pigeon's wing, and turn him loose—he will fly straight home to Cleo, and she will read the letter and send somebody quickly to help us.'

"So, that is what they did, and when the captain had written the letter he went up on the deck of the ship with Fairy perched on his finger, and when he held him high, guess what he did? Yes, he stretched wide his strong wings, and flew quickly across the waters to find Cleo—the one he loved best.

"The next morning, early, Cleo heard something pecking at her window blinds, and when she raised the window, Fairy flew in and lit on her shoulder and pecked her gently on her lips—that is the way he always kissed her, you know. Then Cleo found the letter, which he had brought safely across the water, and she loved Fairy more than ever then, because he had saved the lives of the people on the ship, and her dear father's, too, by bringing her the letter. Quickly she told the people in the village about the broken ship, and many of them hurried away in a strong, new ship to help them, and bring them back to land. And you may guess how much those people loved Fairy, ever after that—stroking and petting him over and over again. And that is the end of my story."

"Tell it again, mother," said Joe-Boy.

The Return of the Bluebirds

Thursday

SPRING time was coming in the buttercup meadow; you could smell it in the air. The breezes whispered softly, "It's coming"; the sunbeams sang, "It's coming"; the water in the meadow brook rippled, "It's coming"; and everything seemed glad!

"If the spring time is coming," said dear old Mother Nature, "I must get ready for the birds. They will soon be here to spend the summer, and everything must be fresh and clean. I must sweep and dust and scour and waken the sleeping flowers, or the birds will miss them when they come. I must waken the trees in the orchard, and tell them to shake out their blossoms—the plum and cherry and peach and apple—and the tall trees in the woods beyond, for the pine and the maple and the oak and the hickory and the chestnut and the poplar, all will be needed to make the birds happy. Who'll help me do my spring cleaning?" said happy Mother Nature.

"I'll help," said the wind, "I'll be your broom, and sweep the whole earth clean! I'd like to see the birds back again."

"I'll help," said the cloud, "I'll send my raindrops down and scour the old earth clean, and I'll water the sleeping seed babies and start them on their way—they'll make the birds glad, I'm sure."

"I'll help," said the great, warm sun, "I'll send the fairy sunbeams down to dry and warm the earth, and care for the waking seed babies."

Then Mother Nature smiled as she said, "I need you everyone—the wind to sweep, the rain to scour, and the sun to dry and warm, for the old earth must be warm and beautiful when the birds come back again."

And then she began her spring cleaning. How she did sweep! The wind made a very fine broom, indeed, and for days and days he blew, until leaves and paper and trash went whirling away through the air, and at last the earth was swept as clean as the wind could sweep it.

"That will do," said Mother Nature, "and I thank you very much. Now, I must do my scouring and wash the winter's dust and dirt away. Hurry, clouds, and send the raindrops down."

So the clouds did, and for days and days it rained, washing the trees and fences and houses, and soaking down, down, down, to freshen and waken the little seed babies. Then Mother Nature thanked the busy raindrops and sent them back to the clouds, while troops of sunbeam fairies tripped to the dripping earth and warmed and dried everything—slipping down to the drowsy grasses and flowers that the raindrops had started on their way, and warmed their beds and whispered, "Hurry, the birds are coming back again!"

Then the seeds of flowers and grasses rubbed their sleepy eyes and stretched their tiny hands up, up, up, to greet the birds they loved so well. A velvety carpet of richest green soon covered all the earth, and pansies and violets and snowdrops and buttercups lifted their dainty heads, while the trees in orchards and woods rustled new leaves in gladness—they knew the birds would need *them* to hide away the snug bird homes, where their pretty eggs lay. and the wee birdlings grew strong—yes, yes, the trees longed for the birds to come back again, to flit and sing among their branches, or waltz on the carpet of grass below.

And so at last all things were ready, and Mother Nature's great heart throbbed with joy. "Which one of my birds will be the first to come, I wonder. Will it be the bluebird?—brave little fellow. Will it be the robin, with his orange-red breast, or the thrush, dressed in brown? Will it be the woodpecker with his gay red cap, the oriole with his yellow throat, the happy, happy sparrows, the bluejay, the bobwhite, the mocking-bird, the swallows, or little Jenny Wren—I love them all!"

And then she stopped to listen, for at that very moment the loveliest, gayest little song floated down from a tree, right in the buttercup

meadow! You couldn't guess who it was, so I'll tell you. Two bluebirds had just gotten back from the far away South. They fluttered and flitted from tree to tree, chattering as they went.

"See, how beautiful everything is," they said, "let us sing our 'thank you' song." And holding their pretty heads up to the sky they caroled: "I love you, I love you—sun, trees, leaves, flowers, grasses, waterfall, all! I love you, I love you!"

Mother Nature heard, and she throbbed with joy.

"Come," said the bluebirds, "let us fly to Joe-Boy's house, and see how *he* is getting on. We haven't seen him for a long, long time—and won't he be glad to see us once more!"

So they raced to the house, and peeped in at the dining-room window and saw Joe-Boy eating his dinner, and Joe-Boy heard them sing:

"Howdy do! howdy do!

Glad to see you!

Howdy do!"

And then, even before he could scatter the crumbs on the window sill, they were gone—flitting across the street to see Charlotte Anne. She loved them, too, and they found her feeding her rabbits, and gaily sang:

"We see you! we see you!

Howdy do, howdy do!"

Then they hopped over and took dinner with the rabbits, and Charlotte Anne was so glad. She ran in the house to tell her mother that the bluebirds were back again, and then she skipped across the street to tell Joe-Boy. And there was Joe-Boy just skipping across the street to tell her! And they said at the very *same* time:

"The bluebirds are back again! I've seen them!"

The Birds' Store

Friday

AFTER the bluebirds came, it was not many weeks before all the birds were back again, and almost every day Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would see a new one flitting through the orchard or buttercup meadow. They were hard at work building their nests, and one day Charlotte Anne said, "I guess it is time for us to open our store for the birds."

"Did you know that those two children kept a store *just* for the birds? Well, they did, every year, and it was a dry goods store and a grocery store mixed up together, and they kept it right on the top of the meadow fence. First, they sprinkled a few seeds on the fence—that was for the birds to eat—and then they put ever so many things near by that birds like to build nests with: short strings, rags, paper, straw, grass, roots, twigs, hay, wool, mud, bark, and even some of Prince Charming's tail hairs that he did not need, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers, and a piece of Charlotte Anne's red hair ribbon. After the store was all ready, Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would run away and hide in the deep grass, where they could watch the birds who came to the store, and see what they each bought. They would always take a taste of the seeds first, and then such another twitter, twitter, twitter, as they held their heads first on one side and then on the other—to see what they wished to buy, to build with. It *sounded* as if they said:

"Pay you later, pay you later,
With a pretty, pretty, song!
Wait! wait! wait!
It won't be very long!"

When the *robins* came to the store, they always chose a mud cake, and some of the tiny twigs. They used the mud to stick the twigs together with, when the nest was made. The little brown sparrows chose hay and some of the horse-hair to weave into the bottom of their nest, so that it would be very soft for the baby birds. The orioles liked bright colored things, and took Charlotte Anne's hair-ribbon. The barn swallow took mud, and straw, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers. The chimney-swallows chose twigs, which they pasted together with glue from their own mouths, and nearly anything suited little Jenny Wren—she wasn't hard to please. So all of the birds carried away something from the store, and each one worked very hard to make the best nest that it could, so the baby birds would have a cozy place in which to stay, when they came. They liked to build in the old orchard at Charlotte Anne's house, or in the buttercup meadow at Joe-Boy's house. Billy Sanders had a meadow at *his* house, too. But the birds were afraid to build there, because Billy Sanders had a sling-shot and a shot-gun, and Billy Sanders thought birds were just made to shoot at. It would frighten them so—just to see Billy Sanders cross the road, and they would whisper one to the other:

"Hush! hush! Oh, keep still;
Billy Sanders is coming over the hill.
Spread out your wings, hide the eggs, so,—
Don't let even a speck of them show!
Hush! hush! keep very still,
Billy Sanders is coming over the hill."

And then when Billy was passed, and was quite out of sight—such a glad, glad song, every bird would sing:

"He has gone—
Billy Sanders has gone away!
Cheer up! cheer up!
Be happy and gay!"

Don't you believe Billy Sanders would have felt *most* dreadful—if he knew how *glad* those birds were to see him go away?

White Wings

Program for Twelfth Week, Birds

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games—Have you pigeons at home? Where do they live? What have you seen them do? Do you know if they build nests in the house? Did you ever hear them talk together? How do they sound?

Play—Pigeon-house.

Gift—Fifth. Pigeon-house.

Occupation—Folding or constructive work of wood or cardboard.
Pigeon-house.

The Little Pigeons Four

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Did you ever see a baby bird learning to fly? Do you think they are afraid at first?

Play—Pigeon-house. Babies learning to fly.

Gift—Second Gift Beads (cylinder and balls) counting 1, 2, 3, 4.

Occupation—Free cutting. Eggs or baby pigeons.

The Carrier Pigeon

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games—If a pigeon were taken away from home do you think he could find his way home? Could *you* do it if you were taken a long, long way from home?

Play—"Little birds, you are welcome."

Gift—Fifth. Ship, or constructive work. Build ship.

Occupation—Fold envelope. Write letter.

The Return of the Bluebirds

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games—Where have the bluebirds and robins been all winter? Have you seen one yet, this spring? (Show picture of bluebird.) Relate story.

Play—"All the birds are coming back." "Bird Tag."

Music—"Spring Song"—Mendelssohn.

Gift—Fourth. Boxes for bluebirds. (If possible, let this be followed by the construction of a real box to be fastened on post or tree in kindergarten yard.)

Occupation—Water colors. Spring picture, broad effect of earth and sky. Continue this work for a short period each day, adding little by little the details needed in a simple spring picture.

The Bird's Store

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games—What do the birds build nests of? Do they all build alike, and with the same kind of material? How do they make their nests hold together? How do they fasten them in place?

Game—"Birds in the Greenwood." "I'm a Robin." (Birds impersonated.)

Gift—Sixth gift. Fence where the bird store was.

Occupation—Weaving. (Illustrating principle used in nest weaving.)

Thirteenth Week, Birds

Jenny-Wren

Monday

DEAR little Jenny Wren went hopping along over the grass in Joe-Boy's back yard. She held her dainty brown head first on one side and then on the other, while her bright black eyes kept a sharp watch out. She was looking for a good place in which to build her nest; she did not wish to build in the buttercup meadow, nor in the deep woods beyond, with its little twisting path, nor even in the barn, though she had built there, once upon a time.

"I shall find a new place in which to build my nest this year," said Jenny Wren, "and I shouldn't mind building in Joe-Boy's house—he throws me so many nice crumbs to eat. I believe I'll hop up on the back porch and look around."

So Jenny Wren hopped up the steps, not the least bit afraid—she knew Billy did not live there—and then she hopped up and down the porch. Hanging in the corner on a big nail, she saw Father Gipsy's rain coat, with its big sleeves and broad pockets.

"My!" said Jenny Wren, "is that a man hanging up there in the corner, I wonder? I don't believe I ever saw a man hanging on a nail before, and he hasn't any head on, either—let me see!"

Then she flew up in the corner to take a good look, and when she got there she found it wasn't a man at all, and she twittered and twittered, for that was the way Jenny Wren laughed, you know.

"Ho! ho!" she said, "this is Father Gipsy's big coat; I believe I'll just take a peep in the pockets and see what he's got there."

So she peeped in every one, and there wasn't anything there but a string. And then Jenny-Wren said, "I am going to borrow this string from Father Gipsy to build my nest with—he won't care—and I'm going to build my nest right here in Father Gipsy's coat pocket, and won't he be surprised!"

Then she flew off to find Mr. Wren and tell him about it, because of course she couldn't build a nest all by herself. Mr. Wren gave a long, low whistle when he heard about it—he thought the barn would be the best place to build. But then, he wanted to do the thing that Jenny-Wren liked best—because he loved her so, and he said, "All right, my dear, only we must be very careful in carrying straws, and not

let anybody see us building the nest. We will keep it a secret until the eggs are laid and the baby wrens hatched. Then won't they be surprised to find out we've been renting rooms and keeping house in Father Gipsy's coat pocket!"

And they laughed till their fat sides shook with joy, and flew quickly away to hunt twigs and scraps for their nest. Some they got from their birds' store, some they got in the barnyard, and some they found on the lawn, but they had the most fun building that nest! Why, sometimes they would hop into the sleeve, and think that was a pocket, and sometimes they would hop into the wrong pocket, and have to hop out again, dragging the straw behind them, and then sometimes Joe-Boy would skip out on the porch at the *very* time they were not looking for him, and they would have to hide as quickly!—just smuggle down under the big coat collar, and not speak a word, until Joe-Boy ran in the house again. You know they had heaps of fun, and they surely did fool Joe-Boy nicely, because he didn't know one thing about that nest!

At last when the nest was all finished, Jenny-Wren laid the eggs—four of them, all white, and then she said, "Now, Mr. Wren, you must play you are policeman, and watch while I sit on the eggs. We must never leave them alone for a minute, and when I go to take my bath and find something to eat you must watch them, better than at any other time. Just suppose Father Gipsy should put on that coat and walk off with it—what would we do!"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Wren, "I'm not looking for any bad luck like that to happen, and even if it did Father Gipsy is such a kind man I'm sure he wouldn't hurt our eggs." Well, the days went quickly past, and of course you know that the baby wrens came from the pretty white eggs, just as Mrs. Speckle's babies did, and just as White-Wings' did, and Mr. Wren said it seemed to him they kept their mouths open morning, noon and night, and they did not know when they did have enough to eat! Why, it kept him and Jenny-Wren both hard at work finding nice things for them to eat. But at last they were large enough to learn to fly, and early one morning, before Joe-Boy got out of bed, Jenny-Wren showed them how to spread their wings and fly from the nest, and they tried so very hard that soon every one of the four baby wrens knew how to fly, and they were so happy and liked it so much that they wanted to fly all the time. At night they flew up in the leafy

trees and tucked themselves away and went to sleep, singing the soft little songs that birdies know.

It was not long after the baby wrens had left the nest that one day Father Gipsy lost his pocket knife, and couldn't tell where to find it.

"Maybe it is in the pocket of your big coat on the back porch," said Mother Gipsy, and Joe-Boy and Father Gipsy went to see. And Father Gipsy felt in all the pockets, and then he came to the pocket where Jenny-Wren's nest had been, and he felt and felt! And then he said, "What under the sun is this queer bundle in my coat pocket? —l-e-t me see! It doesn't feel like a knife nor a ball nor a handkerchief! What can it be?"

"Look, father, look!" said Joe-Boy, dancing around, "maybe it is a bundle of candy!"

Jenny-Wren was just outside the porch watching, and it tickled her so when Father Gipsy reached his hand down and pulled out a bundle of strings and rags and straw, that used to be her nest. And Father Gipsy laughed, too—he thought it was very funny; and Joe-Boy laughed, and Betty laughed, and Mother Gipsy laughed.

"Goodness me," said Father Gipsy, "I do wonder who put this pile of trash in my coat pocket—did *you* do it, Joe-Boy?"

"No, sir," said Joe-Boy, "maybe mother did."

"Not I," said Mother Gipsy, "I believe Jenny-Wren and Mr. Wren have been playing an April-fool on Father Gipsy, because that surely is a wren's nest. It is built out of all kinds of things, you see. There is a piece of Silver-Lock's wool, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers, and a piece of Prince Charming's hair, and a piece of my dress, and a piece of Joe-Boy's trousers—my! it took almost as many helpers to build Jenny-Wren's house as it took to build our house! Even Father Gipsy lent them his coat pocket—that was a great help."

And then they laughed again, and Father Gipsy said, "That surely was a funny place in which to build a nest."

NOTE.—A true incident.

The Gray Swallow's Fright

Tuesday

MR. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow had a most dreadful experience! Now, don't you think experience means something to eat, because it doesn't. And it does not mean anything to drink, either—experience just means something that happened. And I am going to tell you what happened to Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow.

All the birds were talking about it. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow had built their nest in Charlotte Anne's chimney, but they didn't tell Charlotte Anne about it, so how was she to know? She had seen them gather the twigs and fly on top of the house with them, but she did not see them go down the chimney, so she thought the nest was under the eaves of the house, high up where she could not see, and all that time Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow had glued those twigs together with paste from their mouths and made a fine, snug nest, fastened tight to the side of the great, black chimney. They thought it was very fine, and at night they would cuddle together with their three baby swallows and have the nicest time! The stars peeped down and saw them, and they peeped up and saw the stars; and the pretty silver moon peeped down at them, and they peeped up at the pretty silver moon. That was a merry little family tucked away in Charlotte Anne's chimney, even if she didn't know anything about it. But I mustn't forget about the experience I started out to tell you about. One morning Charlotte Anne said, "I believe I will wash and iron Saraphena's clothes today—she hasn't any clean dresses to wear."

Saraphena was Charlotte Anne's doll, you know, and Joe-Boy said, "I'll help." So they rolled up their sleeves, away up h-i-g-h,—up above their elbows, so they couldn't get wet, and then they got the tub and filled it full of water, and then they got soap—a whole bar—and splashed and splashed it about in the water until the soap suds foamed up soft and white, and then they got all of Saraphena's clothes and put them in the water, and scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed, until they were just as clean. And then they squeezed them out and hung them on the line in a long, long row, to dry.

"There now," said Charlotte Anne, "while they are drying we will make a fire in the big fire-place and get the irons hot, and then we will iron Saraphena's clothes for her." So she and Joe-Boy went to work and kindled a fire right in that very chimney where Mrs. Gray-Swallow's nest was! Don't you know they wouldn't have done that thing for the world if they had known about Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow and their baby birds living there? But they didn't know, and the smoke rose higher and higher up the chimney, and got in the baby birds' eyes, and in their mouths and up their noses, and they sneezed and sneezed and didn't know what was the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow were

off hunting something to eat, but when they saw the smoke curling out of the chimney they came flying home in a big hurry. "Dear me," said Mrs. Gray-Swallow, "what shall we do? I did not know people made fires in their chimneys in the summer time! My poor baby birds will be killed with the smoke."

And then she forgot all about herself, and flew right into the chimney, to the nest, and spread her wings out over the baby birds, so that the smoke could not get to them. Mr. Swallow flew round and round the chimney, calling and calling for some one to come quickly and save the nest of pretty birds. It was just at that minute that Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy ran into the yard to bring the doll clothes in, and they heard the swallows crying, and looked up and saw Mr. Gray-Swallow flying round and round the chimney, and then Charlotte Anne said, "Mercy me! I think those swallows must have a nest in our chimney, and we are burning them up—run, run, run!"

And what do you think they did? You know, they could not climb up a high ladder to take the baby birds out of the nest—they couldn't get down the chimney, so Charlotte Anne said, "Water, water, water, we will pour water on the fire and put it all out—hurry!"

So Joe-Boy got a tin bucket full of water, and Charlotte Anne got a tin bucket full of water, and they dashed it all over the fire—and some of it spilled down on the floor—and by and by the fire was all out, and then of course there wasn't any smoke to go up the chimney, and Mr. Gray-Swallow was so glad and so very thankful! He flew right into the chimney to Mrs. Gray-Swallow, and fanned and fanned her until she opened her pretty eyes and looked at him; and the first thing she said was, "Are the baby birds safe?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Gray-Swallow, "you saved their lives when you covered them with your wings. Did the smoke hurt you very much?" "It hurt my eyes dreadfully," said Mrs. Gray-Swallow, "but that doesn't make any difference now, just so the baby birds are safe."

Well, Saraphena's clothes did not get ironed that day, but Charlotte Anne ironed them the next morning while the cook was getting dinner, and when she had finished she dressed Saraphena up in a right clean dress and took her out walking, and she passed Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow, sitting on the fence, and the baby swallows hopping on the ground, close by, and Jenny-Wren and the bluebirds were sitting on

the fence, too, and I think Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow were telling them about their experience—that is what I *think* they were doing.

NOTE.—A true incident.

The Baby Mockingbirds

Wednesday

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird made their nest they put it in the cedar tree close by the road, and if you climbed up on the fence you could peep into the nest and see the pretty pale green eggs with spots of brown—four of them, lying on the soft feathers and hair that Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird had lined their nest with, making the outside strong with rags and roots and strips of bark. Mrs. Mockingbird sat on the nest and kept the eggs warm, and Mr. Mockingbird sat on the very top twig of the cedar tree and sang and sang until the woods rang with his merry song! Why, Mr. Mockingbird thought that cedar tree belonged to him, and he thought the fence belonged to him, too, and what was more, Mr. Mockingbird thought the big road belonged to him, and so he sang and sang and sang! And Mr. Mockingbird could sing more than one song, too—he could sing like a canary or a thrush or a catbird or an oriole or any other kind of bird you ever heard. And he could whistle like bobwhite or Joe-Boy, and he could even go like a train letting off steam—only not quite so loud—and Mrs. Mockingbird was very proud of him. When the baby mockingbirds came, though, Mr. Mockingbird did not have time to sing very much, because the baby birds had to be fed, and Mr. Mockingbird was kept so busy hunting worms he did not have time to do anything else. Every time he came near the nest all the baby birds held their mouths wide open, ready for something to be dropped in, and they were very much disappointed if they did not get something nice to eat. When the baby birds were seven days old they knew how to chirp, and Mrs. Mockingbird said she just knew they were all going to make fine singers, because they had a few white feathers coming on their wings—and that was a good sign. When they were eight days old Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird both flew away to Charlotte Anne's orchard to hunt for worms, and while they were away the baby birds cried so loud—all at the same time—that Billy Sanders, who was coming down the road, heard them. And Billy stopped right still by the rail fence

and listened and listened and listened, and then he climbed up on the fence, right close to that cedar tree, and found Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbirds' nest, and he peeped over in the nest and saw the four baby birds with their mouths wide open, and then Billy reached into the nest and took those baby mockingbirds out, and put them into his cap and jumped down from the fence and away Billy Sanders ran along the big road home. And when he got there, why, he put the baby mockingbirds in a wire cage, and said he was going to keep them for his very own,—to sing for him. And the baby birds cried and cried and cried, because they wanted their mother. Well, by and by, Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird flew back to their nest in the cedar tree with some worms for their babies, and when they peeped into the nest and there were not any baby birds there, why, they did not know what to think about it.

"Maybe they have been trying to fly, and have fallen on the ground," said Mr. Mockingbird, "you know baby mockingbirds always try to fly before they are strong enough. Come, let us look all in the grass and in the road; maybe we can find them."

So they flew to the ground and looked and looked and looked, but no baby birds could they find. And then they chirped and chirped and called and called, until the bluebirds and wrens and swallows and all the other birds flew across from the meadow to see what was the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird. And when they all saw the empty nest they felt very sorry indeed. Mr. Owl, who was a very wise bird, said, "Some one has stolen those birds away—who? who? who?"

"Not I," said the jaybird, "I wouldn't do such a thing."

"Not I," said the swallow; "that is a mean, mean thing!"

"Not I," said the wren, "I would not think of doing such a thing!"

"Not I! No, no, not I!" said every one of the birds, "but we will help hunt."

So they flew to the meadow and to the orchard and to the deep woods, but they could not find the baby birds.

"Do you suppose Joe-Boy could have taken my baby birds away?" said Mrs. Mockingbird.

"No, no," said little Jenny-Wren, "of that I am very sure!"

"Do you suppose Charlotte Anne could have taken them?" said Mr. Mockingbird.

"No, no," said the swallows, "Charlotte Anne wouldn't do such a thing."

"What about Billy Sanders," said the bluebirds, "could he have done it?"

Then all the birds looked at one another, and said, "Billy Sanders! Billy Sanders!" Then Mrs. Mockingbird did not wait another minute, but she flew quickly down the big road to Billy's house, and Mr. Mockingbird followed close behind. Sure enough, when they got to Billy's house they heard the baby birds crying and saw them in a wire cage on Billy's back porch. Mrs. Mockingbird flew quickly to them, and chirped to her baby birds softly, and they chirped back again, so glad to see her once more; and then Mr. Mockingbird flew down and pecked and pecked at the cage door, trying to get it open, but it was tied with a strong wire, and though he tried and tried he could not get the door to come open. Mrs. Mockingbird kept chirping sweetly to them—"Don't be afraid, baby birds; mother is near; don't you hear? Cheer up, cheer up."

But Billy Sanders soon came out on the porch and frightened them away, and the father and mother mockingbirds flew into a tree near by and hid among the leaves.

"Well," said Mr. Mockingbird, "I am afraid we shall never get our baby birds away from Billy Sanders. He means to keep them in the wire cage for his very own, and he is big and strong, and we are very small—how can we help ourselves?"

"My baby birds shall not live in a wire cage," said Mrs. Mockingbird. "They can not be happy there. Birds like to fly through the air, and flit among the trees and hop over the grass. A cage is like a jail, and I would rather my birdies were dead than to have to live there—no, no, no!"

"Well, I think so, too," said Mr. Mockingbird, "I should much rather be dead than to live in a wire cage the rest of my days, and I believe the baby birds would, too. And, though it is a very sad thing to do, let us hunt some poisonous worms, and bring them to the baby birds to eat, and let them die."

And that is just what they did—the very next day—and when Billy Sanders came to feed the baby birds he found them lying on the bottom of the cage with their pretty eyes all closed. Don't you think Billy Sanders would have felt very sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird if he had only known?

NOTE.—A true incident.

How the Jaybirds Planted Trees

Thursday

YOU could hardly find a prettier bird than Mr. Jaybird, with his coat of dark, rich blue, trimmed in black, a vest of white, and a most beautiful crest of feathers on his head. And while he could not sing so very well, he was a fine dancer, and did so many funny things you could not help but love him. There was one thing that Mr. and Mrs. Jaybird liked better than anything else in all the world—and that was acorns! Why, they thought acorns were better than ice cream and candy, and you know how good that is. So they always built their nest in an oak grove, because the little bluejays were just as fond of acorns as their mother and father were, and every morning Mr. Jaybird would say, "Hi, there, you little bluejays, come to breakfast, I say, the very finest breakfast in all the land!"

And there would be just acorns for breakfast. Then at noon time Mr. Jaybird would say, "Hi, there, you little bluejays, come to dinner, I say; the very finest dinner in all the land!"

And there would just be acorns for dinner. Then, when night time came, Mr. Jaybird would say, "Hi, there, you little bluejays, come to supper, I say; the very finest supper in all the land!"

And there would just be acorns for supper; and Mr. Jaybird and Mrs. Jaybird and all the little jaybirds got as fat as fat could be, eating acorns. Now, Mr. Jaybird was a farmer—he knew somebody had to plant oak trees if there were to be plenty of acorns to eat, so he said he believed he would plant oak trees himself, and train up the little bluejays to plant acorns, too, and then he felt sure there would always be oak trees growing. So early one morning after breakfast, Mr. Jaybird said, "Who wants to help me work today?"

And all the little bluejays said, "I! I! I!"

"Come along, then," said Mr. Jaybird, "fly down to the ground with me, and do as I do."

So the little bluejays fluttered to the ground by his side, and watched him very closely with their sharp, bright eyes. Mr. Jaybird hunted around in the leaves until he found a nice fat acorn, and then he pecked a little hole in the ground and put that acorn in it, and hammered it quickly down with his strong bill, until you couldn't see even a speck of it. Then he found another fine, fat acorn, and pecked

another hole in the ground, and hammered it down in the ground,—and another, and another, and another, and another, and another.

"What *are* you doing, father?" said all the little bluejays. "We thought acorns were to eat—not to hide in the ground!"

"So they are," said Mr. Jaybird, "but don't acorns have to grow on oak trees, I'd like to know? And if no one plants acorns, how can there be any trees?"

"Oh, oh, oh," chirped the little bluejays, "we want to plant oak trees, too, father."

"All right," said Mr. Jaybird, "just do as I do."

So all the little bluejays planted oak trees all the morning, and when they got tired planting trees, they carried acorns and hid them in hollow logs and old posts and stumps—now, why do you think they did that? While they were busy hiding the acorns away, Mr. Jaybird found an extra fine acorn, and he said, "I believe I will plant this acorn on Joe-Boy's lawn."

So he flew across to Joe-Boy's yard and dug a little hole in the ground and hammered the acorn quickly down, and Joe-Boy saw him when he did it, and Mother Gipsy saw him, too, and she said, "See, Mr. Jaybird has planted us an oak tree."

And do you know, that acorn sprouted and really grew into a fine little tree? I saw it myself, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne called it "the bluejay's tree."

The Broken Twig

Friday

IF Mr. Jaybird was a farmer, because he planted trees, then the orioles were carpenters, because they mended things. Let me tell you about it. The orioles built the very prettiest nest that Charlotte Anne or Joe-Boy ever saw. But it was not in the buttercup meadow, nor in the deep woods beyond, nor on the lawn; but it was over at Charlotte Anne's house in an old apple tree, away down in the orchard. When Charlotte Anne first saw it she ran all the way across the street to tell Joe-Boy about it, because she wanted him to come and see her piece of red hair ribbon—the same that she had hung on the fence in the birds' store. Those orioles had woven it in and out of their pretty swinging nest, as well as you or I could have done. The orioles know all about weaving, and when they have finished their nest

of long grasses and strings, woven deep like a pocket, they lace the edge of the nest to strong twigs, hidden among the leaves, and there they swing as happy as you please—to and fro in the pretty swinging cradle. Charlotte Anne thought it was very kind of the orioles to build their beautiful nest in her apple tree—maybe it was because they had used a piece of her red hair ribbon—but anyway, when the nest was finished, Mrs. Oriole laid five of the prettiest white eggs with queer brown marks on them, and of course she and Mr. Oriole were very proud of them. But one night a big wind storm came up, and blew and blew so hard against the tree that it broke the twig—the very twig that the nest was fastened to, and when Charlotte Anne saw it, there it hung, almost, but not quite, broken in two, and the orioles were flying round and round the tree, chirping. They were so afraid the nest would fall and break the pretty eggs they did not know what to do! And Charlotte Anne was afraid, too, so she ran to the house to ask her father to come quickly and help them, but her father had gone to town. And when she ran over to Joe-Boy's house to get *his* father to help, why, he had gone to town, too! And then it began to rain, and it rained so hard that Charlotte Anne's mother would not let her go back to the orchard all that day, because she was afraid she might get her feet wet and catch a cold. But the next afternoon the sun was shining bright, and when Charlotte Anne peeped out of the window there came Father Gipsy through the gate with a long ladder on his back and a pocket full of strings, and Joe-Boy was trotting right behind.

"Run, Charlotte Anne," he said, "I told father about the oriole's nest, and he has come to mend it for them."

So they all three went through the orchard gate and down the little path to the old apple tree, and *then*, what do you think? Father Gipsy said, "Why, I don't see any broken limb here, Charlotte Anne!" And Charlotte Anne looked and Joe-Boy looked, and sure enough the limb was all mended back again—just as good as ever. And then Father Gipsy said, "I'll just climb this tree, and see about this thing! And when he had climbed up to the limb where the nest swung, he said, "Well, sir! Did I ever! I didn't know birds were this smart before. Why, these orioles do not need us to mend this nest for them! They are better carpenters than we are, and have already mended the broken limb. They have wrapped moss and strings and hair around and round until the twig is just as tight and strong as I could ever fix it! And they

must have worked in the rain, too—well, well, well! Now, wasn't that smart?"

"Oh, let me see! let me see!" said Charlotte Anne.

"Oh, let me see! let me see, too!" said Joe-Boy.

So Father Gipsy said, "Well, hurry along, before the orioles get back. They might not like to see us peeping in their nests, and I have heard that birds sometimes leave their nests for ever and ever if they catch people looking in them. We should be very sorry to have the orioles leave this nest after mending it so nicely."

So, then, Charlotte Anne scrambled up the ladder and looked at the mended limb, and then Joe-Boy scrambled up the ladder and looked at the mended limb.

And Charlotte Anne said, "Well, sir! did you ever!"

And Joe-Boy said, "Well, sir! did you ever!"

And then Father Gipsy took the ladder down, and said, "Run children, r-u-n! Mr. Oriole is coming! R-u-n! R-u-n! R-u-n!"

And away those two children scampered up that orchard path—and Mr. Oriole did not know one word about it.

NOTE.—A true incident.

Program for Thirteenth Week

Jenny-Wren

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games—Have any of you ever found a bird's nest?

What did you do with it? What was it made of? Do you believe birds love their nest homes as well as we love our homes?

Show Jenny-Wren's picture.

Songs—Birds.

Games—"Hopping birds."

Gift—Third. Porch.

Occupation—Paper folding and cutting. Coat, where Jenny-Wren built.

The Gray Swallows' Fright

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Did you ever have a swallow build a nest in your chimney? Did you ever see one build under the eaves of

your house? What do swallows like to build their nests of? How do you suppose they keep them from falling down the chimney?

Song—"The Swallow is a Mason."

Game—Swallows flying.

Gift—Fourth or Sixth. Sequence, house, chimney, washtub, scrub-board.

Occupation—Modeling. Co-operative work. Chimney and nest.

The Baby Mockingbirds

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Relate story first. What do you think of Billy Sanders?

Songs and games—Review previous bird songs and games.

Gift period—Modeling, Nest and eggs. Tell poem, "Who stole the Eggs?"

Occupation—Drawing. Illustrate the story of the "Baby Mockingbirds."

How the Jaybirds Planted Trees

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games—Tell me what birds like to eat? Did you ever know of a bird that ate acorns? A bird that says, "Jay, jay." Show nest and picture of jaybird.

Song—All the birds are back again.

Game—Birdies' Ball.

Gift—Pegboards. Plant trees. Use song in which the fingers represent birds.

Occupation—Paper cutting. Acorns.

The Broken Twig

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games—Did you ever swing? Suppose your swing should break,—what would you do? Joe-Boy knew of some birds that liked to swing. I will tell you about them.

Song—"I'm an Oriole."

Games—Birds.

Gift—Modeling. Oriole's nest. Show picture and nest.

Occupation—Sewing. Outline a nest. As few stitches as possible.

The Little Robins Three

Monday

I WONDER if you can guess which one of the birds built a nest in the vines which climbed all over Joe-Boy's front veranda. The nest was made from mud and grass and tiny roots, and lined with soft fine grass. It was not Mr. Swallow's nest, because he did not build it, but it belonged to the robins, because they made it all by themselves, and Joe-Boy watched them from the very beginning. It was he who first saw the three beautiful green blue eggs in the nest which had hatched into the three baby robins that Mr. and Mrs. Robin thought were the prettiest babies in the wide, wide world. And once, while they were off hunting worms for the baby robins, Joe-Boy had tipped up and peeped at them, lying cosily in the nest, and I think the baby robins must have thought Joe-Boy was their mother, for they opened their mouths wide for him to give them something to eat. Little Sister Wee was the smallest robin of all, and then came the two little brothers, Tee and Dee. And do you know, those two little brother robins thought they knew everything in the world? Why, even you and I don't know that, do we? And one day while Mr. and Mrs. Robin were away from home the little robins got to talking about how the world was made. Brother Dee hopped up on the edge of the nest, and when he saw the pretty green leaves that grew all about on the vine, near his nest home, he said, "Oh pshaw! I guess I know how this world is made! It is made out of leaves—nothing but leaves, that's all."

And then Brother Tee tried to hop up to the edge of the nest, too, but he couldn't, and he said, "No, the world isn't made out of leaves, little brother; the world is made out of straw and mud, because I see it. Look, it is all around us—straw and mud."

Then little Sister Wee, who was not even strong enough to stand up, said, "No, no, no, little brothers, I know what the world is made of. It isn't leaves and it isn't straw and mud, either; the world is made out of blue egg shells, and I know it is!"

And then those little robins got to fussing, and all about how the world was made. When Mrs. Robin got back to the nest, why, she couldn't hear a thing but leaves, and mud, and straw, and egg shells, all mixed up together.

"You foolish little robins," she said, "wait until you've learned to fly before you talk about how the world is made. Baby robins can not know everything—fi, fi!"

Then she showed them how to tuck their heads beneath their wings and take a nap. The next day was such a pretty day, all the baby robins begged to fly, so Mrs. Robin showed them how to lift their wings, and spread them, so, and they flew down from the nest to the banister railing, and then down to the grass below. Even little Sister Wee learned to fly just a little, though she was very much afraid at first, and cried so loud when she got to the banister that Joe-Boy ran out to see what was the matter. But Mrs. Robin saw him and chirped out quickly, "Don't touch her! Don't touch her! She's learning to fly!"

And of course Joe-Boy ran into the house again, and only peeped through the window. Each day the baby robins flew a little farther, until one morning they even flew to the buttercup meadow, and took a bath in the cool brook, splashing the water-drops up over their heads, and then shaking themselves dry in the sunshine like three fluffy balls. And then, do you know, those birdies said that the world was made out of *water* and *sun*!. Wasn't that funny?

Another day Mr. and Mrs. Robin took them to the orchard at Charlotte Anne's house, and they saw apple trees, and plum trees, and pear trees, and peach trees, and cherry trees, and all kinds of fruit trees, and the little robins had the nicest time, but it was too funny when those very same little baby robins—Brother Dee and Brother Tee and Sister Wee—said, "Ho, ho, mother, *we* know now how the world is made! It is made out of trees, see, see!"

Now what *do* you think of those three baby robins?

The Redbird's Story

Tuesday

ONE day such a pretty, pretty bird came to the buttercup meadow. His feathers were a bright, rich red, his wings tipped with gray, and a most beautiful crest of soft, black feathers on the top of his head. Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne both saw him the same day, but they did not see his mate, and they wondered and wondered where Mrs. Redbird could be. The other birds in the meadow wondered, too,—they were all busy housekeeping, and nearly all of them had baby birds large enough to fly; and they felt very sorry, because

Mr. Redbird did not have a pretty mate, and dear baby birds, too, so they asked him why.

"It makes me sad to think about my pretty, pretty mate," said Mr. Redbird,—*"somebody stole her away from me one day."*

"Billy Sanders! Billy Sanders!" chirped all the birds in a chorus.

"I do not know whether it was Billy Sanders or not," said Mr. Redbird, "but it was a boy, for I peeped at him through the bushes when he carried my mate away. We had built such a pretty nest in a tangle of bushes, and worked hard for many days gathering twigs, grape-vine bark, leaves and fine grass, and after the nest was finished there were soon four pretty white-spotted eggs inside, and we were happy, so happy, the long day through. And then came the baby birds, and we were kept busy flying back and forth bringing them food to eat, and they were growing very fast and almost ready to fly, when one morning, early, my pretty mate said: *"You stay near the baby birds and watch them, while I fly away for their breakfast, then at dinner time I will watch, and you fly away to find something to eat."*

So she left me with a merry song, flying away through the trees. I waited and waited and waited, but she did not come back, and by and by, when the baby birds began to cry for their breakfast, I flew away and brought them some, and then I waited and waited until dinner time and all through the long afternoon, but still she did not come back, though I called and called and called. When night came I felt sure something had happened to my pretty mate—maybe some one had killed her with a rock or a sling-shot, or a big gun. If they knew, though how we waited and watched for her, they would not have killed her. Then the baby birds began to cry; they were cold and wanted to nestle beneath the warm wings that had always covered them. I did not know how, very well, but I got into the nest and tried my very best, and by and by the little ones were fast asleep. But I could not sleep and kept wondering and wondering about my pretty mate. Early the next morning, when I had fed the baby birds well, I told them to stay close in the nest, and then I flew away to see if I could find their mother. On and on I flew, until I came to a big swamp, not far from here, and when I called, *"Sweet! Sweet!"* I stopped and listened, for I thought I heard her call answer mine—*"Sweet! Sweet!"* Again I called, and again I heard her chirp answer to mine, and when I followed the sound of her voice, I saw the red of her pretty wings, low on

the ground, and there I found her in a trap, some cruel one had set to catch birds in—to carry them away, to keep them in wire cages, or perhaps wear their wings in their hats. I fluttered to the ground by her side, and she said, "I thought you would *never* come, dearie; how are the baby birds?"

"They are well," I said, and I told her how we had missed her, while I tried hard to lift the ugly trap and set her free, but it was too heavy, and just then I heard footsteps coming down the path, and I flew into the bushes close by to hide. The boy saw me, and raised his sling to shoot, but I darted away out of his sight, and he turned to the trap with a glad laugh.

"Oh, you pretty bird," he said, "I have you at last, though your mate has flown. I shall carry you home with me and put you in my wire cage; or maybe I will sell you to the store where they make ladies' Sunday hats. Your red wings will look pretty on somebody's head, mixed up with ribbons and laces, so come with me."

Then the boy stooped down and carried her away from me—my pretty mate! I hurried back to my baby birds—there was no mother to care for them now, and I was to be mother and father, too. I felt glad that *they* were at least spared to me, though how could I tell them about the boy who had carried away the light of our dear, happy home; how could I tell them they would never see the little mother again. I chirped when I got near the bush where the nest was, that they might know that I was coming, but they did not answer me, as they always did, and when I peeped into the nest—it was empty. The boy's footprints were on the ground, and the nest was torn and broken. I knew too well what had happened, and that I should never see my baby birds again. The pretty home was ruined, and all the joy stolen from it. Of course, I could not stay there, then, with the empty nest ever in sight, so I flew on and on until I came here, and that is my story."

"We are all glad you came, too," said the bluebirds, "this buttercup meadow is a happy, happy place! We've been coming here for ever so many springs, and love it more and more. Never have we seen a sling-shot, nor a gun, nor a trap, nor anything else that frightens birds here—Father Gipsy would not have it so, and Mother Gipsy says this meadow *belongs* to us, just as long as we choose to stay. You'll love Joe-Boy, too, because he loves the birds. We have never seen him tear a nest nor steal an egg, nor carry a baby bird away; and you'll love Charlotte

Anne, too—she plays in the meadow, but she wouldn't wear birds' wings on her hat, not for anything; we heard her say so. Yonder she comes now, and Joe-Boy close behind. See, their soft hands are full of seeds and bread crumbs; they will scatter them on the fence there, where they keep bird store. That means for us to come to dinner—you come, too."

Of course, Mr. Redbird went, and when Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy saw him hopping along the fence, eating seeds and crumbs, they were so glad, and Charlotte Anne put her finger on her lips and said, "S-h-e-e!" because that was the first time Mr. Redbird had ever taken dinner with them, and they did not want to frighten him away.

Mrs. Bobwhite's Family

Wednesday

MR. and Mrs. Bobwhite lived out in the country in Farmer Green's wheat field. They had built their nest right down on the ground in a bunch of dry straw that arched prettily above the nest. And it was hidden so well you never would guess the nest was there at all—you would think it was only a bunch of dry grass, until you peeped underneath and saw the twenty-two pearly white eggs lying snugly in the nest. Twenty-two! Only think, more than you have fingers and toes! Mrs. Bobwhite did not believe in small families. She said, "The more, the merrier," and a great many children kept things lively and were always company for one another. Mr. Bobwhite felt the same way about it and sometimes, just as soon as Mrs. Bobwhite finished hatching one nest of eggs, why, she would go right straight to laying another nest of eggs, and then Mr. Bobwhite would make the best nurse. He would take all the baby birds away, and feed them and sleep with them, so they wouldn't worry Mrs. Bobwhite while she was busy hatching the other babies. Then sometimes Mr. Bobwhite would even sit on the eggs part of the time, while Mrs. Bobwhite rested.

"Come, come, my dearie," he gaily would say,
"You must get tired sitting all the day;
Spread wide your wings and fly for a rest,
I'll sit on the eggs and watch o'er the nest."

Then Mrs. Bobwhite would fly away with a happy heart, because she knew Mr. Bobwhite could keep house as nicely as she could, and she

was very proud of him. But, I can tell you, it kept them both busy to nurse those twenty-two babies of theirs—dear little brown darlings, with their dainty white throats—they were very, very small, and went peep, peep, peep, following their mother through the tall grass, like ever so many little chickens, hunting for grass seeds or berries or tiny worms. At first they slept in the nest at night, but after they got large enough Mr. and Mrs. Bobwhite taught them how to sleep in a ring with their tails turned in and their heads turned out. Then they could all watch, you know, in ever so many different ways, so hawks nor foxes nor anything else could frighten them before they could fly up with a whirring sound and find some other place to sleep.

Farmer Green knew that Mr. and Mrs. Bobwhite had a nest in his field, and he was very glad—he told Dick so. They could hear Mr. Bobwhite singing every day:

Bob, Bobwhite!
Peas most ripe?

Then another time he would sing:

Sow more wheat; sow more wheat!
No more wet, no more wet!"

"I wonder where their nest is this year," said Dick.

"I have not found it yet, though I have hunted and hunted. Why, the other day I was down in the field chopping, and all at once something went "whir-r-r!" right by my side, and I saw Mrs. Bobwhite's twenty-two children, scattering through the grass to hide from me. They were the cutest little brown birds! and Mrs. Bobwhite was so afraid I was going to catch them that she fluttered on the ground before me and made out that her wing was broken. She just wanted to give her babies a chance to hide, you know, and she wanted me to try and catch *her* instead. Mrs. Bobwhite knew I wasn't going to catch her, though, for just as soon as I stooped to see what was the matter with her broken wing, up she jumped and away she flew with her sweet, low whistle. It sounded just as if she said, 'Oh, yes, I have fooled you this time, Dick! My wings are strong, you see, and my baby birds hidden away—catch us if you can!'"

"She is a smart bird," said Farmer Green, "but, dear me, she needn't be afraid of us, need she, Dick? Why, I don't know how I'd run my farm if it wasn't for the birds to help me out. They are my best friends, and they are more than welcome to the fruit and berries and vegetables they pick up on my farm. I'm sure they earn it, every bit. They may eat a few wheat and oat seeds, but they eat the seeds of weeds and grass, too, and that helps to keep my crop clean—every seed they eat takes away a weed, you know, and an apple they peck is that much sweeter to me, for it makes me remember their merry songs. And don't I remember, too, the summer when the canker worms got into my cotton patch, hundreds and hundreds of them, and were stripping the leaves from every stalk, stem and all! We couldn't smoke them off, and we couldn't pick them off, and it looked as if every plant would die, and I was feeling very blue and thinking I'd have no cotton to sell to the factory-man to make the children's clothes from. But just then the birds came to my help—the bobolinks, the bobwhites, the sparrows, the woodpeckers, the robins, the mockingbirds and many others. Here they came flocking, just as if the dear God had sent them to tend to that business for me. And they did it, too. Why, in no time there was hardly a worm left in that cotton patch and everything was growing with a clean fresh start. I owed my whole cotton crop to the birds that year, and I haven't forgotten it!"

And just at that very minute such a glad song floated down—

"Bob, Bobwhite!
Peas most ripe?"

"Sow more wheat, sow more wheat!
No more wet! no more wet!"

Of course, you know it was Mr. Bobwhite singing; he had heard every word Dick and Farmer Green said, and he hurried home to tell Mrs. Bobwhite about it.

"You see, dearie," he said, "the farmer and Dick are our friends, and you need not feel afraid of them any more!"

Then Mrs. Bobwhite was so happy, and the brown babies were so happy, and Mr. Bobwhite was so happy, and they lived happily ever afterward.

The Whippoorwill Twins

Thursday

MRS. WHIPPOORWILL did not believe in large families as Mrs. Bobwhite did, who had twenty-two babies all at one time. Mrs. Whippoorwill said it was all she could do to take care of *two* babies at one time, so when she made her nest in the deep woods across from the buttercup meadow she scratched a place in the brown leaves on the ground, with only room enough for two babies. And when they were hatched out of the silvery green eggs those two babies looked so much alike that Mrs. Whippoorwill said they were twins, and she named one Brownie and the other Downey. They grew quite fast and were soon strong enough to follow their mother through the tall grass, just as Mrs. Bobwhite's children did, whom they favored very much. Only instead of learning to sing "Bob Bobwhite!" Brownie and Downey sang:

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Because that was the song their father and mother sang. Joe-Boy had heard them many times, and he could whistle just like them, but Charlotte Anne couldn't, because she didn't know how to hold her mouth the right way. Downey was a dear little fellow and always minded his mother just as soon as she spoke, but Brownie always said, "Wait a minute," every time his mother spoke to him, and you know that was not the best way to do. At sundown, when it was time to go to bed and Mrs. Whippoorwill called them to the nest Downey came quickly, but Brownie always said, "Wait a minute, mother." And in the morning when it was time for them to go to the creek for their bath, again Brownie would say, "Wait a minute, mother." But when Mrs. Whippoorwill found something nice to eat, and called them to get it, why, Brownie did not say, "Wait a minute," then—he ran just as fast as he could and tried to get there first. So, you see, Brownie could mind all right if he wanted to. That's what Mr. Whippoorwill said, and he told Brownie he was afraid something sad would happen to him some day if he did not stop saying, "Wait a minute"—because birdies should mind as soon as they are spoken to. But Brownie only shook his head and said, "I'm not afraid of anything! Do you see these little hooks I have on my middle toe? I'll scratch anybody that bothers me!"

Then he swelled out his brown breast feathers until he felt very big indeed. One day Mrs. Whippoorwill took the twins berry hunting, and while they were crossing the little twisting path Mrs. Whippoorwill saw Billy Sanders coming along that very path with a sling-shot in his hand, and it frightened her so she said:

“Run! hide under the leaves and keep very still,
Quick! Billy Sanders is coming over the hill.
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!”

So Downey ran as she had told him and hid quickly beneath the brown leaves, which looked so much like his feathers that no one could find him, and he kept very still. But Brownie would not run—he saw a berry that he wanted and he said, “Wait a minute, mother,” and just at that *very* minute Billy Sanders saw him and pulled back his sling-shot and hit Brownie right in his left eye, and then Brownie ran and hid in the grass as quickly as he could, crying softly, “Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!” The kind leaves hid him away from Billy, but, oh! how his eye did sting and hurt, and when he tried to open it he couldn’t, and there were drops of blood on his pretty brown head, and he felt so very sorry that he had said, “Wait a minute.”

By-and-by he heard his mother calling softly to them, “Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!” and little Downey answered back, “Whip-poor-will! coming, mother,” and ran quickly to her side, but poor little Brownie kept still and cried; and there, in the grass, his mother found him, with his eye all bruised and bleeding. She was very, very sorry, but, then, how could she help it? And Downey was sorry, too, and nestled close to the little twin brother and said, “Never mind, maybe it will be better in the morning.”

But when morning came it was no better, and Mrs. Whippoorwill said, “Billy hit your eye so hard he has put it quite out, and you can not see with that eye any more. Let us be glad that he did not hit the other eye, too, for then you could not see at all, little Brownie—the sunshine, nor the grass, nor trees and flowers, nor the blue, blue sky—and that would be very sad.”

Brownie thought so, too, and I don’t think his mother heard him say “Wait a minute” any more after that, because Brownie stopped saying it. Do you ever say, “Wait a minute,” when your mother calls you?

Little Kitty Catbird

Friday

LITTLE KITTY CATBIRD was her mother's youngest child. She lived in a briar patch in a very nice nest, indeed, that her father and mother had made with a great deal of care out of roots and grass and paper and bark. And, once-upon-a-time, little Kitty Catbird had been *inside* of a most beautiful green-blue egg; but Kitty Catbird didn't believe it, because she said *she* was too big to get inside of an egg. But her little brothers and sisters believed it—because there were the broken egg shells in the nest to show, and their mother said so, and, of course, they believed it. There was one very sad thing about little Kitty Catbird—she was a cry-baby. Why, she cried when there was something the matter with her, and she cried when there wasn't anything the matter with her! She cried when she was hungry, and she cried when she wasn't hungry! She cried when she wanted water, and she cried when she didn't want water! She cried when she wanted to go somewhere, and she cried when she didn't want to go anywhere! So, her mother and father said, Kitty Catbird certainly was a queer bird. But they loved her anyway, and hoped when she grew older she would stop being a cry-baby, and sing beautiful songs as her father did.

One day, when Mr. and Mrs. Catbird were away from hime, Kitty Catbird climbed up on the edge of the nest and said, "I'm just going to show you birds how to fly! I don't need any mother to show *me* how to fly; I know all by myself!"

And then her little sisters and brothers said, "You had better stay in the nest until mother comes. You know you don't know how to fly, Kitty Catbird!"

But Kitty twisted up her mouth and said, "I do! I do! I do! I do!"

So she spread out her tiny wings, and just at that very minute she tumbled over in to the briar patch—because she didn't know how to fly. And when she fell over into the briar patch, of course, you know what she did—cried. How she *did* cry! I am glad you were not there to hear her, because she cried so very loud it surely would have given you the headache. And she said the briars were scratching her feet, and the briars were scratching her wings, and then she cried and cried some more. And the little sister and brother catbirds peeped over the edge of the nest at her and said, "We told you you didn't know how to fly,

Kitty Catbird! Why didn't you wait for mother to show you how? Now you are in the briar patch and we can't help you out. If you know so well how to fly, why don't you stop crying and fly into the nest. Fly up to that low twig there, and then to the next—it isn't very far—maybe you can get back if you'll stop crying, and *try!*"

But Kitty Catbird wouldn't stop crying, and she wouldn't try! She just sat on the ground in the middle of that briar patch and opened her mouth right wide and cried and cried and cried! Did you ever hear of a little bird that wouldn't even *try*? And while Kitty was crying in the briar patch the little sisters and brothers heard somebody coming down the road by the buttercup meadow—a little boy—and they thought it surely must be Billy Sanders, and he was coming right by the briar patch, and they were so afraid he would hear Kitty Catbird crying and carry her home with him they didn't know what to do. And sure enough the little boy came on down the road until he got to the briar patch, and then he stopped right still and listened, and he heard the little bird crying. Then he climbed over the fence and *saw* the little bird crying. And then he crawled underneath the briars and *caught* the little bird and put her in his cap and crawled out again. And then the little boy did a most beautiful thing—I wonder if you could guess?—he put the little bird back into the nest as gently and as softly as could be, and said, "There, little birdie, don't cry!"

And then he ran away to tell Charlotte Anne.

Who was that little boy, I wonder?

Program for Fourteenth Week—Birds

The Little Robins Three

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Can you tell me the names of the birds that built their nest in Father Gipsy's coat pocket? Would you like to have a bird build near your house? If you were a bird would you build near a house, or in the woods? The robins were not afraid to build near Joe-Boy's house (story).

Song: "I'm a Robin."

Game: Dramatize "Two Robin Redbreasts."

Gift: Fourth or sixth.—Illustrate story.

Occupation: Drawing; what the little robins saw on their first journey.

The Redbird's Story

Tuesday

Circle Talk, songs and games: Have you ever seen birds on ladies' hats? Where do you think they come from? Did you ever have a sling-shot? What is the best thing to shoot at with a sling-shot? Show picture of redbird.

Game and song: Birds.

Gift: Second gift, beads (enlarged) fence enclosing buttercup meadow.

Occupation: Folding (triangles) redbird.

Mrs. Bobwhite's Family

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember where Mr. and Mrs. Oriole built their nest? How many birds can you name? Did you ever hear a bird say, "Bob, Bobwhite?" Let me hear you say it. Show picture and relate story.

Game: Birds, individualized. (See if child can name the bird he represents, describe and give its call.)

Gift: Modeling, nest with twenty-two eggs. Group work. Show picture in "Mother Play," the nest.

Occupation: Modeling. Continue the above sequence by changing the twenty-two eggs into birds. Group in a circle (for sleep) as in story.

The Whippoorwill Twins

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: How do birds help people? Do you think Farmer Green loved birds? Why? How many babies did Mrs. Bobwhite have? Do all birds have so many children? Here is a picture of a bird who has only two babies. I will tell you about it.

March: Emphasize prompt obedience to calls.

Games: Selected by children.

Gift: Modeling. Each child make the eggs, then change into birds.

Occupations Water color,—baby whippoorwills; or, Nest and two eggs.

Little Kitty Catbird

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Name all of the birds we have talked about. Which one do you think prettiest? Relate story.

Songs: Review all bird songs.

Games: "Hopping birds," "Walking birds," "Scratching birds."

Gift: Sticks and rings. Picture of a bush and nest.

Occupation: Brush work. Low bush, with nest.

The Thrushes' Picnic

Fifteenth Week

Monday

WHEN the redbird and the bluebird and the brown thrush got together, Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne could not tell which was the prettiest. I know one thing, though, the brown thrush certainly knew how to sing! He could sing almost as many songs as the mocking bird, and he was so happy all the time, why, the day wasn't long enough for him, so he would wake up in the middle of the night and sing—the sweetest songs, oh, they were so sweet! He and Mrs. Brown-Thrush were keeping house in the grape-arbor at Charlotte Anne's house, and they had five children—quite a nice little family, you see. One of the children was named Beauty, because his tail was so long and pretty, and his feathers such a rich golden-brown. One morning all the little thrushes learned to fly from the nest to the ground under the arbor, and when they had hopped about and found something nice to eat, Mrs. Brown-Thrush said, "Hop over here, where this pretty white sand is, and see how you like it." All birdies like sand, you know.

But Beauty shook his pretty head and said, "No, no, no, mother, I don't want to eat sand! I'd rather eat seeds; I don't like sand."

"Why," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "you have never tasted sand, so how do you know that you do not like it? Taste it and see. I have never heard of a little bird before who did not like sand—why, even little chickens eat sand and gravel."

"And does Charlotte Anne eat sand and gravel, too?" asked Beauty.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "Charlotte Anne has teeth to chew with, but you haven't any teeth in your mouth. Birds do not have teeth and that is why they eat sand, to stir up their food and help change it into rich, new blood, to make them strong and fat."

But Beauty only shook his brown head, and said, "No, no, no, I do not want to eat sand," and so he hopped away.

But all the other little thrushes tasted the sand, and they said, "Oh-o, we like sand! Isn't it nice, though!" And they cracked the tiny white grains in their bills, and then their mother showed them how to wipe their bills off clean, and brush their feathers, and then the five little thrushes went back to the nest for a rest.

"When are you going to take us to buttercup meadow, mother?" said Beauty. "We want to see all the other birds there, and the pond and the daisies."

"And I want to see them, too," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "but you will have to get strong enough to fly that far, first. By and by, when you are real strong, we will have a picnic and spend the whole day in the buttercup meadow—won't that be fine?"

"Yes, yes," chirped all the little thrushes.

"And may I go, too, mother?" said Beauty, nestling up to her.

"If you are strong enough," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "I should hate to leave any of my birdies behind, when we go to the picnic."

"So, for many days, the little thrushes could not talk about anything else but the picnic, and when they flew down to the ground they would see if their wings were getting stronger and stronger, and Mrs. Brown-Thrush would say, "Don't forget about the sand, for that helps to make birdies' strong, you know."

And all the little thrushes would scratch for the grains of sand—all but Beauty; he would toss his little brown head, and say, "No, no, no, I do not want to eat any sand."

And he just would not eat any. One bright, bright morning, Mr. Brown-Thrush said, "This is the very day for us to spend on a picnic in the buttercup meadow—are all you birdies strong enough to fly that far."

And all the little thrushes said, "Yes, yes, yes, we are very strong, see our wings!"

"All-right," said Mr. Brown-Thrush, "we will start. Your mother and I will fly in front and you birdies follow close behind."

So Beauty and all the other little thrushes shook out their wings and fluttered to the ground, then off they started to the picnic. But they had only flown half way across the orchard, when Beauty cried out, "Oh please wait for me, I am so tired."

"Tired?" said the other little thrushes, "why, we've just started; come on and catch up with us."

So Beauty flew a little farther, and then he cried again, "Wait, wait, oh please wait for me, I'm so very tired!"

But the other little thrushes said, "Why we are not tired one bit. It is such fun flying! Come on; father and mother are getting way ahead of us. Let's see who can catch them."

So off they started again and got as far as the orchard fence, when Beauty stopped and said, "Oh, wait, wait, wait for me, I am so tired I can't go any farther."

But all the other little thrushes had gotten so far ahead of Beauty that they did not hear him call, and he was left on the orchard fence all by himself, so tired he couldn't get any farther.

When the other little thrushes caught up with their mother, she said, "Why, where is Beauty, didn't he want to come?"

"Yes, he wanted to come," said the little thrushes, "but he was too tired, and we left him resting on the orchard fence."

"That is too bad," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "I am so sorry he wasn't strong enough to come. Maybe he has forgotten to eat his sand. Well, never mind, we must try to have a nice time without him, and I think next time Beauty will be strong enough to come with us."

So they flew into the meadow, and down to the brook where they all went in bathing, and saw some tiny fishes, and found some nice berries, and danced on the grass, and saw so many other little birds, and oh, they had the nicest time, all the day long. Just at sundown they started home, and soon got back to their cosy nest. And when they got there where to you think they found Beauty? He was hopping about under the arbor, eating something? Just guess what it was?

The Red-Head Woodpecker

Tuesday

ONE morning the children at kindergarten were out on the lawn playing "birds." They were building nests, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne were mates, and when they flew down by the fence to find straws, they heard something up on the telephone pole, go—thump, thump, thump, thump thump, thump! And when they looked, there was a red-headed Woodpecker hammering away like a real carpenter. His head was just as red as it could be, and there was a band of pure white around his breast and back, which Charlotte Anne said was his white sash, and his wings were jet black, tipped with white. Don't you know he was a pretty bird! He was so busy working, though, that he did not even see Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne. He was boring a round hole high up on the telephone post. And Joe-Boy said, "Oh, let's run tell the other children!"

And when they heard about it, the kindergarten teacher said, "Let us all tip-toe down there and see him."

And though they put their fingers on their lips and tip-toed all the way, when they got there, why, they couldn't find Mr. Woodpecker at all. The kindergarten teacher said, "Sit very, very still and watch the little round hole. Mr. Woodpecker and his mate have a nest in the hollow of that pole, and by and by he will peep at us from the little round door. Let us watch."

So all the children locked their lips and hands and feet, and sat as still as still could be. And all at once, sure enough Mr. Woodpecker poked his pretty crimson head through the hole, and when he saw the children watching, he jumped back as quick—because you know he did not want any one to know that his nest was down in the hollow pole. His mate was sitting on the four pretty white eggs that very minute. And when he hopped back so quickly the children had to laugh just a little. But after a while he peeped at them again, and of course he wasn't afraid when he found out it was only the kindergarten children watching him. *You* know they wouldn't worry Mr. Woodpecker for anything! But while the children were watching Mr. Woodpecker, Billy Sanders came running down the sidewalk, and they said, "Oh-o! here comes Billy Sanders! What shall we do! He will be sure to see Mr. Woodpecker—Oh-o!"

But the kindergarten teacher said, "Wait, let us call Billy and show him Mr. Woodpecker's neat, round door. We will ask him to help us take care of the nest, and I believe he will."

"Yes, let's do," said Joe-Boy. So when the kindergarten teacher called Billy, he hopped right over the fence, and sat on the grass by her side, and when she pointed out the little round door, and told about how hard Mr. Woodpecker had worked to bore it, Billy's eyes got very bright, and he promised never to let anybody trouble it.

"I know a story about the very first woodpecker that ever was," said the kindergarten teacher, looking at Billy. "Are you in too big a hurry to listen?"

"No," said Billy, "shoot ahead! I never did hear any stories."

So the kindergarten teacher smiled and said, "Once-upon-a-time, there was an old woman who lived all by herself. She wore a funny red cap on her head and a black dress and a long white apron with a white sash. It is a very sad thing to tell, but this old woman kept everything she had for herself, and would not give anything away! Why, she had an apple tree, full of apples, but she would not give anybody one! And she had a cherry tree full of fine cherries, and she wouldn't give one of those away. And she had a pear tree full of pears, and a plum tree full of plums, and a peach tree full of peaches, but still she would give none of them away, but kept them all for herself!"

"Humph!" said Billy, "she was a stingy old woman!"

"Indeed, she was," smiled the kindergarten teacher.

"One day the old woman said, 'I believe I will make some apple tarts today—they are very nice.' So she rolled up her sleeves and made a great large dish of apple tarts, and placed them in a row on the pantry shelf. And then she went back to bake some more. And while she was baking her tarts an old, bent over man came up to her door and said, 'Please, kind lady, give me one of your tarts. I am very hungry, and while I have no money to pay you for it, you may make a wish, and it will surely come true.'

"Then the old woman looked at the row of tarts she had baked, and she said to herself, 'These look too nice and brown to give to a beggar; I'll keep them for myself, and bake him another.'

"So she pinched off a small piece of dough and baked a tart for the old man, but when it was finished it looked as nice and brown as the others, so the old woman shook her head and said, 'I couldn't give that tart away; I'll bake him another.' So she pinched off a smaller piece

of dough, and baked that, but that looked too nice to give away, too, so she put it on the shelf with the others. Then the old woman pinched off a still smaller piece—very small, and baked another tart, but she thought that was too big to give away, and so she kept it for herself. At last she pinched off a wee, wee, wee piece of dough, not any bigger than a pin-head, and do you know, when she baked that piece this selfish old woman said it was too big to give away, and so she put it on the shelf and gave the old man a dry crust of bread, and told him that was all she could spare."

"Gee!" said Billy Sanders.

"Wasn't it dreadful!" said the kindergarten teacher.

"Well, after the old man had walked away, the old woman got to thinking, and she said, 'How mean and stingy I was not to give the old man any of my apple tarts! I wish I were a bird, and then I could fly to him with the very largest tart that I have, and tell him how sorry I am!' And then something very queer happened, for just as soon as the old woman said 'I wish I were a bird,' why she began to grow smaller, and smaller, and smaller, and her black dress changed into black wings, and her white apron changed into white feathers, and her queer red cap changed into red feathers, and the first thing she knew she wasn't an old woman any more, but a bird, just like the red-headed woodpecker! And she flew into an old tree and began pecking away at the bark, hunting for something to eat. And ever since we have seen woodpeckers on the earth, boring round little holes in trees and posts. But the old woman said, 'I was not a kind old woman, but I shall try to be a very kind bird, and then everybody will learn to love me.' So she did, and that is the end of my story."

"Tell it again!" said Billy Sanders.

Revised from Miss Cook's Nature Myths.

Billy Sanders' Canary

Wednesday

THE next morning before school, the kindergarten teacher went down to the gate to get the mail, and she saw a sign tacked on the telephone pole, written in queer red letters, and this is what it said:

DON'T BOTHER THE OLD LADY
THAT LIVES IN THIS POST—SHE'S A BIRD.
BILLY SANDERS—WATCHER.

The kindergarten teacher smiled and smiled, when she read it, and when the children came she showed it to them.

"You see," she said, "I told you Billy Sanders would help us, if we asked him to. Billy is not such a very bad boy after all. Perhaps by and by he will love the birds so much he will not want to hurt them, nor take away the eggs and the pretty nest home, which they love as we love ours."

For many days after that the kindergarten teacher smiled at Billy from her window, as he sat on the curbstone near the telephone post, and one day she saw him scatter bread crumbs on the ground and she knew he meant them for the woodpecker. Mr. Woodpecker saw Billy scatter the crumbs, too, and it surprised him so! He hopped back into the post and told Mrs. Woodpecker about it, and she said, "Surely you must be mistaken!"

"No, I am not," said Mr. Woodpecker, "just as sure as I am a bird, Billy Sanders is sitting out there on the sidewalk, and he has been coming every morning, and he scatters crumbs on the ground by the post, and if you don't believe it, just come to the little round door and take a peep."

And Mrs. Woodpecker did, and of course she had to believe her own eyes, for there sat Billy Sanders looking up at the little round door. But one morning Billy did not come—the woodpeckers wondered why, and the kindergarten teacher wondered why. The next day he did not come, either, nor the next, nor the next, nor the next, until a whole week had passed, and then the kindergarten teacher knew Billy must be sick, and she said, "I'll go see."

So right after kindergarten she went around to Billy's house and knocked on the door, and, sure enough, when she went in there was Billy sick in bed—very sick with a fever, and the doctor said it would be many, many weeks before Billy would be real well again. But he smiled when he saw the kindergarten teacher, and the very first thing he said was—only guess what?—"How's the old lady in the post?"

"Oh, Lady Woodpecker is getting on finely," said the kindergarten teacher, laughing. "But we miss you very much, and will feel so much safer when you are back to help us watch. You see, I am busy teaching much of the time, and can not keep my eyes always on the post."

"Well," said his mother, "Billy has been worrying about that wood-

pecker's nest ever since he's been sick, and he's been worrying me to tell him stories about woodpeckers, and I don't know any woodpecker stories, nor any other kind of stories!"

"I am afraid somebody might throw a rock," said Billy, "or the sign might get blown down."

"Oh, I'll watch the sign," said the kindergarten teacher, "and see that nothing happens to it until you get well again, and I shall come every few days to let you know how things are getting on—how will that do?"

Billy thought that would be fine, and he smiled and smiled when the kindergarten teacher told him she was going to bring her bird book next time and show him some of the pictures and tell him a story about the bird he chose. When the kindergarten children heard that Billy was sick, and how much he thought about the woodpeckers, they felt very sorry, and Joe-Boy thought they ought to send for *his* doctor, and when he found out that very *same* doctor was going to see Billy—why, he knew he would soon be well—he said so. Then the kindergarten teacher said, "Listen; I have been thinking about a plan to make Billy Sanders learn to love *all* the birds—wouldn't that be fine? I believe if Billy had a bird, right in his room, while he was sick, to watch and care for and love, that by and by he would love that bird so much he would love other birds, too. For how is Billy Sanders ever to learn to love birds if he steals their eggs and tears up their nests and throws rocks and shoots sling-shots at them, just for fun? It seems that he has no one to tell him stories about birds—maybe that is why he forgets to treat them kindly. Don't you think that if the birds knew about it, *one* of them would be willing to go and live with Billy Sanders, if it made him learn to love all birds? But which bird would be most willing to go?"

That is the thing they thought and thought about. Would it be the bluebird, the wren, the swallow, the mocking bird, the jay, the oriole, the robin, the redbird, the bob-white, the whippoorwill, the cat-bird, the bobolink, the woodpecker, or the wee, brown sparrow? Which one do *you* believe would rather go? Well, it was very hard to tell, because no bird likes to be penned up in a wire cage—you know what the mocking birds said about that. Charlotte Anne said she knew the oriole would not like to go, because the babies in her orchard were just learning how to fly. And Joe-Boy said, of course Mr. Wood-

pecker would not like to leave his mate in the hollow pole by herself; but there was a man up town with a pretty yellow bird in a box he would like to sell—maybe the yellow bird would not mind going.

"I was thinking about that very bird," said the kindergarten teacher; "it is one of the pretty canaries that comes across the waters from their warm, sunny home. They always seem glad to sing us beautiful songs, though I feel sure, too, they are unhappy in cages and would rather sing and flit through the trees of their far-away home. But, as we can not send them there again, it seems kinder to care for them in our warm houses than to turn them out to suffer with hunger or cold, since they do not know how to care for themselves in our country."

So they decided to send Billy the pretty, bright-eyed canary, to teach him to love other birds. All of the children brought dimes and nickels from their banks to help pay for the canary and a pretty white cage to send him in, with dainty cups for water and seeds and a tiny swing which hung from the roof. Every one of the children went to town with the kindergarten teacher to buy it, and they did not forget the china bathtub either—Billy had never seen a little bird take a bath. At last everything was ready and the dear little fluffy canary, as yellow as buttercups, was sent to live at Billy Sanders' house! There was a card on the cage which read, "From the kindergarten children to Billy, with our love."

And what do you think Billy Sanders said? But wait, I'll tell you that tomorrow.

Dandy and the Sparrows

Thursday

WHEN the canary got around to Billy Sanders' house his mother had just propped him up in bed, because he was so tired lying down all the time, and he was getting very tired of being sick, but when the door bell rang and his mother came back, you just ought to have seen Billy Sanders' eyes dance. And then he said, "Goody, goody, goody! Is it really for me, mother?"

"That's just the one," said Billy Sanders' mother; "it's got your name on the card, and it came from the kindergarten children, with their love."

Then she hung the cage near the window, right where Billy could see it well, and the canary ruffled out his feathers until he looked like

a pretty yellow ball, and stretched his wings and looked first on one side and then on the other—to see how he liked things, you know. Then he saw Billy lying, propped up in the bed, and he threw back his pretty head and sung the sweetest song—warbles and sunbeam trills all mixed up together—it sounded just as if he said:

“Howdy do, little boy!
Joy! joy! joy! joy!”

Don't you know Billy Sanders was proud of that bird? His whole face was full of light when he said, “Listen, mother; hear him sing! He's a dandy, that's what he is! and I'm going to name him Dandy, too; won't that be a fine name?”

“I guess it will,” said Billy's mother; “here is his bathtub, let us watch him take a bath.”

So she filled the little tub full of water, and Dandy knew what that was for; he flew down and perched on the edge of the tub and washed his face first, dipping his slender bill in to see if the water was just right—it wasn't too cold and it wasn't too hot, so Dandy hopped with a little splash right into the water, and splashed and splashed and splashed until he splashed all the water out, and then he shook and shook himself, and hopped from perch to perch, and flew into his tiny swing, and swung and swung and swung until he was quite dry and looked like a yellow, yellow rose. After his bath, he flew down to the seed cup for his dinner, and when he saw there was not any seed for his dinner, he twittered, and looked over at Billy with the cutest little look in his black eyes, as though he said, “Well, aren't you going to give me anything to eat, little boy?”

And Billy's mother said, “To be sure, there isn't a seed in his cup, and he must be hungry.”

“That's so,” said Billy. “Hand me my bank, mother, and let me send and buy him something—I was saving my money to buy a new slingshot, but I don't want any slingshot now. What else do birds like to eat besides seeds?”

“Well,” said Billy's mother, “they like something green, you know—celery, lettuce and chickweed, but I can get you plenty of that in the yard, so you can use your pennies to get a bag of river sand, to keep in the bottom of the cage, and a piece of cuttlefish bone to trim his bill on—I believe that will be all he needs for a while.”

So when the kindergarten teacher came in that afternoon to see how Billy was, why, she heard Dandy singing before she got into the room, and when she looked at Billy and saw how happy he was, she felt very glad, but she was gladder than ever when Billy told her about spending all of his "slingshot" pennies to buy Dandy some sand and bone and seeds.

"I knew you would take good care of him," she said; "let us open the cage door, and see if he would like to fly around the room a little while. You may let him do it every morning after his bath, and when he gets hungry, he will fly back to his cage without any trouble."

So when she opened the cage, Dandy flew down to the little door and peeped out, and then he flew out and round the room, looking at everything. When he hopped over the dresser, he saw himself in the mirror, and do you know, Dandy did not know his own self? Why, he thought it was another bird, and peeped behind the mirror to find it, and twittered and twittered and twittered, and then he held his head on one side and listened, to see if the bird in the mirror would answer. That tickled Billy very much, and he laughed and laughed at Dandy.

"If you are very gentle with him," said the kindergarten teacher, "by and by, when Dandy learns to love and know you well, he will even light on your finger, and eat from your hand, and kiss you on your lips, and do many other smart things you would never dream a bird could do."

"He answers me now," said Billy, "when I whistle to him; see?"

And sure enough, Billy whistled very softly, and though Dandy had flown back to the cage and was eating seeds, he whistled back to Billy, just as softly, and waited for an answer before he ate any more seeds. And so the kindergarten teacher went home with a very happy heart, because dear little Dandy and Billy were learning to love one another.

I think the smartest thing that Dandy did, though, was to feed the sparrows. When Billy got well enough his mother let him sit in the big chair by the window, and Dandy would swing in his cage close by on the veranda. Billy thought it would be nice for the sparrows to come and see Dandy, so he scattered seeds on the floor under the cage every morning, and sure enough the little brown English sparrows found it out, and every morning after that they would fly to the porch and hop under the cage for their share of seeds. Dandy was afraid of them at first, but after a while he liked to have them come, and would peep

through the cage at them, with a wondering look in his pretty black eyes. But one morning when the sparrows came Billy had forgotten to scatter the seeds on the floor, and they did not know what to think about it—they hopped around under the cage and chirped and chirped, just as though they said, "Well, I wonder where my breakfast is today! Why doesn't that little boy throw us some! That's queer!"

Billy was smiling at them behind the curtain—as still as still could be—and Dandy was peeping at them, too, and then he guessed what they were fussing about, and what do you think he did? Billy was so surprised he could hardly believe his eyes, but there was Dandy, pushing the seeds out of his cup with his bill, until they fell in a little shower over the floor, and then he would stop and peep through the wires at the little sparrows scrambling for them, and he would have the cutest, brightest little look in his eyes. Dandy thought that was great fun, and he pushed every seed he had in his cup out, before he stopped—he did not keep one for himself!

"Help yourself, little sparrows," he said; "Billy forgot you, I'm sure."

And the little sparrows did help themselves, too, and after that they kept on coming to the cage every morning for their breakfast, and Dandy and the sparrows grew to be the best of friends.

A true incident.

Billy's Christmas Tree to the Birds

Friday

WHEN Billy told the kindergarten teacher about Dandy feeding the sparrows, it pleased her very much, and she said, "You see, Dandy does not wish to be like the old lady in the story, who kept all of her pies for herself. He makes me think of the little Norway children, who give the sparrows a Christmas tree every winter. It is so very cold there, you know, that the children do not often see the birds, and in the short summer time, they go through the grain fields, after the harvest has been gathered in, and glean for the birds. Every little blade that has been dropped or left standing, the little Norway children gather up and tie into neat little bundles which they carry home and store away until Christmas time. Then on Christmas day they have a merry time, and tie bundles of grain on tall poles, which they call the birds' Christmas tree, and prop them up in front of their

doors. Then they watch for birds, who come flying and fluttering and twittering from all directions—flocking to their Christmas feast. The children clap their hands with joy to see their pretty, brown friends, who know as well as they do when Christmas day comes, and fly for miles and miles to their merry Christmas tree, which the little Norway children never forget to fix for them.”

Billy Sanders thought and thought about that story after the kindergarten teacher had gone, and then what do you think Billy Sanders said that he was going to do? Why, he said he was going to give the birds a Christmas tree, too—only he was not going to wait until Christmas day to do it—he was going to give it the very next week, right in his front yard, and just as soon as he could get it ready, because he wanted all the birds to know that he loved them, and was going to be their very best friend! Aren't you glad? So all the next day and the next day and the next day Billy was very busy. His mother brought a pretty pine tree into his room, and then Billy began to dress that tree up with just the things he thought a bird would like. He took all of the pennies out of his bank and bought fresh seeds, and loaf sugar, and little crackers and cakes. And he made small cardboard boxes with strong handles to them, and he put sugar in some, and seeds in some and cracker crumbs in some, and cake crumbs in some, and hard boiled egg in some, and then he tied the boxes on the tree. Last of all he tied little bunches of fresh lettuce and cabbage and chickweed and acorns on the tree, and then everything was ready. Early one morning Billy's mother put the tree up in the front yard, where Billy could see it from his chair near the window, and dear little Dandy swung in his cage on the porch and sung with all his might:

“Come to the Christmas tree!

Come to the Christmas tree!

All you birds—See! see! see!

Billy Sanders has made you a Christmas tree!”

And Billy Sanders sat by the window and watched and watched. The brown sparrows came first—you might guess that—and they flitted among the branches of the tree and twittered and twittered as they ate, and then one little brown sparrow said to another little brown sparrow, “Isn't it nice? Let's go tell the other birds.”

So away they flew to the buttercup meadow, and to the deep woods beyond the meadow, and to Charlotte Anne's orchard, and told all the

birds—the bluebirds, the wrens, the swallows, the mocking birds, the jays, the orioles, the robins, the redbirds, the bob-whites, the whippoorwills, the catbirds, the bobolinks, and the woodpeckers—all of these birds I have been telling you about. And Mr. Jaybird said:

“What’s all this I hear?
Billy Sanders giving a Christmas tree!
Well, I do declare!
Come, let’s go see, my dear.”

So Mr. Jaybird and Mrs. Jaybird and all the little Jaybirds went to Billy Sanders’ Christmas tree, and they liked it so much, why, the other birds said they believed they would go, too—maybe Billy would not hurt them—and even Mrs. Bobwhite came from the country with her twenty-two children, just to see Billy’s Christmas tree, and don’t you know they had a merry time, flitting in and out among the branches. It made Billy very happy to see them, and he said, “Dandy shall go to the Christmas tree, too, if he wishes.”

So he opened the cage door, but though Dandy peeped out he would not fly away—you see he had lived in a cage for such a long time Dandy felt afraid of the big world outside. When the kindergarten teacher and the children heard about Billy’s Christmas tree to the birds, they were very glad, but best of all, they felt glad that Billy was learning to love the birds, and that dear little Dandy was the one who was showing him how.

The Thrush’s Picnic

Program for Fifteenth Week

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: How do birds eat? Have they any teeth?

Why do not birds need teeth? Show picture and relate story.

Song and game: “A Merry Brown Thrush.”

Gift: Reproduce leading points of the story, and let children choose their own material to illustrate some feature.

Occupation: A picnic in the woods. Play nesting. Choosing mates and building nests in the low trees.

The Red-Headed Woodpecker

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever see a woodpecker, and hear him pecking in the wood? Why does he peck? Where do woodpeckers lay?

Song: "The Woodpecker is a Carpenter."

Game: Dramatize the legend in the story.

Excursion to the woods: Search for nests and birds. See how many can find holes in old trees, made by woodpeckers.

Billy Sanders' Canary

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: I have something nice to tell you about Billy this morning—listen. Relate story—show a real canary.

Song: "The Canary."

After the story: Do you know a little boy who does not love the birds as we do? Do you know of any way we could help them? Suppose we buy him a pretty bird book? What do we need to buy it with? Will you bring your pennies from home, and then because it takes so many more to buy a book, earn others today, by doing some work for me?

Gift and occupation periods devoted to doing the work planned by kindergartner.

Dandy and the Sparrows

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever feed the birds? Did you ever see one bird feed another bird? How did they do it? Let us save some of our lunch today for the birds.

Story: Followed by selected bird song and game.

Gift period: Sticks and peas. Bird cage.

Occupation: Folding, seed box for bird.

Billy's Christmas Tree to the Birds

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember what we put on our Christmas tree last Christmas? Whom did we make the tree for?

Would you like to hear how Billy made a Christmas tree in the summer time? Guess whom Billy made it for (story).

Songs and games: Dramatize Billy's Christmas Tree. Suggest the children make a tree as Billy did.

Gift period: Fold baskets and boxes to hold seed and crumbs, for the tree.

Occupation period: Complete the tree for the birds.

Sixteenth Week—Bulbs

The Brown Bulb-Babies

The co-operation and interdependence between worms, insects, plant life and man.

Plants	(1). bulbs	{ lily tulip	jonquil freesia	hyacinth
	(2). vegetables	{ radish peas	lettuce bean	squash corn
	(3). flowers . . .	{ nasturtium petunia phlox pansy	dandelion clover daisy violet	sunflower morning-glory jackbean johnny-jump-up
Worm.				
Insects		{ moth butterfly	bees ants	lightning-bug june-bug

Nature is but the pathway that leads thee up to God.

"Supposing all circumstances otherwise the same, with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be always found to have more faith in God than the other."—Ruskin.

Monday

IT WAS one morning very early in spring, that the kindergarten teacher said to the children sitting in the circle, "Shut your eyes and make a cradle with your hands, for I have a little brown baby to give each one of you. Hold them tight, because they must not fall."

Then she went all around and put something queer and hard in every one's hand, and then she said, "Keep your eyes closed and speak very softly, these babies are all sleeping, you know. Now see if the fingers can tell what kind of a baby they hold."

But nobody's fingers could tell. They could feel little knobs on the

babies that might be hands or feet, but they did not know. Then the kindergarten teacher said, "Try your ears, and see if they can tell you anything about these babies."

But the ears could not tell as much as the fingers could. So she said, "Well, try your noses, maybe they can tell."

Then the children laughed merrily, but the noses could not tell either, and just then Charlotte Anne said, "Joe-Boy is peeping!"

And sure enough Joe-Boy wanted to see his queer brown baby so much, why, he couldn't keep his eyes shut, and I think Charlotte Anne must have been peeping, too, don't you? Because how could she see Joe-Boy if she wasn't? So the kindergarten teacher said, "*Everybody* may peep, and tell me, if you can, what your brown baby looks like—only speak softly, because they are sleeping."

Then all of the children looked hard at their queer brown babies and turned them over and over in their careful hands, and Charlotte Anne said, "Oh, mine is a potato baby."

And then all the children in the circle said, too, "Oh, mine is a potato baby."

But the kindergarten teacher only smiled and shook her head, as she reached down into her big apron pocket and took out an Irish potato and a sweet potato, and held them up as she said, "Look again. Your babies do not look like these potato babies—they *must* be some other kind."

But though they looked and looked, nobody could tell the name of their queer brown baby, so the kindergarten teacher said, "Well, no one can guess, but as the babies are to be your very own, you most surely must know their names, so I shall tell you. These queer brown babies belong to the big plant family, and are bulb babies. When they wake up, they will be dressed in beautiful colored dresses, and some of them will be tulips and some will be freesias and some will be hyacinths and some will be lilies dressed in white, but now they are only bulb babies wrapped up in brown cloaks—how would you like to take them out for a walk?"

The children thought that would be a very fine thing to do, so while the kindergarten teacher played gently on the piano, the children marched softly round the room, swinging their bulb babies to and fro, then they ran swiftly on tip-toe with them, and even skipped with them, and I am sure those brown bulb babies had a very nice time—only they could not say so, because they were so sound asleep, you know. After

the march the children wanted to take their babies to the table with them, and when they got there everybody found a lump of clay at his place, and when they had laid the bulb babies gently down the kindergarten teacher said, "While they sleep we will try and make clay bulbs just like our babies, to show to mother, when we go home."

And soon every child was as busy as busy could be, rolling and patting and smoothing the clay, singing softly as he worked, and by and by every child had made a quaint bulb baby—Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy and all the rest. And before it was time to go home they had drawn those bulb babies with brown pencils, almost as well as you could do! So they went home with something in each hand, and Joe-Boy gave the clay bulb to Mother Gipsy and the picture bulb to Father Gipsy, and I think they have them yet.

Baby Lily

Tuesday

WHEN the children came back to kindergarten next morning, what do you guess was sleeping in a basket right in the center of the kindergarten circle? Why, the bulb babies, to be sure—and just as fast asleep as they had been the day before. But every one of those bulb babies had a little round paper dot pasted on his cradle, some red, some pink, some yellow, some white. Joe-Boy said it looked just as if the bulb babies had eyes. But the kindergarten teacher said, "No, they are not eyes, because I pasted them there myself, to help you remember the name of each bulb baby. You needn't think that all bulb babies are just alike when they wake up, because they all sleep in brown cloaks. No, indeed, they not only wear different kinds of dresses, but they have different names, just as we do, who belong to the big family of people. Those bulb babies with red and yellow dots pasted on them are going to grow into tulips, the bulb babies with pink dots are going to grow into fressias, the bulb babies with white dots will be hyacinths or lilies."

Then they played a little game with the sleeping bulbs until they learned their names quite well, and knew the kind of dress the bulb baby was to wear when it had grown into a plant.

"This little bulb baby that I hold in my hand is going to be a beautiful white lily some day," said the kindergarten teacher, patting it gently.

"Once-upon-a-time her mother, a tall white lily, grew in an old garden among tulips and freesias and hyacinths and jonquils and other bulb plants. Her dress was snowy white and tucked away beneath her petals was a golden heart, which the dear God had given her because she had tried her best to grow. The tall lily was very thankful and happy because mother earth and the sunbeams and the waterdrops had helped her to grow beautiful, but best of all she was thankful for the dear baby lily tucked away in the bulb at her feet. As she grew day by day in the old garden, she thought and dreamed of her baby lily. She knew that a time was coming when tulips and hyacinths and jonquils and other plants would take their winter sleep, and she said, "I must be sure that my dear baby lily is well cared for during those cold winter months. She will not have me then to send out my rootlets and find her something to eat. So I must tuck her away in her brown winter cloak, and pack around her just the food she likes best to eat, and then she will grow into a fine strong lily plant, and by and by, when the sweet spring time comes, she will be ready to push out of the brown bulb cradle and perhaps at Easter time her white blossom with the golden heart will greet the happy world."

Then she told her story to the freesias and the jonquils and the tulips and other bulb plants near by, and they said too, "Let us pack food in the cradles with *our* bulb babies, so that they will be ready to grow and bloom at the happy Easter time."

So for many days they worked for their babies packed away in the bulbs, and one morning the gardener found them all fast asleep beneath the ground, and he said, "I will take these bulb babies into the house with me, and keep them snug and warm from the frost and snow, and when it is time for them to grow, I will give them to some one who knows how to wake them up."

And so he did, and the other day when I was there, he told me I might bring them to the children in the kindergarten, and we are to play fairies with the sunbeams and the waterdrops and wake all of these bulb babies up, for unless somebody helps them they would sleep forever, and never be ready to bloom at Easter time, as the lily mother wished. Who would like to help today?"

Then Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne and every one of the children raised their hands and waved them high. That meant, "I'll help, I'll help, I'll help," and the kindergarten teacher said, "I'll help, too. Shall

we plant them in a water bed or shall we plant them in a bed of rich and sandy dirt? If we plant them in a water bed, we can see their tiny rootlet feet, when they first step out of the cradle, but if we plant them in the dirt I believe they will be stronger, and we can watch for their tiny hands, stretching up to us."

And then, because some of the children wanted to plant them in the water and some of the children wanted to plant them in the dirt, the kindergarten teacher said, "We shall have to plant them both ways, and find out which is better for them."

So first, they found a pretty glass bowl in the closet, and every child put a small white stone in the bottom of the bowl, and then they set the white hyacinth bulbs on the rocks, and almost covered them with water—and then they put the dish on the darkest shelf in the closet, until the bulbs began to put out those tiny feet rootlets—then, of course, everybody would know that the bulb babies were waking up and needed the sunbeam fairies to help.

"Now," said the kindergarten teacher, "the next thing to be done is to make a soft dirt bed, in the big window box, and put these other bulbs to bed."

So the children went into the yard and filled their tin buckets right full of fine brown dirt, and emptied it into the window box in the kindergarten room, and when the bed was finished, every child took his own bulb baby and dug a little hole in the box and planted the sleeping bulb baby, and covered them all softly over, and then, because the big box was too heavy to put in the closet, they found some dark glass that the sunbeams could not get through very well, and left the bulb babies to get strong feet before they grew upward.

Why don't you plant some bulb babies, too—just as those children did?

The Little Worm That Helped

Wednesday

I AM so glad that the kindergarten children planted so many of the bulb babies all in the same big box, because then, as they grew, they could talk together, you see. Joe-Boy's bulb was a tulip, and he had planted it in the corner on the front row, and Charlotte Anne's was a jonquil, and she had planted her's on the front row in the other corner, and the kindergarten teacher's was a lily, and she had planted hers on

the front row, right between Joe-Boy's and Charlotte Anne's. And all the other children knew just where theirs were planted, too, and they were so anxious to see them begin to grow. Why, Joe-Boy looked at his, just a little while after it was planted, to see if it was growing, and Charlotte Anne almost pulled hers up to see if it was growing, and the kindergarten teacher said, "My, my, my, plants can not grow in such a very short time as that!—any more than children can! The first thing they try to do is to get strong feet to hold them down in the ground, and little rootlets with tiny mouths in them to suck up their food from the earth. We must wait on these babies until they are strong enough to stand up, then they will grow fast enough for us."

So after that the children only peeped under the glass at the morning circle every day. They were very glad they had planted some of the bulb babies in the glass bowl, because they could see every little rootlet, as soon as it began to grow, and it wasn't very long before they were ready to be brought into the sunlight, and grew faster than ever. But down in the box, it was so dark that the bulb babies thought it was night time. And when they first began to wake up, Joe-Boy's tulip said, "Oh, oh, it is so very dark down here, and I am so very sleepy, I believe I will take another nap."

And Charlotte Anne's jonquil said, "I'm not, I am going to poke my little foot right out of this cradle and see what I can find—I am so very tired lying here in the dark."

And then the baby lily stretched herself and said, "I feel as if I must go somewhere up, up, up, and I am so very hungry I must hunt something to eat—then I will most surely go up to see what the world is like."

And then the very next day Charlotte Anne's jonquil said, "Oh, I think I heard a bluebird singing, I am going right up to see," and she stretched and stretched her tiny hands, up, up, up, until she stretched right through the brown earth, and then she laughed and laughed, because she was so very glad! And the next morning when the children saw her growing up, why, they laughed too, because they were so very glad, and the kindergarten teacher said, "What a brave plant baby she is! We will have to move the top from the box now, and give her room to grow. Maybe the sunbeam fairies will help the others up—surely they will have fine roots by this time."

And sure enough the next morning and the next and the next, the

children found new bulb babies that had pushed up through the brown earth to see the sunbeams, until all were wide awake and growing, all except two—the one on the *front* row in the corner, and the one in the *middle*, on the same row, right next to it. You know whose they were. What could be the matter? It made Joe-Boy feel very unhappy, because he was so afraid his bulb baby would never wake up. But do you know, every time that baby tulip stretched up his tiny hand to push through the earth, he would touch something hard and rough, that he could not push away, though he had tried and tried every day.

"Never mind, little brother," said the lily bulb near by, "I will wait for you. Perhaps you will be strong enough tomorrow. Let your rootlets creep here near mine, where it is damp and cool. I shall not leave you here alone in the dark, however much I long to creep up to the light."

So they nestled close together in the box—these two little bulbs. And the next day the lily said, "Now, try again, little plant brother; stretch your very best—maybe you can push through the earth, while I wait."

So again the tulip tried—tried his very best, but his delicate hand touched the same hard thing, which he could not push away. And then the dear little tulip baby could not help but cry, he was so very anxious to see the light.

"Never mind, I shall wait for you, little brother," said the sweet lily bulb, "do not cry."

And then, only think, a little worm heard, and came creeping, creeping, through the dirt—right straight to the side of the baby tulip—and said, "What can be the matter, little one? Maybe I can help you."

And when he heard about the hard, rough thing that was keeping the tulip baby from growing up to the bright, bright outside world, he said, "Ho, ho, baby tulip, I can help you; dry your eyes while I crawl above you and see what the trouble is. Maybe it is a rock, and I can push it away."

Then the tulip baby dried his eyes and the little worm crawled and crawled until he found the hard, rough thing, and sure enough it was a stone, but the little worm pushed and pushed against it with all his might, and bored around it and underneath it, and by and by he pushed the rough rock right out of the way, and plowed the ground so soft and fine, that it wasn't any trouble at all for the baby tulip to grow. Now

wasn't that a kind little worm? And then he said, "Come on, baby tulip, stretch your hands up high, stretch right through the earth; 'tis a beautiful world outside!"

Then the tulip baby and the dear little lily baby stretched and stretched right through the earth—and oh, they were so happy, and the children were so happy, and the kind little worm was so happy, and I can't tell which was the happiest. Could you guess?

The Merry, Merry Blossoms

Thursday

"IT LOOKS as if these bulbs in the window box are running a race to see which can grow the fastest," said the kindergarten teacher, "and I do believe my lily and Joe-Boy's tulip are ahead of all the others. That must be because they staid under the ground such a long time and got such strong roots. The first thing we know, our window will be full of beautiful blossoms."

And sure enough, it was only a few days later that Joe-Boy found a wee, wee bud on his tulip—all wrapped up in a dainty green cloak, and very soon there were buds on the hyacinths in the glass bowl, and then one came on Charlotte Anne's jonquil, and another on the tall lily next to Joe-Boy's tulip, and the children were kept busy trying to count them, and could hardly wait long enough to see their blossoms open wide, and fill the room with sweetest perfume. At last the happy morning really came, and the children sang to them and talked about all the fairies that had helped the bulbs to bloom. They named the water-drops and the sunbeams and the rocks and the brown earth, and themselves—but they did not tell about the little worm. You and I know, though, how he helped, don't we? And the tulip and the tall white lily knew, too—they had not forgotten.

"Oh, oh," said Joe-Boy's tulip, "isn't it fun to grow! See my pretty red dress the sunbeams brought me, and my brother has a pretty yellow one."

"Yes, yes," said Charlotte Anne's jonquil, "and I have a yellow dress, too, and only see the other bulbs, the sunbeams brought them pretty dresses too—pink and blue."

"And see my dress," said the tall Easter lily, "it is pure white, just like my mother's. And the freesias and the hyacinths have white dresses, too."

So they nodded their pretty heads in the window, and those who passed in the streets and saw them and smiled as they went on their way. It was only a few mornings later that the children marched through the doorway and sat in their chairs in the circle. When they had sung the songs and played many of the pretty games about the flowers, the kindergarten teacher said, "These flowers have made us so very happy I can not help but wish they could make somebody else happy—somebody who hasn't any, you know."

"Billy Sanders hasn't any," said Joe-Boy; "and Dandy."

"That is true," said the kindergarten teacher, "and Billy has been sick a long, long time."

"There's a heap of sick people in the hospital," said Charlotte Anne. "I went there with Grandmother Ray and saw them."

"Yes, indeed," said the kindergarten teacher, "and I believe the pretty flowers would make them feel better. If we really want to give our flowers away to make somebody else happy, we could send the hyacinths in the glass bowl to Billy and Dandy, and if we could find a horse to help us, we might send the big window box, just as it is, to the sick people at the hospital—wouldn't that be a nice plan?"

"Yes, yes," said all the children, "let us send them today!"

Now I just wonder if you could really guess what horse it was that pulled those flowers to the hospital? To be sure, Prince Charming was the very horse! Father Gipsy hitched him up to the light spring wagon, and I think Prince Charming must have known that he was helping to do something very kind, because he stepped so very proud and high, and what is more, he pulled the kindergarten teacher and all those twenty children, too, and he didn't seem to be one bit tired. And when all those sick people saw that big box of flowers growing right there in the window of the room where they were sick, why, they said it really did them more good than the doctor's pills, and I believe it did!

What do you think about it?

The Little Worm's Visit

Friday

THERE was something else besides the bulbs that went in the box to the hospital. *We* know what it was, but the kindergarten teacher and the children did not; because they did not know about the little worm that pushed away the stone from baby tulip's head

and plowed the earth soft so he could grow. The little worm still lived in the box, and was as busy as busy could be every day plowing around the creeping rootlets of the bulbs. The Easter lily and the baby tulip knew that he was there—they could feel him as he worked about their feet.

"How very kind of our little friend," they said, "to help us so! Our blossoms could not be half so lovely, if the little earth worm did not help to keep the dirt soft and rich. I wonder why he does not crawl up here to see us some day?"

But, dear me, they forgot that little earth worms do not have eyes—what would you want with eyes if you always lived in the dark, dark earth? The little worm could feel the way to go very well, and he was so busy with his plowing that he did not have much time to go up on the earth visiting. Anyway, the little worm did not like to go up on the earth very much, because that was where the people walked, and he was so very little, he was afraid some of the children might step on him—oh, no, not you; of course I knew you would not, but *somebody* might. But one day the little worm said, "I believe I will crawl up to the earth today, and take a walk in the fresh air and sunshine. I can feel the light, though I can not see the light, and it must be very beautiful. There are some little worms that live on top of the earth, and they have eyes—I like to hear them talk about the things they see. I believe I will crawl over and ask baby tulip to tell me the best way up."

So the little worm crawled and crawled and crawled through the damp earth and tapped on baby tulip's roots.

"Who is there?" said baby tulip.

And the little worm said, "It is I—the little worm. Don't you remember?"

"To be sure," said baby tulip, nodding and nodding his pretty head, "you moved the rough stone away that kept me from growing. Why don't you crawl up here to the light and see my pretty red dress? The Easter lily has a white one and a golden heart within, and there are other pretty colors, too—pink and yellow—won't you come?"

"That is just what I have been thinking I should like to do," said the little worm, "and tapped on your roots to see if you could show me the best way up."

"Of course I will," said baby tulip; "I have been wishing and wish-

ing to see you—ever since you helped me so. Just follow my stalk and crawl upward—you'll soon be on top of the earth."

"Thank you," said the little worm, "here I come."

And then he crawled up, up, up, up, and the first thing he knew he could *feel* the light, and then the little worm knew he was up on the earth.

"My, me!" said baby tulip, "how you have grown! Why, you are ever so much fatter than you used to be. Just see our pretty new dresses the sunbeams brought us. Aren't they pretty?"

"They must be," said the little worm, "though I can only feel them. How do you like it up here?"

"Oh, we like it much better than down in the ground," said the beautiful Easter lily.

"We thank you ever so much for helping us climb. This is not the place we first waked up in. That was at the kindergarten, where the happy children sang to us each day—they loved us so. But yesterday they brought us here to make the sick people happy."

"Oh," said the little worm, "I should like to do that, too, but people say I am very ugly, and then I can not see, you know."

"We don't think you are ugly," said baby tulip and the dear Easter lily.

"We think you are beautiful, because you are kind, and help us so—we love you."

"I am very glad," said the little worm, "but I am afraid I am staying too long. I will just crawl around the edge of the box and then I must go home again and do my work."

And so the little worm went crawling and crawling and crawling around the edge of the box, feeling from side to side. And while the little worm was crawling around the edge of the box, guess who saw him? It was not the hospital doctor and it was not the hospital nurse—but it was something the nurse held in her arms, a little baby that had been sick a long, long time. You see the nurse had carried her up to the window to see the bright flowers, and while she sat there, the dear little baby saw the worm come creeping, creeping so slowly around the edge of the box, and she stretched out her tiny hands to the little worm and said, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!"

"Why, yes," said the nurse, smiling, "a little worm has come to see this sick baby."

And then she held out her pencil and the little worm crawled all the way across the pencil and the little sick baby laughed and laughed until she laughed out loud, and kept saying, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!"—the very first time she had laughed since she came to the big hospital. Then the nurse put the little worm back in the box with the bulbs, where she knew he liked to stay, and he crept into the dark earth again.

That afternoon when the doctor came—the very same doctor that knew Joe-Boy so well, he bent over the white bed where the sick baby slept, and took her tiny hand in his, as he said, "Why, this sick baby is very much better! She'll soon be well, I think."

"Yes, indeed," said the nurse, "why, she's been laughing out loud today, and do you know, I believe it was a little *worm* that has made her better?"

Now, don't you wish the little worm knew?

Program for Sixteenth Week—Bulbs.

The Brown Bulb Babies

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember what the big oak tree grew from? Do you know what the morning-glory came from? Who has seen a lily? I will show you what that comes from. (Show the bulb and relate story.)

Game: "My lily bulb moves round and round."

Gift: Modeling, suggested in story.

Instrumental music: "Traumerei." Schuman.

Occupation: Brush work, Bulbs.

Baby Lily

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce story told yesterday. Relate story for the day. Plant bulbs as suggested in the story. What will help them to grow? How can we help?

Game and Song:

"In the heart of a bulb planted deep, so deep,
A dear little lily lay fast asleep," etc.

Lullaby, "Narcissus." Nevin.

Gift: Fifth.—Closet and flower stand.

Occupation: Water color—Tulip. Show the real flower.

The Little Worm That Helped

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember what helped "Baby Tulip" to grow up? What else helped? What kind of beds do tulips like?

Song and game: "In the heart of a bulb."

Gift Period: Work in bulb beds out of doors, planting several.

Occupation: Folding, flower pot. Draw flower in bloom.

The Merry, Merry Blossoms

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Were you ever sick? Did any one bring you anything nice? Do you ever take sick people anything? Did you ever visit a hospital? Relate story.

Song and game: "In the great brown earth."

Gift: Fifth gift B. (Curvelinear.) Build the hospital and window where box of bulbs was placed.

Occupation: Cardboard modeling, Basket.—Fill with flowers for some friend.

The Little Worm's Visit

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce yesterday's story. Did you ever dig up a little worm? What did you do with it? How do they help us?

Game: All hands joined—play worm.

Gift: Modelling worms.

Occupation: Folding bed where sick baby lay.

Seventeenth Week—Life History of the Butterfly.

The Princess

Monday

I AM afraid the kindergarten children would have missed their pretty window garden very much indeed if it had not been for something they found swinging in the window the very next morning—something that looked just like a big pecan nut, only there were two

brown leaves pressed close around it as it swung fastened tight to a slender twig.

"What is it? What is it?" asked all the children in a breath.

"A pretty brown cradle," said the kindergarten teacher, "and a most beautiful princess sleeps inside—we will guess her name. I found her yesterday, swinging from an elm tree at Billy's house, when I carried him the pretty flowers, and Billy told me to bring it to you. I will let it pass all around the circle before we make our guesses, that our eyes may have a real good look at the snug brown cradle."

Well, they guessed all kinds of queer things. Joe-Boy said: "Maybe Mr. Jaybird hung it there for a nut."

And Charlotte Anne said: "S'pose it was a snake egg?"

But the kindergarten teacher only shook her head and laughed, because you know Mr. Jaybird planted nuts in the ground, he did not swing them on trees, and everybody knows snake eggs are smooth and white, and not brown and woolly like the cradle the princess was sleeping in. So the kindergarten teacher said, "Well, I'll tell you this much the princess that sleeps in this cradle will fly when she wakes up, for she has most beautiful wings."

"Oh, a butterfly, a butterfly!" said all the children. "We know it is a butterfly!"

"You have almost guessed," said the kindergarten teacher, "but not quite. This cradle is almost too large for a butterfly's cradle, but the pretty moth that sleeps inside is so much like a butterfly you can hardly tell them apart. She will be very much larger than a butterfly, too, and instead of flying in the bright sunlight, she will like best to fly in the moonlight, or late in the afternoon, when she flits from flower to flower, searching for the sweet nectar juice, she likes so well to drink. But the queerest part of all is, that this pretty princess, sound asleep in her cocoon cradle, thinks she is still a creeping caterpillar—she does not know when she wakes up and crawls out of her cradle that she is to be a moth with beautiful golden brown wings—that was God's secret—so don't you know she will be full of joy and so surprised when she wakes and finds out she doesn't have to crawl low on the ground any more like the little worm, but fly up, up, high like the birds—won't it be such a happy surprise? Last summer when she was only a tiny baby caterpillar, she lived in the elm tree at Billy Sander's house. The tree was kind to her, and gave her all the tender leaves she wanted to eat.

She ate so many, her pretty green coat would split right down the back, and she would have to have a new and larger one. By and by she grew very tired and very sleepy, and the kind elm tree said, "It is time for you to go to sleep now, and you must spin a cocoon cradle as I have seen other caterpillars do. Wrap yourself snugly within as you spin, and I will hide you among my branches through the long winter months while you sleep and rest."

So the caterpillar spun a silken thread from her mouth, and fastened it to the end of a strong twig where there were two leaves to help cover her cocoon cradle, and as she spun she wrapped the silken thread round and round her body, until she was covered up so close, you could not see her mouth nor tiny feet, and the two elm leaves hid the pretty cocoon cradle from sight, so that not even the birds could tell it was swinging there, and that is just as I found her in the old elm tree. I have brought her here to be our princess, and we will take good care of her and watch for the day when God shall wake her up. Then we will watch her fly away, that she may enjoy her beautiful wings."

"And we will sing to her every day," said Joe-Boy.

"Yes, and we will sing to her right now," said the kindergarten teacher. So they hung the pretty cocoon cradle back in the sunny window, and as the sang, Joe-Boy played that he was the little creeping caterpillar, on the old elm tree, spinning a cocoon cradle just as the princess had done, and by and by he got so very still—as still as still could be—that the other children knew he must have finished his cradle and was fast asleep. So he slept, and slept, until the kindergarten teacher sent a sunbeam to touch him gently on the head, and change him back to a real little boy. Did *you* ever play you were sleeping in a cocoon cradle? Well, as you slept, did you play you were changing into a beautiful moth with golden brown wings, and when you waked up, you could fly and fly and fly? Let's play that now.

Bluette's Babies

Tuesday

THE next morning when the children came to kindergarten, they wanted to know, the very first thing, if the princess had waked up yet.

"No, not yet," said the kindergarten teacher; "I am sure it is too cool for her now. When she wakes she will want to find the weather

very warm and flowers in bloom and especially plenty of leaves on the trees, for I believe she will go back to see the old elm tree. If she should lay any eggs for her baby caterpillars to come out of, why, she will lay them on the elm leaves, I feel very sure, because she will remember how she liked them when she was a caterpillar, and of course her babies will like the same kind of leaves. No, no, it is too early for our princess to wake just yet, but if you will find a golden key and lock your lips, I will tell you a story about a pretty butterfly—how will that do?"

You know these children were always ready for a story, so they locked their lips and folded their hands and sat as still as still could be, so everybody could hear, and then the kindergarten teacher began.

"Once-upon-a-time there was a beautiful swallowtail butterfly. Here name was Bluette, because of the shades of blue on her wings, and she had slept through the long winter months, just as our Princess sleeps now, though their cradles were of a different kind. Bluette waked in June, and she was very happy when she flitted over the stone wall into the old garden, where many flowers grew.

"‘Come to us, Bluette,’ the roses said, ‘we love you so.’

"‘Come to us, Bluette,’ said the lilies white, ‘dip down into our cups, and get you something sweet.’

"‘Come to us, Bluette,’ said the smiling pinks, ‘we will let you kiss our baby buds.’

"‘And don’t forget us, Bluette,’ said the gay nasturtiums; ‘we love you, too.’

"So Bluette would flit by to see them all, and sometimes she would carry their golden powder across to other flowers, because that was the way she helped them, you know. But one bright morning when the flowers called, Bluette did not stop, but flew quickly over the old stone wall into the orchard and flitted in and out among the trees.

"‘Good morning, Bluette,’ said the apple tree; ‘see, I have shaken off my pretty pink blossoms, and have my baby seeds wrapped up in tiny green apples—they are my babies, Bluette; aren’t they the dearest ones in all the world?’

"‘Everyone thinks their babies are the dearest,’ said Bluette; ‘I am out hunting a place to lay my eggs, and then I’ll have some babies, too—the dearest in all the world.’

"So Bluette flitted on through the orchard, and darted over the

fence, and flitted through the sun-lit woods, until at last she came to a tall sassafras bush, and there she stopped.

“‘I have come to ask you to take care of my eggs for me,’ said Bluette. ‘I shall have to go away when I lay them, and can not watch until they are hatched.’

“‘I am always glad to help,’ said the sassafras bush, ‘but wouldn’t it be best to lay them in the garden on the celery or parsley stalks?’

“‘No, no,’ said Bluette, ‘that would be a fine place for *most* of the swallowtail butterflies, but I would rather leave *my* eggs with you, if you will promise to care for them.’

“‘I will do the best that I can,’ said the sassafras bush, ‘though I have never cared for any babies except my own. Just lay them there on my leaves, and perhaps you had better lay them on the under side, where the rain will not wash them away. I’m sure I could not pick them up if they fall.’

“‘Oh, I’ll fix that,’ said gay Bluette. ‘See, I’ll glue them down, and they will stay right where I place them until the babies are hatched.’

“‘And what must I do when the babies are hatched?’ said the sassafras bush. ‘If you are far away, I should know just how to care for them.’

“‘Oh,’ laughed Bluette, ‘you need not worry about them in the least! My babies will care for themselves, if you will only give them enough leaves to eat—and I shall thank you ever so much.’

“‘Very well,’ said the sassafras bush. ‘If it’s leaves they like to eat, I have plenty to spare, and they may eat as much as they please.’

“Then pretty Bluette laid some wee, wee, wee eggs—very tiny, indeed—on the sassafras leaves, and away she flitted over the heads of nodding grasses.”

“And did the babies really hatch out?” asked Joe-Boy.

“To be sure they did!” said the kindergarten teacher, “but then, that’s another story to be told some other day.”

Of course, there was a merry butterfly game after that, when some of the children were flowers and some were sassafras bushes and one was Bluette flitting here and there. And before they went home that day, everyone had made a clay leaf, showing the tiny, tiny eggs like what Bluette had laid.

Bluette's Babies

Wednesday

NOW the sassafras bush had never seen any butterfly babies, though she had heard about them, and even knew that different butterflies chose different kinds of plants to lay their eggs on.

"Anyway, I am very glad that Bluette chose me," said the sassafras bush, "for I shall watch those eggs and soon know for myself just how a butterfly baby looks. I suppose, of course, they will be tiny dark blue butterflies, just like their mother," she said.

"I know chickens come out of eggs, and always favor their mother. And I know birds come out of eggs, too, for I have hidden their nests among my leaves, and I have seen the eggs and the baby birds and they favor their mother, so *of course* Bluette's babies will look like *her*."

But, dear me, as you must know, that sassafras bush was very much mistaken, for when Bluette's eggs hatched out only a few days later, guess what came out of them?

"Worms! worms!" said the sassafras bush, "so sure as I am alive, those little crawling things are worms!—who would have believed it!"

And Joe-Boy was almost as surprised as the sassafras bush had been, and so were Charlotte Anne and the other children—they were so surprised they did not know what to do, and they wanted to know what the sassafras bush did.

"Well, Bluette's babies were *not worms*, even if the sassafras bush *did* think so," said the kindergarten teacher. "They were caterpillars, as all baby butterflies are, and though the sassafras bush was very much surprised, she decided to take care of the babies anyway, because she had promised Bluette, and promises should be kept, you know—at least that's what the sassafras bush thought—so she did her best to care for Bluette's queer babies."

"Help yourselves to my leaves, little ones," she said, "but whatever you do, don't fall on the ground. I promised your mother to care for you, though I wish she were here to glue you down. I am not used to babies who are always crawling about. *My* babies stay right where I place them and never do they think of moving unless a breeze swings them."

But Bluette's babies did not wait for the breezes to swing them—at least, not then—and when the sassafras bush told them to help them—

selves to her tender leaves they all began tumbling and scrambling over one another, hunting the leaves they liked best, and they ate so many and got so fat, why, one day they popped their coats right down the back, and it tickled the sassafras bush so, she shook her slender brown twigs in laughter.

"Dear me, little ones," she said, "don't be greedy there are leaves enough for all!—and who will mend your coats, now, that they are torn?"

"But the sassafras bush needn't have worried about those torn coats, because every one of Bluettes babies had a new one right underneath, even newer and brighter than the ones they had ripped, and a better fit, too. Anyway they kept on eating day after day, and at night curled up in little wads on the leaves and went to sleep. At sunrise the next morning, they were always as hungry as ever, and went straight to eating leaves again, and then the first thing you knew, why, they had gotten too big and fat for their coats again, and ripped them open right down the back, and the sassafras bush was very much astonished to see more new coats right underneath for every one. But, do you know, they went right straight to eating again?"

"Look here, little ones, listen to me," said the sassafras bush, shaking them gently on her leaves. "You must not, *must* not eat so much! The first thing I know, you will split those new coats open, too, and how do I know you will have any more? Your mother might be back here any day and I want her to find you neat and clean—do you hear?"

I do not know whether Bluettes babies understood or not, but anyway they soon stopped eating and curled up for a nap, and the sassafras bush drew a long sigh and was happy.

"How large and fine they are growing," she said, "and the blue spots on their fresh green coats makes me think of the blue on their mother's wings—how I wish she could see them now, pretty Bluettes!"

Bluettes Smallest Baby

Thursday

WHEN Bluettes babies waked up the next morning they did what they always did—ate! They seemed as hungry as ever, and by and by one caterpillar said to another caterpillar:

"Let's crawl down to the ground and hunt for another sassafras bush."

So the largest baby started first, and crawled from the leaves to the trunk of the bush and the other babies followed close behind.

"Come back, little ones," said the sassafras bush, quickly; "do not run away. Your mother asked me to take care of you, and how can I if you crawl away?"

But Blulette's babies did not seem to hear, for down the trunk they crawled, one behind the other, until the ground was reached, and through the grass they hurried, never stopping a single minute, while the sassafras bush kept calling, "Come back, little ones, come back!"

One of Blulette's babies heard—the very smallest one—and crawling back up the branches said: "I will stay with you, dear sassafrash bush. You have taken good care of me, and I love you; I should like to stay always."

"Thank you, little one," said the sassafras bush; "I promised Blulette I would care for you all, and I am sure I have done my best. I am sorry the others have left me, for when Blulette comes back she will miss them, and think I did not keep my promise."

"But I shall be here to tell her," said the baby, "and then she will know. Tell me about my mother; do I look like her?"

"No, no, no," said the sassafras bush, "not the least little bit! Why, your mother was the most beautiful butterfly I ever saw! She could fly like a bird, and the blue on her scalloped wings was dark and rich—you would think her a stray sunbeam floating through the air. The flowers and the ferns and the grasses all loved her because she was kind and always ready to help."

"Oh, I wish I had wings like my mother's," said the baby caterpillar. "Do you think I ever will?"

"I am afraid not," said the sassafras bush, gently; "I have never seen a worm with wings, though it does seem strange to me that all of Blulette's babies should be without wings, and look so little like her. I have never understood it, and have wondered and wondered."

"Well, I wish I *did* have wings, anyway," said the baby, and then he crawled away to the edge of a leaf and began eating little scallops in it. For many days he stayed on the sassafras bush alone, growing larger and plumper each day, and then all at once Blulette's baby caterpillar grew tired and sleepy, and did not feel like eating any more. His coat was no longer bright green, but was a rich yellow, and there were eyespots of black in buff rings, and a tiny pair of orange colored horns,

which he kept hidden. "This is the prettiest coat you have worn yet," said the sassafras bush, "but if you do not feel like eating, I am afraid you are sick."

"No, I am not sick, but I am too sleepy to stay awake another minute," said Bluettes baby caterpillar; "I feel as if I could sleep forever."

Then, the next thing the sassafras bush knew, why, Bluettes baby had spun a silken girdle like the letter V around his body and fastened it tightly to a twig, and *nowhere* could you see his tiny feet, nor his pretty orange horns as he swung in the slender chrysalis cradle which his coat had seemed to change to.

"Well," said the sassafras bush, "now, wasn't that a sight! Bluettes babies are the most wonderful babies that ever I saw. Why, they seem to have *everything* they need right inside of them—their coats wear out or get too small and split open; but there is another one underneath, all ready. They get sleepy, and want a cradle, and these same wonderful coats seem to change somehow into a cradle and they swing themselves up in it by a strong silken cord—as safe and as snug as you please! Well! Well! Well! I'd just like to know where those other run-a-way babies swung themselves!"

Where do you suppose they did?

The Surprise of the Sassafras Bush

Friday

WELL, I can not tell you just what became of Bluettes other babies, but I know they must have grown too sleepy to eat, too, and when they had found a pleasant place swung themselves up by a silken girdle and slept in their chrysalis cradles, just as the one on the sassafras bush did—because that is about the way all butterfly babies do. I am glad the sassafras bush found out Bluettes babies were not worms, too. Mr. Jaybird told her that. One day he was flying by hunting acorns, and the sassafras bush called to him to come see what a queer cradle Bluettes baby was sleeping in.

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Jaybird, "I knew Bluettes myself—a most beautiful swallowtail butterfly—her eggs hatch into caterpillars, and the caterpillars change into chrysalids—that is the queer cradle you see hanging there."

"Well, well," said the sassafras bush, "how very strange! And how long will it be before this caterpillar baby wakes up?"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Jaybird, "I'm sure I can not tell. Some of them sleep longer than others, but I think the butterflies like Bluettes wake early in June. And when Bluettes's caterpillar wakes up, you will find he is no longer a caterpillar, but something else very like his mother."

"What!" said the sassafras bush, "why, butterfly babies are the most wonderful things I ever heard of! Pray, if this baby of Bluettes's isn't a caterpillar when he wakes up, what *will* he be?"

"Why, a butterfly like his mother, to be sure," said Mr. Jaybird; "a blue swallowtail! Really, it is very wonderful, and I have often thought they must feel something like a fairy to go to sleep a creeping, crawling caterpillar and wake up with a pair of beautiful silken wings, to go waltzing through the air."

"Well," said the sassafras bush, "I grow more and more surprised! And so that is the beginning of all butterflies?"

"That's it," said Mr. Jaybird, "and now I must be going." So away he flew.

By and by the days grew cold, and the sassafras bush dropped her crimson leaves one by one to the ground, and went to sleep herself, for the cold winter months, holding Bluettes's baby snug among her twigs. And they slept and they slept and they slept. When the spring came, the sassafras bush was the first to wake and dressed herself in a robe of yellow blossoms. Then she peeped over, and was glad to see that Bluettes's baby was still safe and lay sleeping in his chrysalis cradle. She watched him swinging there through the early spring months and then decked herself in fresh, green leaves, but still Bluettes's baby slept on, and the sassafras bush said: "I am afraid Mr. Jaybird was mistaken, and this caterpillar baby will never wake up."

But he did. Yes, yes, for it happened early one June morning, and the dear sassafras bush was the first one to know about it. You see, it began to grow warm in the chrysalis cradle, and one morning Bluettes's baby stretched and stretched his tiny self and said, "How warm it is! Somehow I feel hungry again, but I don't feel like a caterpillar any more, and I don't feel like eating leaves exactly. It seems to me something sweet like honey would taste fine, and I feel as if—oh, I feel as if I were out

of this cradle, I could fly away up high, high in the sky! I just believe I'll try!"

So, he pushed right out of that chrysalis cradle, and only guess! Yes, sir, he had a pair of wings! And they were dark rich blue, just like his mother's. And the sassafras bush was so surprised, she did not know what to do! And Bluettes baby was so proud because he was a butterfly like his mother, that just as soon as his wings were dry and strong he fluttered all over the sassafras bush and kissed the leaves, and then flitted through the orchard and over the stone wall into the old garden where the flowers bloomed and they nodded and called to him, just as they had called to Bluettes the summer before, and he was glad to taste their sweet nectar juice.

"See, mother," said a little child who was playing in the garden; "see, there is the first blue swallowtail I have seen this summer. What a pretty, pretty butterfly!"

"Oh, oh, I wish our Princess would wake up right now," said Joe-Boy, "so we can see if she can fly, too, and if she looks like Bluettes."

Of course you know the Princess will know how to fly, when she wakes up, but then she will not look so very much like Bluettes because she will be larger and have brown wings—anyway, moths and butterflies are not *just exactly* alike, are they? To be sure, they're not; anybody with sharp eyes can tell that fact—could you?

Program for Seventeenth Week—Life History of the Butterfly.

The Princess

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Are you tired of hearing of things that grow and change? I don't believe you are, for *we* keep growing and changing, don't we? and so, of course, we love to talk about other things that grow and change. (Show cocoon and ask children to find and bring one like it next day.) Today we will have a story of something that grew and changed. We have talked about it before and it isn't a flower.

Game: "The Caterpillar."

Gift period: Model Cocoon.

Occupation: Drawing, crayons. Cocoon. Preserve for butterfly book.

Bluette's Eggs

Tuesday

I wonder how many of our children have bright eyes for finding a cocoon? How many have been brought this morning? (Compare chrysalis and cocoon. Instrumental lullaby. Houser.)

Game: Dramatize story.

Gift period: Modeling, leaf and eggs.

Occupation: Folding, butterfly ("Bluette"). Instrumental music. Grieg's Butterfly.

Bluette's Babies

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show sassafras and elm leaves, and compare.

Game: Dramatize story.

Gift period: Free cutting. Leaves of sassafras bush for decoration of book cover.

Occupation: Drawing, crayons. Picture of Bluette's babies.

Bluette's Smallest Baby

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Compare again chrysalis and cocoon. Do you know what sleeps in cocoon? Do you know what sleeps in chrysalis?

Game: To instrumental music. (To stress difference between chrysalis and cocoon.) A group of children fly as moths and butterflies. Kindergarten teacher: "We will play that these butterflies and moths can talk to me. Now (touching some child) are you a butterfly or a moth? Where do you sleep? When do you like best to fly?"

Gift period: Modeling. Chrysalis and cocoon.

Occupation: Drawing—Water color. Bluette's smallest baby in his changed coat of yellow, orange colored horns, etc.

The Surprise of the Sassafras Bush

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show pictures.

Game and song: "The Caterpillar."

Gift period: Modeling. Series of leaf, eggs, twigg, cocoon, chrysalis, etc.

Occupation: Parquetry, right-angled triangle. Blurette's baby butterfly.

Eighteenth Week—Vegetable and Flower Study

The Children's Garden

Monday

MOTHER GIPSY knew all about the Princess and Bluette, too—why, she even knew that the Princess was not a butterfly, and that her wings were to be golden brown, and that once upon a time she had been a caterpillar, and had lived on Billy Sanders' elm tree. Now, how do you suppose she knew all of that? To be sure, Joe-Boy was the very one who told her. Every night when Mother Gipsy tucked him away in his pretty white bed they would have the cosiest talks about things that had happened through the day, and Joe-Boy had told her over and over again about Bluette and the Princess.

"And wasn't it nice about the wings, mother?" he said.

"Couldn't you show me the very spot on my back where *my* skin will pop open and *my* wings come out?"

Then Mother Gipsy laughed merrily and said: "Why, you're not a little caterpillar; you are a little boy; and besides, caterpillars take a long, long sleep before their wings grow out. Would you be willing to take a long, long sleep, if, when you waked up, you would have a pair of beautiful wings?"

"Y-e-s!" said Joe-Boy, and his eyes grew very bright; but Mother Gipsy said: "Oh, *please* don't take that long sleep now; I'm sure I couldn't spare you."

Then she tucked him away with another "good-night" kiss, and opened the shutters for the stars and moon to peep through as she said: "Go to sleep, little caterpillar, but be sure to waken when the sunbeams come."

And that is just what Joe-Boy did, and when he went to kindergarten and looked at the Princess, she was still sleeping in her pretty cocoon cradle.

"I do hope she will not wake just yet," said the kindergarten teacher, "because we haven't planted our garden beds, and there would be no flowers and leaves and grasses for her—why, there would be nothing for her to eat!"

"Let us plant the garden beds today," said Joe-Boy, "because the Princess *might* wake up soon."

"Well," said the kindergarten teacher, "we might start on them today, anyway. The first thing to be done is to plan just how we want to make them. We could go to the sand table and do that, and maybe by tomorrow it will be warm enough to work out of doors. Let me see; there are twenty-one children, counting me, so there must be twenty-one garden beds, because every child will want one for his very own, to dig and plant and care for. We will go to the sand table right now, and see what will be the best way to lay off those twenty-one little garden beds, with walks between them, that no one need ever step on the growing plants."

That was a happy band of children around the big sand-table, I can tell you, and to help them remember how many twenty-one was, the kindergarten teacher gave every child one little oblong block, and she said: "We will play that these are the size of the garden beds; now, let us lay them in the sand, and find the best way, being sure to leave the little walks between."

So, after everybody had tried and tried they found it was best to put three of the little beds in a row, and to have seven rows—that made twenty-one little even beds, you see, and no one forgot about the walks. Then to see just how the pretty garden would look all finished, the children smoothed the sand over the beds, and planted tiny colored sticks and played that they were flowers growing. Some of them had vegetables growing, too—peas and potatoes and onions and lettuce and corn—and the kindergarten teacher said: "There now! Each child will have only one bed in the yard, and which will you plant, vegetables or flowers?"

And everybody wanted to plant flowers and everybody wanted to plant vegetables, so she laughed and said, "Well, everybody can plant both. We will cut the little beds right in two, and plant vegetables in one square and flowers for the Princess on the other square. And when the vegetables get ripe, we will have a vegetable party and invite Mother Gipsy—because she gave us a surprise party one day. Don't you remember?"

Of course the children hadn't forgotten about that party of milk and oatmeal and little dollar biscuits and thumb pones of cornbread. Have you forgotten?

"But," said the kindergarten teacher, "we must keep that for a secret, and not tell anybody yet, so it will be a surprise to Mother Gipsy."

And Charlotte Anne said: "I know Joe-Boy is going to tell!"

But Joe-Boy only jumped up and down and said: "No, I won't, no I won't, no I won't!"

And the kindergarten teacher said: "Of course, Joe-Boy won't tell—he knows how to keep a secret; I am sure he does. Anyway, we will wait and see."

How Prince Charming Helped

Tuesday

IF you could have peeped over the kindergarten fence the very next morning after the children had made their gardens in the sand, you would have seen them all out in the yard, and every child had a spade or a rake or a hoe—at least that is what Father Gipsy saw, when he peeped over the fence on his way to town. The children were digging and digging, and digging, too busy to stop and talk because everybody was trying to get the ground soft and fine for the garden beds. Father Gipsy watched them dig, with a queer smile on his face, and then he said: "That ground looks pretty hard for little people to dig. I know somebody not very far from here that can plow well, and he likes to help, too—somebody with four white legs and a wavy, white mane and a long white tail."

"Prince Charming! Prince Charming! We know it is Prince Charming!"

"That's just who it is," said Father Gipsy, "and Prince Charming belongs to Joe-Boy, so if he is willing to lend him out, I'll just go bring him right away, and we'll have this garden plowed up in a little while."

You know Joe-Boy was glad for Prince Charming to help—he even went home with Father Gipsy to bring him—and soon they came back with the plow and the long plow lines and dear old Prince Charming, with his waving mane, stepping high, as he always did, whether he plowed or carried the painted lady tip-toe on his back. And then, the merry, merry time everybody had plowing! Father Gipsy was very kind and let each one have a turn. He told them when to say "gee," and he told them when to say "haw," and Prince Charming understood

every word and plowed his very best; so very soon the ground was deep and soft.

"I can't tell what we would do without Prince Charming," said the kindergarten teacher; "he is always ready to help us out of our troubles. How can we say 'thank you' before he goes?"

"I'll run get him a piece of my apple," said Charlotte Anne. Then the other children thought about their lunch and ran for their baskets, and when they came back Prince Charming had the nicest lunch! He ate a red apple and a yellow apple and a cake and a sandwich and a lump of sugar—and he ate right out of the children's hands, too, and he didn't bite, and they smoothed and petted and rubbed him until Prince Charming was very glad indeed that he had come to help.

"Now what is the next thing to be done to these garden beds?" said Father Gipsy. "I believe I would like to help some more." Then they told him all about the twenty-one beds, with three beds in a row, and seven rows—and the little walks between. And then Father Gipsy said: "Well, that doesn't seem so very hard to fix, if we will all work together. You children can rake and hoe the ground over, while the kindergarten teacher and I lay off the walks and the twenty-one garden beds."

Then Father Gipsy found a long cord and tied a stick at each end, and stretched the line across the ground, to help him dig even straight rows, and by and by every one of those twenty-one garden beds were fixed just right. And Joe-Boy said, "Oh, oh, it looks just like our garden on the sand-table—only it is a grown-up mother garden."

"And so it is," said the kindergarten teacher, "and we have had so much help today, I believe our gardens will be ready to plant tomorrow—won't that be fine?"

You should have heard those children clap their hands. Then Father Gipsy said: "Well, I know of one more thing that will help to make these garden beds good ones, so when I go up town I am going to stop at the carpenter's shop and send him down here with some long boards and some short boards, and he will fix them tightly around every little bed to keep the dirt from washing into the walks—don't you think that would be a good plan?"

"And we will scatter white sand over the walks, too," said the kindergarten teacher, "and when you pass each day you will see how clean and neat we shall keep them."

Then Father Gipsy told them "good-bye," and sure enough the beds were fixed just as he promised—now, don't you think that was a very kind Father Gipsy? The children thought so, and they said they were surely going to have him in their secret, too, and ask him to the vegetable party—but of course Joe-Boy promised not to tell.

The Vegetable Beds

Wednesday

ALL the children were in such a big hurry to get back to kindergarten the next morning that they did not even want to take time to eat breakfast. You see, they were thinking about those garden beds, and wondering when they could plant the seeds.

"You have come so very early," said the kindergarten teacher, "I think we will have time before nine to go down to the sand bank and get the white sand for our walks—then, when Father Gipsy passes, he will see that we have fixed our garden walks almost as quickly as he had the beds fixed for us yesterday."

I know you would have wanted to go, too, if you could have seen those children skipping down the path to the branch in the woods, and everybody had a bucket or a bag or a basket to bring the sand in—even the hired man went along, too, and he carried a great huge bag in his wheelbarrow—so, all together, they brought enough to the kindergarten to sprinkle in all the walks.

"There now," said the kindergarten teacher, "I believe things are ready for seed planting—I feel as if I would almost like to be a seed myself, to grow in those fine garden beds! Which shall we plant first—flower seeds or vegetable seeds?"

"Vegetable seeds," said the children, "because they must hurry and grow for the party."

"That's true," she said, laughing, "we must remember about that party! Won't Mother and Father Gipsy be surprised when they come to our garden party, and find nice things to eat that we planted ourselves? Now, let us put on our 'thinking caps' and name every vegetable that we know, so we can choose the ones we wish to plant."

So they thought and thought, and everybody named some—first, they named vegetables that ripened in the ground, and looked like bulbs—Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips, beets, radishes and onions.

Then they named vegetables that grew in pods—snap beans, butterbeans, green peas and okra. Then they named vegetables whose leaves were good to eat—cabbage, salad and lettuce. And then they named tomatoes and corn and squashes and cucumbers and egg plant, and, oh! I don't know how many others—anyway, they couldn't think of planting everything they named, because the garden beds were not large enough for them, you know. "Why," said the kindergarten teacher, "we would need garden beds as large as Farmer Green's if we planted all of those vegetables! I think we shall have to choose only those which will be sure to ripen in time for the party."

Now, I wonder if you can guess which those were? You can't? Well, from the vegetables that looked like bulbs, they chose radishes, and from the vegetables that grew in pods, they chose green peas, and from vegetables whose leaves were good to eat, they chose curly lettuce. And I think that would make a very nice garden party, indeed, don't you? Because they could make soup out of the peas to eat first, and then there would be radishes to eat next, and last of all, would be the lettuce—that would be for the dessert, you know. So the kindergarten teacher took three little packages out of her apron pocket, and gave everyone some little, wee, wee radish seeds, and some little wee, wee, wee lettuce seeds, and some fine fat pea seeds, and she said as she placed them in their careful hands, "To think that every little seed, even the wee, wee, wee ones, has a little plant baby, sleeping within—waiting, waiting to grow! Isn't it good that we can help to waken them?"

So they went joyfully to the little garden beds, and when they had made the little rows, every child planted his seeds in his own little garden bed, and covered them gently over. And when they had finished, Joe-Boy was so very happy, that he kept jumping up and down and all around—thinking about that garden party. And Charlotte Anne said: "Don't you tell, Joe-Boy! If you feel as if you are when you see Mother Gipsy, just put your hand over your mouth so, and run to the buttercup meadow as fast as you can go!"

Maybe you think it isn't very hard to keep a secret, but it is—most especially when it is about a party. I believe that is the hardest kind of a secret to keep. Why, that very day, when Joe-Boy got home, he *almost* told! Mother Gipsy said, "Come, tell me what you did at kindergarten today—something nice, I know, because your eyes tell me so."

And Joe-Boy jumped up and down and said, "Oh, oh, oh, mother, we are going to give you a—a—a—!"

And then all at once he remembered about the secret, and put his hands over his lips—and the next think you knew, why, he was down in the buttercup meadow! Now, aren't you glad he did not tell that secret?

The Flower Beds

Thursday

I NEED not tell you what the children did the next morning at kindergarten, because you know as well as I do, that they planted the other half of their garden beds. They had a merry time in the morning circle, talking about the seeds they wished to plant. They began with the rainbow colors, and first named all the red flowers they could think of, then they named all the orange flowers, and all the yellow flowers, and all the green flowers, and all the blue flowers, and then all of the violet flowers. The kindergarten teacher was the only one who could name a green flower, but the children thought of names for all of the other colors. Of course they could not plant all that they named, though, so the kindergarten teacher said: "We shall have to do about the flower seeds as we did about the vegetable seeds, and only plant those that will grow fast, and bloom in time for the garden party."

In the fall, when the children had first started to kindergarten, they had gathered all kinds of seeds, put each kind in little envelopes, and put them in seed boxes, which they had folded themselves, and the kindergarten teacher had put them away in the cabinet to stay until the springtime, when it was best to plant them. So the children remembered about the boxes, and the kindergarten teacher went and found them just as they had put them away.

"We will open the boxes and see what kind of seeds we have," she said, "and then we will go out to our gardens and plant the ones we choose."

Then the children opened the little envelopes and found morning-glory seeds, and nasturtium seeds, and petunia seeds, and phlox seeds, and pansy seeds, and sunflower seeds, and, do you know, when the kindergarten teacher asked them which ones they wanted to plant, why, those children said they wanted to plant all they had! And then she said: "It is a pity to leave any of them unplanted—they would all like

to grow, I am sure, so we shall have to give them a chance. We can plant the phlox and petunias and nasturtiums in the garden beds, and we can plant the sunflowers by the side fence, and the morning-glory seeds near the porch where they will have room to climb, and the pansy seeds near the violets by the steps—then all will have a place, whether they bloom in time for the garden party or not.”

“I’m so glad,” said Joe-Boy, “because I just must plant all of my seeds—I couldn’t tell which ones *not* to plant.”

So, you may know they were all very happy children when they tripped out to plant their seeds, and when they had finished, the twenty-one brown garden beds looked smooth and soft in the spring sunshine, with the sleeping seeds tucked snugly beneath.

“And only think,” said the kindergarten teacher, “from each tiny seed a dear baby plant will soon awake—how glad we are to help them grow.”

Then they played the pretty game that you have played—some of the children were the sleeping seeds, some were the sunbeams and some were the rain drops that God had sent to waken the seed babies and help them to grow. Which would *you* rather be, a seed or a sunbeam or a raindrop?

Peggy Rose’s Garden

Friday

NOW the very hardest thing you have to do about a garden is to wait for the seeds to come up. But, dear me, real babies can’t walk until they have strong feet, you know, so how could you expect plant babies to grow up until they had strong feet, too? At least, that is what Mother Gipsy asked Joe-Boy one night when they were playing seeds and she had tucked him away in his bed for the night.

“If you are in such a hurry to see a garden grow, and can’t wait for the one you have at kindergarten, why, you’ll just have to make you a garden like what Peggy Rose made, and then you will be so busy watching the little feet grow that you will forget everything else.”

“Well, tell me what kind of a garden Peggy Rose made?” said Joe-Boy.

“And that means a story,” laughed Mother Gipsy, as she gave him a little love pinch on his ear. “Well, anyway,” she said, “once-upon-a-

time, Peggy Rose was cleaning out her mother's button box, and right at the bottom she found three seeds—one was a bean seed and one was a grain of corn and one was a squash seed; though Peggy Rose had never seen a squash seed, and she didn't know what kind it was. Anyway, Peggy Rose said, 'When my beautiful mother comes home from the factory tonight, I shall ask her to give me these seeds, and then I will plant me a garden bed.' Now, Peggy Rose lived in a little room at the very top of a high brick house, and there were steps and steps and steps and steps that you had to go down before you got out into the street. And there wasn't any yard for her to run and play in, such as you have—there was only the brick sidewalk, and beyond, the busy street, where Peggy Rose never dared to go, because the horses and drays might run over her. So how do you think Peggy Rose was going to have any garden bed?

"'To be sure, little daughter,' said Peggy Rose's beautiful mother, when she came home from the factory that night, 'you may have the seeds that you found in the button box, but we shall have to think about the garden bed, for where have we any place to plant a garden? Only this little square room inside and the busy, busy streets outside. But surely there must be a way,' she said, as she stooped low and saw the little seeds in Peggy Rose's pink palm. 'Poor little seeds, I'm sure they would like to grow—they make me think of the sweet, fresh country, of the green fields and the running water and the blue, blue sky,' and then a happy smile came to the face of Peggy Rose's beautiful mother and she said, 'Oh, I know now, the very way! We will make the little garden bed right this very minute.'

"And then Peggy Rose laughed with joy and the dimples came and went in her cheeks, while her beautiful mother went to the closet and took out a clear glass tumbler, and filled it nearly full of water, and then she cut a circle of pure white cotton, just the size of the glass, and she let Peggy Rose fix the cotton on the water with her own soft hands, and then she said gayly: 'Your little garden bed is ready, Peggy Rose; come and plant your seeds.'

"Then Peggy Rose laughed and laughed, and she dropped the grain of corn on the little white garden bed, and then she dropped the bean seed and then she dropped the squash seed, and then her garden bed was planted; so they placed the tumbler in their one little window and laughed and laughed again. The moonbeam fairies found it there

that very night, and the starlight fairies, too, and they said, 'Such a funny, funny garden bed has little Peggy Rose.'

"And the sunbeam fairies found it, too—the very next morning—and they said, 'Oh, Peggy Rose, Peggy Rose, such a funny, funny garden bed! We'll waken those seeds for you, little Peggy Rose, and how you will smile to see them grow!' So, for two days they shone their very brightest on Peggy Rose's garden bed, and warmed the little plant babies so they just had to wake up. The little bean was the fattest seed of all; his mother had packed his little jacket right full of something good to eat, and when he sucked the water through his soft cotton bed, he grew fatter and fatter, and one day, why, he popped right out of his jacket, and reached one little foot downward and one little hand upward, and he held two tiny little leaves for Peggy Rose. And Peggy Rose smiled and said, 'Oh, you little bean baby, you're getting your feet right wet!'

"And then the little corn baby heard her talking, and he popped right out of his jacket—and the little squash baby, too—and Peggy Rose said, 'Oh, you little corn baby and you little squash baby, you are getting your feet wet, too!'

"And then she laughed and laughed, just as the sunbeam fairies said she would, and that night, when her beautiful mother came home from her work at the factory, why, she laughed, too, at the little bean baby and the little squash baby and the little corn baby, getting their feet so wet—and at Peggy Rose, because she was so happy and proud of her little garden bed."

Why don't you make a garden bed, like Peggy Rose's?

Program for Eighteenth Week—Vegetable and Flower Study

The Children's Garden

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Which would you rather have, a vegetable garden or a flower garden? Why? Which do you suppose the "Princess" would prefer? Why? What helpers will the Princess need to waken her? What helpers will the vegetables and flowers need?

Song and game: "Gardening." Stress preparation of ground.

Gift: Reproduce the lesson at the sand table, as given in the story for the day.

Occupation: Water-color, broad effect. One oblong bed. Other shapes, according to each child's idea of beauty.

How Prince Charming Helped

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever watch the gardener getting the ground ready to plant his seeds? What did he do? Why? Did you ever try to dig up the hard ground yourself? James has such a large garden at his home, it would take a long, long time to spade it all—what could help him to work more quickly? Yes, the horse and plow. How many of you have seen a plow? How does the horse pull it, and how does the man hold it? Can you show us? Can you plough very straight rows?

Play: Ploughing field.

Gift Period: Make garden beds out of doors. (Let each child do some of the work.)

Occupation: Miniature rake to carry home—the child's own idea.

The Vegetable Beds

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What vegetables do you like best? Does it grow under ground or up in the sunshine? What vegetables grow in pods? What vegetables give us leaves to eat? What holds the plant in the ground? Which will be the best vegetables for us to plant in our gardens?

Play: Plant garden. Children representing seeds—garden. (Emphasis placed upon choice of seeds.)

Gift Period: Sort vegetable seed.

Song: "In my little Garden-bed."

Occupation Period: Plant seed.

The Flower Beds

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you think all kinds of plants like to grow in the same garden? Shall we plant our morning-glory seeds out in our garden beds? Where then? Why? Can you name

some red flowers? Orange? Yellow? Green? Blue? Violet?
(Guessing game.)

Songs: "Little Brown Brother." "In the Heart of a Seed."

Game: Planting flower garden. Emphasize arrangement of flowers according to color.

Gift period: Plant flower seeds in the yard.

Occupation: Construct frame for a vine.

Peggy Rose's Garden

Friday

Circle talks, songs and games: Relate the story.

Experiments: Plant seeds in glass, also in egg shells (soil). Watch for root formation and "seed leaves."

Songs and games: Selected by children.

Gift: Building. Peggy Rose's house, long stairway, window. (Use a cylinder for the glass where the flower garden grew.)

Occupation: Folding, "Peggy Rose's Work Box."

Jack's Beanstalk†

Monday

JOE-BOY went to sleep thinking about Peggy Rose's garden bed. He even dreamed about Peggy Rose—dreamed she had taken him by the hand and led him up, up, up the long flights of steps to the little square room at the top of the high building and shown him the little white garden bed. Together they had watched the little bean baby and the little squash baby and the little corn baby, getting their feet so wet; and Peggy Rose had smiled and put her fingers on her lips and said, "Hush the fairies are coming!"

And then Joe-Boy dreamed he saw the moonbeam fairies all dressed in white, with star spangled wings, and sunbeam fairies all dressed in rainbow hues, dancing, dancing, dancing, and one of them danced right on his eyes and he opened them wide and—there stood Mother Gipsy.

"Why Joe-Boy, you were laughing in your sleep," she said, "the fairies must have been visiting you." Now how do you suppose she guessed?

When Joe-Boy told the kindergarten children about Peggy Rose's funny little white garden bed and about the little bean baby getting his feet so wet, why, they wanted to make a garden bed just like it, and the kindergarten teacher said:

"That will be a good plan, and I have a bean baby right here on the mantel, so while we are waiting for our garden beds outside to grow, we can watch the bean baby wake inside."

So they fixed the tumbler and cotton, and when they had placed the bean baby on his white bed the kindergarten teacher said, "When I was a little girl I used to hear a story called Jack's Beanstalk—not the one about the giant, though it was a little like that one. While our bean baby sleeps, I will tell you about it. Once-upon-a-time, there was a dear little chubby boy, named Jack, and he lived all alone with his

†This tale was first suggested by a child, and the kindergartner told it revised as above.

grandmother, in a little cabin on the country road. They had a big red cow that they loved very much, but they did not have any money; and you know everybody needs money to buy clothes and meal and flour and other things. Well, Jack and his grandmother needed very many things, and the winter time would soon be coming, too, so Jack's grandmother said, "Well, as much as we hate to part with her, I guess we shall have to sell our cow, Jack. You take her to town today, and see if you can sell her to a good, kind master, who will love her and treat her kindly as we have done."

"Yes, grandmother," said Jack, "I shall be sure to find our cow a kind master."

So he tied a rope around the red cow's horns, and started down the big road, walking slowly—cows do not like to walk fast, you know. Every few steps Jack would pat the red cow gently on the head, telling her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was she had to be sold. By and by he met a big boy with a switch in his hand, and the big boy said, "I'll buy that cow."

But Jack shook his head "no"—he did not want a boy with a switch to buy his red cow. Would you? After a while he met a jolly, fat man coming down the road, and he was singing this merry song:

"If I had a cow that gave rich milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Milk her many times a day,
And feed her on the finest hay."

"Good morning, little boy," said the jolly fat man, when he finished the verse. "That looks like a very fine cow you have there. Wouldn't you like to sell her?"

"Yes," said Jack. "Are you a kind man?"

"I try to be," said the jolly fat man; "I'll treat that red cow kindly, too, if you'll sell her to me. She shall have a house to live in, plenty to eat and plenty to drink—didn't you hear that song I was singing?"

"Yes," said Jack; "grandmother told me to sell her to a kind man, so I will sell her to you. What will you give me?"

"Well," said the jolly fat man, "I will give you a speckled hen and a bag of beans."

"All right," said Jack, smiling. You see Jack was so anxious to sell the cow to some one who would treat her kindly, that he forgot all

about the money part, and sold her for a bag of beans and a speckled hen! My!

Then he patted the red cow good-by, and the jolly, fat man said, "Take good care of those beans and plant them as soon as you get home. They are very wonderful beans." So Jack hurried home, and told his grandmother about his trade with the kind man.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" said his grandmother, with her hands held high, "whatever made you do such a silly thing! Why, whoever heard of selling a cow for a speckled hen and a bag of beans!"

"Well, grandmother, only think—he promised to treat our cow kindly; to give her plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and a house to live in!"

"You surely are a queer boy, Jack," she said. "But there is no use to fret over spilt milk; go and plant your beans under the window, and we will see what is to become of us."

Well, Jack planted the beans, and the speckled hen made a nest and went to laying, because she wanted to help all she could, anyway. But dear me, she need not have worried, for only guess what had happened the next morning when Jack waked up? Yes, sir, those beans had waked up, too, and you never saw anything grow as they had. Why, they had already climbed to the top of the house, and to the top of the chimney, and then started up the lightning-rod! Now what do you think of that! Pretty soon they had covered the whole house, leaving only a space for the windows and doors—and I tell you what, it was a most beautiful sight! And when Jack saw the white blossoms sprinkled everywhere and the seed pods nestled among the leaves, he laughed with delight. Even his grandmother had never seen such a sight, and people came from all the country round to see the wonderful vine—and of course everybody wanted a seed pod to carry home and plant, too. So Jack sold the wonderful pods for five cents apiece, and as there were a great many, he soon had a bag full of money—enough to buy himself and his dear grandmother new clothes for the winter and plenty to eat.

"Now, grandmother," said Jack, "aren't you glad I sold the cow to the jolly, fat man?"

"Indeed I am," she said, "and you are the dearest boy in all the land!" Then she kissed Jack on both cheeks, and they lived happily ever afterward.

"I guess that is why beans that grow so high over people's porches are called 'Jack beans,'" said the kindergarten teacher, "anyway, when

we see them we will think of the dear little Jack in the story. Now, let us take a walk around our garden beds and see how our plants are doing."

The Pea-Pods

Tuesday

WELL, of course the plants in the children's garden beds did not come up and grow as-quickly as Jack's wonderful bean vine did, but it wasn't many days before they began to sprout, and the children found their tiny heads popping up here and there, everywhere all over the beds, saying "Good-morning" to one another, and taking their first peep at the world—and when they did begin to grow, my! how they did grow! It looked as if they were running a race to see which could grow fastest. The pea vines seemed to be ahead, for in a few days the children had to prop sticks for them to climb on, and every day was a busy day. You would see the little gardeners at work every morning before kindergarten, some sweeping and raking the walks, some with bright water-pots sprinkling, and some pulling little weeds away from the roots of their precious plant babies. Even the little earth worms did not forget to help, too—the kindergarten teacher found one crawling across her bed, and she said, "Oh, here is a little earth-worm come to work on my garden bed!"

And then all the children crowded round to see, and Charlotte Anne said, "Oh, I wish I had a little earth-worm to help work on my garden bed."

And then Joe-Boy said, "Oh, I wish I had a little earth-worm to work on my garden bed."

And then every one of those kindergarten children said, "Oh, I wish I had a little earth-worm to work on my garden bed!"

And then the kindergarten teacher laughed and said, "I guess somebody would like to borrow my little earth-worm, but I can not lend him today—see, he has almost gone down beneath the ground. Maybe he will tell the other earth-worms, and I am sure they will be glad to help."

I really believe he did tell them, too, because the plants grew faster and faster, and one morning, only think, the pea vines had little white blossoms on them, and oh, the children were so happy! Joe-Boy tried to count his, but he couldn't, there were so many, and some of the

other children tried, too. A few mornings after that, Charlotte Anne ran out to her garden bed and found, and found—her pretty white pea blossoms scattered on the ground, and before she knew it there were tears all in her eyes, and she said, "Oh, somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms, and they are lying on the ground!"

And then Joe-Boy ran to his bed, and he said, "Oh, oh, oh! somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms and they are lying on the ground!"

And then the other children ran to their beds, and each said, too, "Oh, somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms, and they are lying on the ground!"

Then the kindergarten teacher came hurrying out to see, and she said the very same thing!—"Somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms, and they are lying on the ground! And I know who has been pulling them, too!"

And then she laughed so merrily, that the children laughed, too, and said, "Who? Who? Who?"

Do you know who pulled those pretty white pea blossoms? Then, I shall have to tell you—the pea vines pulled those pretty white pea blossoms and scattered them on the ground—that's who pulled them. And when the kindergarten children heard, they said, "Oh-o! what for?"

And the kindergarten teacher said, "You just wait a few days, then you'll see. These pea vines are large enough to be little mothers now, and by and by they will show you something else growing, right where the little blossoms dropped off—something that I think you will like very much better."

So the children watched and watched and watched, and sure enough, one morning Charlotte Anne came skipping in and said, "Run, run and see! My pea vines have sure enough little green pea pods growing right where the blossoms dropped off!"

And then when all the children had looked, Joe-Boy jumped up and down and said, "Oh, oh, mine, too! mine, too! And there are little baby peas growing inside!"

And then everybody else found some—even the kindergarten teacher—and everybody was saying at the very same time, "Mine, too! Mine, too!"

The Garden Party

Wednesday

NOW, the pea pods grew fatter and fatter and fatter each day, until the little round peas inside were almost ready to pop out of their skins, and the kindergarten teacher said, "Don't you think it is about time for that party?"

Then everybody's eyes shone very bright, and everybody's lips smiled and smiled, and everybody said at the very same time, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Well, I think so, too," said the kindergarten teacher, "so we will walk around the garden and see if we have enough vegetables ready for the party."

And if you had gone with them, and listened like the faries, you would have heard the little fat peas say, whenever the children looked at them:

"Come, come, come pull me,
We're ready for the party,
Don't you see?"

Then the radishes peeped up from the brown earth, their red cheeks wet with dew, and they said, too:

"Come, come, come pull me,
We're ready for the party,
Don't you see?"

And right by their side curled the crisp, green lettuce, with their leaves so fresh and sweet, and they said, too:

"Come, come, come pull me,
We're ready for the party,
Don't you see?"

So you see all of them seemed ready for the party, and the kindergarten teacher said, "I am sorry it is too early for our flowers to bloom, for they, too, would like to help us make a happy garden party. But they need a longer time to grow, you know, so we will have to go to the woods and hunt for wildflowers."

"Right now?" said Joe-Boy.

"Yes, right now," smiled the kindergarten teacher, "for we shall want the party room to look very beautiful when Father and Mother Gipsy come."

And then they tripped off through the woods, and saw so many pretty things on the way. They crossed a log that made a pretty bridge across the clear brook that was singing its spring-time song, and ferns and grasses and white rocks and new leaves, and tiny fishes and happy birds—all singing about the glad new spring. And then the flowers!—dogwood blossoms all in white and yellow, and purple violets, and yellow buttercups, and sweet honeysuckle, and mountain laurel in clouds of pink! Oh, there were so many in bloom, and everyone came back laden down with the beautiful blossoms, and they decorated the kindergarten until it looked almost like the woods, with flowers, flowers everywhere.

"Now, we will write the invitations," said the kindergarten teacher, "and then it will be time to run home to lunch."

So she wrote the note, telling Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy to come to the kindergarten the next day at eleven—but she did not tell them why—because the party was to be a surprise, you know. Mother and Father Gipsy smiled and smiled and smiled when they read the invitation, and Joe-Boy jumped up and down, as he always did when he was too happy to keep still.

"Why, of course we will come!" said Father Gipsy, "I just wonder what is going to happen at kindergarten tomorrow morning, anyway?"

But Joe-Boy did not tell, though I do believe he placed his hand over his lips—he wouldn't tell, not for anything. I don't know which child got to the kindergarten first, the party day, but all of them got there very much sooner than ever before, and the kindergarten teacher gave each child a basket or a tray, and they went into the garden to gather vegetables. They pulled the radishes first, and washed them clean until their red cheeks glowed, and then they pulled the lettuce next and washed it clean and put it in dishes of cool, fresh water. And then came the time for the little fat peas—but they did not pull all, because some must be left for seeds, you know, and when they were dry, they would be ready to be gathered and put away to plant another year. All good gardeners remember to save some seeds. But dear me, there were more than a plenty for the soup, I can tell you, and when they were pulled, the children had the jolliest time, sitting in the grass shelling them from the little pod cradles, and then they followed the kindergarten teacher into the kitchen and helped to make that soup

themselves! Now, what do you think of that? And they put water in it and milk and salt and pepper and butter—and everybody tasted it to see when it was just right, and at last when it was all finished they carried it to the table where the other good things were—that steaming hot soup with peas floating round in it! And there was a bowl for everybody, too—and radishes and lettuce and crackers—for there were the twenty-one places all fixed, and two extra ones, and right at that very minute, the door bell rang, and though the children were standing behind their chairs, they couldn't keep still, but kept whispering, "They've come! They've come! Oh, goody, goody, they've come!"

And sure enough, in walked Father and Mother Gipsy! And they were so surprised they did not know what to say, when they saw that fine, steaming hot soup, with peas floating round, and that lettuce, and the rosy radishes, and the beautiful wildflowers on the party table and everywhere. And when they sat down to the table and began to eat, why, they said it was the most delicious soup they ever had tasted, and Father Gipsy said he could hardly believe those peas and radishes and lettuce came out of those garden beds that he and Prince Charming fixed! But they did, didn't they? Of course, they did!

So the party lasted until the twelve o'clock whistle blew, and then everybody went home, carrying a bunch of flowers as souvenirs of the party. Do you know what a souvenir is?

The Red, Red Nasturtium

Thursday

AFTER the garden party, the children's plants grew faster than ever, and in a very short time they began to find buds on the nasturtiums that bloomed into beautiful blossoms of red, orange, yellow and striped. By and by the petunias and the phlox shook out their gay dresses, and the garden grew brighter and brighter as the days went on, while the children grew busier and busier caring for them. Every day fresh flowers were pulled for the kindergarten vase, or given to sick people, or carried home, and still there were many left growing on the plants. Sometimes the children would spin their color tops to see how many tints and shades they could find among the bright blossoms and then they would take their water colors and paint them—to look at when the real flowers were gone.

"Now is the time to watch for seed pockets, too," said the kindergarten teacher. "We will make our seed boxes early this year, one for each kind of plant; and when we find a flower that has dropped its pretty skirt, but holds tight to a little green knob, why, we will know that is the cradle where the seed babies sleep—snugly tucked away—and when the pocket turns quite brown, the seeds are ripe, and the mother plant will be glad to have us pull them and take care of them to plant some other time."

Did you ever look for any little brown seed pockets? Well, it is great fun—so these children thought—and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne and all the others could tell as well when they were ripe enough to pull. They watched very closely and whenever they saw the petunias or the nasturtiums roll up their pretty skirts, why, they would watch closer than ever, so they might pull the seeds before Mr. Wind did. You see, they could take better care of them than he could. But there was one red, red nasturtium that had a sad time about her seed pocket. I must tell you about it.

One night the moon looked down and saw her crying softly to herself, and sent a moonbeam fairy down to see what was the matter. And when the moonbeam fairy hurried down on her silver wings, and asked the Red, Red Nasturtium why she wasn't happy, she said, "Because I don't know how to get my seeds ripe. I've made a nice little seed pocket for them, but the children who always come to the garden beds, shade their heads when they come to me, and will not pull my seeds—they say my seed pocket is so green, they know the seed babies are not ripe enough to put in their boxes—and I don't know how to get them ripe."

"Why," said the moonbeam fairy, "haven't you any golden dust?"

"Yes," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, "I have plenty of golden dust."

"Well, then," he said, "why don't you send some across to the yellow nasturtium, and ask her to send you some of hers in return—I'm sure she will be glad to send you some—then sprinkle her dust over your seeds, and they will soon grow ripe and brown. All flowers do that to ripen their seeds."

"But I don't know how to send my golden dust to the yellow nasturtium," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, "nobody will carry it for me."

"Why, where are your friends the bees and butterflies? Don't they ever come to see you? They will carry your golden dust, I am sure."

"But the bees and the butterflies don't come to see me," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, bending her head low.

"Well, that's very queer," said the moonbeam fairy, "maybe you have forgotten to give them any nectar juice—have you?"

And then the Red, Red Nasturtium hung her pretty head lower still and said, "I have nectar juice, but I keep it all for myself, and when the bees came I told them I did not have any to spare. I wanted it all myself."

"Well, well, well!" said the moonbeam fairy, sadly, "whoever heard of a sweet, beautiful flower, keeping all of her nectar juice for her own self, and not giving a drop to her friends, the butterflies and bees—most dreadful! Why, how can you ever expect the bees to carry your golden dust for you, and bring you more from the yellow nasturtium, unless you are kind enough to give them a few drops of nectar juice for their baby bees in the hive? How could they even make honey for the children, if none of the flowers gave away their nectar juice? Everybody helps in this beautiful world, you know—even flowers, my dear."

And then the Red, Red Nasturtium hung her head lower and lower in the moonlight—she felt so very sorry that she had kept all of her nectar juice and had not given even a drop for the bees to make honey for their babies or for the merry children who had planted her, and helped her to grow.

"What shall I do," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, "I am afraid the bees won't come now?"

"Oh, yes they will," smiled the moonbeam fairy; "I'll take my tiny silver pencil and draw a few lines on your two back petals, leading right to the nectar juice, and you can just tell the bees to follow that road and they will find something nice at the end."

Then the moonbeam fairy and the Red, Red Nasturtium laughed merrily together, and while the moonbeam fairy was drawing the lines, the Red, Red Nasturtium said, "Oh, oh, you tickle!"

And then they laughed again.

The next morning the Red, Red Nasturtium was the very first

flower to wake, and she looked so happy and bright, I wish you could have seen her. She was singing a soft little song—

“Come this way, come this way,
I'll give sweet nectar to all today;
Come, come, come this way,
Butterflies and bees so gay.”

Just at that very minute a busy bee buzzed by, and the Red, Red Nasturtium called out quickly:

“Come here, Mr. Bee, do you see these lines drawn on my two back petals? Just follow them, and they will lead you to something nice.”

“I believe I will,” said Mr. Bee; “I wonder what it is.”

So he crawled slowly along the lines that the moonbeam fairy had drawn, and sure enough they led right to the little nectar jar of the Red, Red Nasturtium, and he found the nicest, sweetest juice.

“Take all you wish,” said the Red, Red Nasturtium, “I hope it will make nice honey.”

“That it will,” said Mr. Bee; “it is the nicest I have ever tasted, and if you will just sprinkle a little of your golden dust over my wings, I will take it over to the other nasturtiums and bring you back some of theirs—isn't that what flowers like bees to do?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the Red, Red Nasturtium, “you see, that is the way we ripen our seed, and I would be so glad to have you help me.”

“Well,” said Mr. Bee, “I have some gold powder with me right now, from the yellow nasturtium—we bees gather it for bee bread, but if it will do you any good, you shall have it.”

So he sprinkled it over the Red, Red Nasturtium, and she sprinkled some of hers over him, and then out he crawled, and away he buzzed. You know what the Red, Red Nasturtium did just as soon as he had left, too. She carried all of the golden powder that Mr. Bee dropped on her pistil, down, down, and sprinkled it over her dear baby seeds. Then she sang her pretty song again, dancing back and forth in the sunlight:

“Come this way, come this way,
I'll give sweet nectar to all today;
Come, come, come this way,
Butterflies and bees so gay.”

And as she finished the verse, a pretty white butterfly stopped by her side, and the Red, Red Nasturtium said, "Good morning, pretty butterfly; follow those fairy lines on my petals, reach down and you will find something nice."

"Thank you," said the white butterfly, "I was just looking for some nectar—and here is some golden dust for you—I got it from another nasturtium across the way."

So all the day the Red, Red Nasturtium called to the bees and butterflies, and many of them came to see her, sipping her nectar juice, and giving her golden dust from other flowers in return, which she carefully sprinkled over her precious seed babies. By and by, they began to change, and grow large and brown, and then the Red, Red Nasturtium dropped her beautiful skirt—because she knew her seeds were ripe, and she wished the children to gather them. I think Joe-Boy was the very little boy who gathered them, too, because the Red, Red Nasturtium grew on his bed. The next time you have a nasturtium, look for the fairy lines that lead to the sweet nectar juice—all nasturtiums have them now.

The Lady Petunia's Story

Friday

IT was at night, long after the children slept, that the flowers did their talking. If you had only been there, late one moonlight night, you would have heard the Lady Petunia, all dressed in white, tell such a wonderful story that even the dewdrops nestled among her leaves to listen. "Once-upon-a-time," she said, "when the world was new, all flowers were white, and none wore the beautiful colored dresses like what you see these days. The queen of the flowers was an exquisite white rose. She grew in the center of the garden, and grouped around her were flowers of every kind—pinks, nasturtiums, poppies, dahlias, lilacs, hyacinths, phlox, daisies, daffodils—and, oh, every kind—but all like the queen were dressed in pure white."

"They loved the rose queen, because it was she who had taught them all of the wonderful secrets about a flower. She had shown them how to send out their slender roots under the ground for something to eat, and how to carry it up the stalks to the leaves, and she had shown them how to make the wonderful golden dust, and even how to make the little seed pockets, with the wee baby seeds tucked inside—

but they were green, and the rose queen did not know how to get them brown and ripe. Of course you know; but then, you were not there to tell her. So, for many days the rose queen bowed her head and wondered and wondered about it. What should she do? It would be too bad if the baby seeds of none of the plants would ever ripen—by and by there would be no flowers left growing in the beautiful garden—no seeds ever to plant. So you see that was enough to make her sorrowful.

“At last, one day, she said to a little breeze who was fanning her softly, ‘Say, little breeze, couldn’t you tell me how flowers ripen their seeds?’

“‘I know how trees ripen their seeds,’ said the little breeze; ‘they exchange their golden dust with one another—I have often helped the wind blow it from one tree to another. Maybe that is the way for flowers to ripen their seeds, too. I would help you if I could, but when the wind blows it is so rough and strong, I am sure it would blow the dainty flower cups all to pieces—why don’t you ask the bees to help you—or the moths and butterflies—they would be the very ones to help you out of your trouble, and carry your gold dust to and fro.’ Then the little breeze flew away. Now, the rose queen had often seen the bees and butterflies flitting through the garden, but they never came near any of the flowers, so how could she ask them to carry their golden dust from flower to flower?

“‘I must get a message to the bees somehow,’ she said; ‘what could I do to make them stop?’

“And then a happy smile came to her face, and she said, ‘Oh, I know, I guess bees like good things to eat, so we will all make sweet nectar juice and tuck it away down in our flower cups, and then the bees will be sure to come to us for it, and we can ask them to carry our dust to and fro.’

“But though all of the flowers made the sweetest nectar juice, none of the bees stopped to get it, and the beautiful rose queen was more sorrowful than ever.

“‘I’ll tell you,’ said the little breeze, when he came back, ‘you flowers are all white, and the bees can not see white; you will have to put out little signal flags of red, violet and blue and other bright colors, and then the bees will be sure to see you, and when they come and taste the sweet nectar you have made for them, why, they will keep

on coming, and then while they eat, you can tell them about your golden dust, and when you have sprinkled it over their wings, they will be only too glad to carry it to and fro for you.'

" 'But where am I to get any little red and blue and violet flags?—I haven't any,' asked the rose queen.

" 'Why, the sunbeam fairies will bring you every color of the rainbow,' said the merry little breeze, and then he flew away. Then the rose queen called to the very next sunbeam fairy that danced that way, and asked if he would bring them the bright colored flags, and the dear little sunbeam fairy smiled and said: 'I haven't any flags to bring you, but I can bring you beautiful dresses to wear, in all the colors of the rainbow—so bright and gay that the bees will be sure to see them.'

"So, he left the rose queen very happy, and hurried off to the sun, and when he came back many other sunbeam fairies came with him—and, oh, the beautiful, beautiful dresses they did bring! Flowers were decked in red and pink and yellow and blue and violet and orange and stripes, and tints and shades of every color in the rainbow, and the rose queen's cheeks were flushed with a delicate pink when she thanked the sunbeam fairies. They had hardly gotten away when the butterflies and bees came fluttering to the flowers and visited everyone. They tasted the sweet nectar juice, breathed their delicate perfume, and hurried on to other flowers, carrying the precious golden dust on their wings. From day to day, the seed babies ripened, until they were large and brown, and the heart of the rose queen was made very glad. So now you know why the flowers wear bright colored dresses. A few of them still wear white in memory of the fair rose queen, but the bees have learned that they ever keep sweet nectar for them, and visit them just the same. Some flowers bloom only at night when the bees have gone to bed—they wear white, too, but the little gray moths that flit about in the starlight, know how sweet they smell, and go to them often, sipping their nectar and carrying the golden dust from flower to flower—and that is the end of my story," said the Lady Petunia.

Program for Nineteenth Week—Flower Life

Jack's Beanstalk

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Children reproduce the story of "Peggy

Rose." Each observe closely the bean that was placed in water, and the one in the egg shell.

Game Period: Plant Jack bean under the kindergarten window.

Gift: Modeling, Jack's cow.

Occupation: Drawing, Jack's Beanstalk.

The Pea-Pods

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story first. Have you looked at your garden beds this morning? Are any of the seeds awake and growing yet? Which ones? Did you see any earth-worms?

Game and Gift Period: Observe growth of garden. Look for earth-worms. Gather brush and sort for pea vines, ready for use when needed.

Occupation: Water color, pea pods.

The Garden Party

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story first. Lucy has brought us a surprise this morning. If you will close your eyes, and hold out your hands, Lucy may give you something, and see if your fingers can tell you what her surprise is. (Peas from market, one pod to each child.)

Game: Sense, Feeling. Shell peas for cooking.

Gift Period: Fold salt cellars, and make other necessary preparations for the party.

Occupation: Serve the lunch.

The Red, Red Nasturtium

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Anne may pass to each child one of these nasturtiums. Now, let's each look into our flower and tell what we see. Yes, mine has pretty lines on one side, too. Yes, they do look something like paths. What do you suppose they lead to and who walks there?

Game: Dramatize story.

Gift Period: Select nasturtium seed from the seed boxes and go to garden and plant same.

Occupation: Cutting or water color picture of nasturtium.

The Lady Petunia's Story

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Some child who knows what helps flowers to make seed may show us what she is thinking about by the way she comes over to this petunia I hold in my hand. (Many hands are held up.) Susie may be the first one. Children, can you tell what she is thinking of? A butterfly? Archie may show us a bee.

Game: Play bees and butterflies in garden.

Gift Period: Modeling. Flower pot (to be burned in kiln if possible, that it may afterwards hold plant).

Occupation: Cutting. White flower; color with crayon or paint.

Twentieth Week—Flower Life

Baby Dandelion

Monday

BABY DANDELION grew on Joe-Boy's garden bed, and nobody knew how she got there. At first, Joe-Boy thought she was a little weed, and was just about to pull it up—root and all—when the kindergarten teacher said, "Wait, I think I see a tiny green bud."

And sure enough, when they had looked closer, nestling close to the earth was a soft green baby bud, and Joe-Boy said, "Oh, maybe it wants to bloom."

And the next day, just as if the little bud had heard, you could see tiny bits of yellow shining through, and the stem grew taller and taller and taller, and by and by the pretty baby dandelion burst forth into glorious bloom, wearing her golden crown, that every dandelion wears so gracefully. She nodded to all the flowers around her in the garden beds, called to the sunbeams and the breezes, and waved to the singing birds—all day she liked to play, when the sun was bright, but on

cloudy days and late at night she closed up her bright yellow blossoms and went to sleep. Baby Dandelion heard the flowers wondering where she came from, and she laughed with glee—because they could not tell.

"Ho, ho, ho," said Baby Dandelion, swaying in the sun, "I know! I know! I know! Baby Dandelion knows where she came from—ho! ho!"

"And where *did* you come from, you pretty Baby Dandelion?" said a sunbeam fairy.

"The children did not plant you, I am very sure; I heard them say so."

"No, no, no," laughed Baby Dandelion, shaking her head, "the children did not plant me, the birds did not plant me—you must guess who planted me."

But the sunbeam fairy guessed and guessed, but he could not tell—could you? Then, I will tell you—at least, what Baby Dandelion told the sunbeam.

"One day," she said, "when I was very, very small—only a little brown seed—I lived with my mother by the woods. She grew on a sunny bank, and her root was large and strong, and traveled very, very deep into the earth, hunting food for me. I had white wings then, beautiful wings, and oh, so many little brothers and sisters—and they all had white wings, too. We longed to fly away, but our mother held us tight, and would not let us go—because she said it wasn't time. She told us we were little seeds, that some day when we were quite ripe we would fly away and leave her—that we should take a long nap, that we should sleep beneath the ground, but that we should wake again, and should wear a golden crown, if we were brave and grew our very best. So, after that, I longed more than ever to fly away—I wanted to see more of the world before I went to sleep—but still, my mother said:

"'Wait, there is a time for all things.' One day a little girl came into the woods; her hands were full of wild flowers, and when she saw my mother's silver crown of children, she stooped low on the bank, and said: 'Tell me, Lady Dandelion, what time it is?' Then she puffed out her cheeks and blew, counting between each puff—one, two, three, four. And then she laughed and I heard her say, 'It is four o'clock—thank you, Lady Dandelion.' Then off she tripped, and when I looked around, every one of my white winged sisters had flown away;

I could see them flying merrily through the air, and I alone held close to my mother's hand. I missed them very much, and kept wishing the little girl would come again and puff me away—I longed so to fly. She did not come, but some one else did," laughed Baby Dandelion. "I knew they would, because my mother said so. It was a swift little breeze, and when he saw me, he said gaily, 'Ho, ho, ho, Baby Dandelion!—you little white-winged seed. Are you left all alone? Come, go with me for a frolic.'

"Then with a great strong puff-f—stronger than the little girl's—he carried me high in the air, and spreading out my white wings I sailed away with him! Oh, it was very fine—I felt like going forever—over fields and hills and meadows and fences; but by and by, the breeze said merrily, 'We've traveled far enough now, little seed; I believe I will plant you here in the children's garden. Go to sleep, and when you awake grow your very best, and some day you will wear a golden crown'—just what my mother told me, too.

"So the next thing I knew, I fell gently to the ground, and I was so very, very tired, why, I went to sleep on the spot, and I must have slept a long, long time. But now—oh, I am wide awake! And see my golden crown. Isn't it pretty? The children tell me so; and the little boy with brown eyes, who so often jumps up and down, says I belong to him. He says some day I will wear a silver crown, like the one my mother wore—I hope I shall, and that I shall have many brown seed children, with white wings—just as my mother had. Do you think I shall?"

"Yes," said the sunbeam fairy, "if you keep on growing your very best, your golden crown will most certainly change to a silver crown——

"Goldenlocks to silverlocks,
Silverlocks to gold—
So the change is going on
Every year, I'm told."

Well, that is just what happened to Baby Dandelion—her golden crown was changed to a silver crown, because Joe-Boy saw it, and he said, "Tomorrow I shall gather the little white-winged seeds."

But only guess, the next day when he went to get them, why, there were not any—Baby Dandelion was bald-headed! Now what do you think of that?

"Ho, ho, ho! little black-eyed boy," she said, "you are too late! The wind came for my seeds, with their pretty white wings, early this morning and carried them off for a frolic—they are so fond of flying!"

And just then Joe-Boy looked up high, and what do you suppose he saw sailing above his head? One of Baby Dandelion's white-winged seeds!

Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy

Tuesday

DID you ever see a *real* little boy, who poked out his lips, and shook his head, and just would not have his face washed in the morning?

Well, there was a little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy who grew in the kindergarten yard that did that way, every single morning, when the dew fairies came to wash his face. He bobbed his head down so low that even the smallest dew fairy could not get to him to wash it! And the butterflies told him he'd better look out; and the bluebirds told him he'd better look out; and Mr. Bumble-Bee told him he'd better look out; but that little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy only shook his head and said, "I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!"

"What a pity; he will be sure to dry up," said the butterflies.

"And his cheeks will turn brown," said the bluebirds.

"And his leaves will shrivel up," said Mr. Bumble-Bee; "what a pity! What a pity!"

Now, as I told you, the little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy grew on the clover bed in the kindergarten yard, and, oh, the children used to have heaps of fun, playing out there in the shade. Some days they would hunt for four-leaf clovers—they are very hard to find, you know. If you don't, just try to find one and see, because nearly all of them have three leaves, and not four. So, the children were very proud when anybody found one, and down would go all the heads in a ring to see it. And the kindergarten teacher would say, "How fine, another four-leaf clover to press in our plant book—found by a pair of very sharp eyes."

And then everybody would smile, especially the one with very sharp eyes, and the little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy would watch them and wish they would find a four-leaf clover on his plant. But then I don't think one would be apt to grow on a clover plant, whose Rosy

Clover-Blossom-Boy, just would not let the dew fairies wash his face—do you?

One morning when the children came out to play, they seemed very happy indeed—they were singing and talking about a good, kind man who had lived many years ago, and who had loved little children so much that he made the first kindergarten for them across the sea in Germany. It was his birthday now, and that was why the children were singing about him so happily together.

"Let us gather the freshest, sweetest clover blossoms that we can find," said the kindergarten teacher; "we will make a beautiful clover chain of the blossoms he loved so well, and twine them around the picture of our Froebel, who thought so much about little children. We will do this on his birthday, because we love him so."

Then the merry children scattered in little groups over the clover bed and began making the birthday chain, which grew longer and longer and prettier and prettier as they busily worked away. Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy heard them talking and watched them working, and he hoped and hoped they would choose him for one of the blossoms in the pretty chain. But I do not think they would choose a clover blossom that had not had his face washed, do you? Well, anyway, Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy kept on watching and hoping—and one time he thought sure he was going to be chosen. A dear little blue-eyed girl, with sunny curls, ran over to the place where he was growing and began pulling the fresh, sweet clovers. Her face was very clean and white, and made the Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy think of a lily; and her dimpled hands were white and clean, too—so white that the Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy wished *his* were like hers. Just then she saw him, and reached out her hand, but she did not pull him for the chain—oh, no. She stopped right still and shook her sunny head, and said, "Oh-o! here is a little clover blossom that has not washed his face! He will never do for the birthday clover chain!"

And then she skipped away. Don't you know how dreadful that little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy felt! But what do you think he did the next morning when the dew fairies came around? Why, he held his head away back so they could wash his face real well, you know. And, oh! you can't tell how fresh and sweet he looked when they had finished. Don't you think it feels fine to have a fresh, clean face?

"See," said the Lady Petunia, as she peeped through a crack in the

fence, "little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy has a clean face—how fresh and sweet he looks."

Pretty Daisy-Fair

Wednesday

DAISY FAIR was a little country flower. She lived away out in Grandfather Ray's meadow, four miles from town. All daisies are pretty, you know, but Daisy Fair was very, very pretty, and everybody loved her. Maybe it was because she always wore a pretty hat, with a yellow crown and a white frill all around; maybe it was because she was always smiling; maybe it was because she always said kind things about everyone—I really do not know. Anyway, I know she was beautiful, and she had many, many friends—I guess you could name some of them; the rain, and the sun, and the bees, and the butterflies, and the wind and the birds. I believe it was the sun, though, that Daisy Fair loved best of all. Each morning she watched for him at the very peep of day; all day long she smiled up at his shining face, and at night she turned her head to the west, that she might catch the last glimpse of his golden light—then, when she could see him no more, she closed her pretty white petals and went to sleep. Now, the big road ran right by the side of Grandfather Ray's meadow, you know, and Daisy Fair often saw the carts and wagons and buggies going by to town, and by and by she began to wish she could go to town, too! So she asked the bees how far it was to town and if they could tell her how to get there.

The bees said, "Maybe the wind will blow you there as they do the dandelion seeds."

But Daisy Fair said, "No, I do not want just my seeds to go to town—I want to go there myself, root, stem and all!"

Then she asked the birds if they knew a way she could go, and the birds said, "We don't know why any flower wants to go to town, when she can live in the country—it is fresher and sweeter in the country. But if you really want to go, you can do as the cuckleburs do—just hitch yourself in the tail of a cow or horse. How would you like to go to town that way, Daisy Fair? You would get a fine ride!"

Then Daisy Fair threw back her head and laughed until the

white frill on her yellow hat shook all the way around, and she said, "No, no, no, you funny birds! I should not like to go to town hitched in a cow's tail, or any other tail, I am sure."

Then she asked the white butterflies, and they said, "There is a deep river, that runs from the country through the edge of town—we see many chips and leaves and seeds floating with it—the river would take you, we are sure."

"But then, how am I ever to get to the river, you see?" said Daisy Fair. But of course the white butterflies could not tell that, so Daisy Fair smiled and said, "I guess the birds are right, and the country is the best place for me. I will stay right here in the meadow with all my friends; the town couldn't be any better, I am sure."

Then Daisy Fair stopped thinking about the town and got so busy making her seeds, that she forgot everything else. But one day, who should scramble over the meadow bars but Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy, and they both saw Daisy Fair at the very same time, and both of them said at the very same time, "I claim her! I claim her! Oh, isn't she pretty in her yellow hat, with the white frill all around? Let's take her to town! Let's take her to town, and plant her in our garden! Oh, won't the children be glad!"

Then they knelt on the ground by her side and looked at her bright crown and her frill of pure white petals.

"Oh, I wonder, I just do wonder, if they are really going to carry me to town with them," said Daisy Fair to herself; "I think I should like to go with them."

And that is just what she did, for Charlotte Anne said, "Oh, wait a minute; let me run to the house for the little spade." And when she came back Grandmother Ray came too, and they dug Daisy Fair up carefully, with the brown earth clinging to her feet, and wrapped damp paper around her that she might not get hot and thirsty on the way to town. Then they climbed into the buggy and started down the big road, and *then* Daisy Fair knew she was going to town—root, stem and all! And she wore her pretty hat, with the yellow crown and the white frill all around—and it bobbed up and down all the way to town. They planted her in the garden bed, in the kindergarten teacher's garden bed—because they both saw her at the same time, you know—and the next morning, Daisy Fair looked as fresh as ever—just as if she had always lived in town, and she kept nodding her head to the

Lady Petunia, and to the Red, Red Nasturtiums, and to the gay phlox, with the star-like faces, and to little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy, with his fresh, clean face. The town flowers loved Daisy Fair, just as her country friends had; they thought she was very beautiful—especially her hat, with the yellow crown and the white frill all around.

Why the Sunflowers Hang Their Heads

Thursday

ONE night, soon after Daisy-Fair came to town, the moon was very, very bright, and of course you have not forgotten how much the flowers liked to hear stories on moonlight nights. So, when they asked the Lady Petunia to tell them one, she smiled and said, "I will tell you why the sunflowers hang their heads. Once-upon-a-time, when the earth mother was busy taking care of her seed children—long, long ago, when the world was very new—a redbird brought her two small brown seeds and told her to take good care of them. 'If they are brave seeds and grow their best, they shall have blossoms like the sun and almost as beautiful,' said the redbird, and then flew quickly away.

"Now the earth mother loved the sun, because he never failed to send the sunbeams to help her care for her seeds—he even drew water-drops from the rivers and made clouds of them, that the raindrops might help her, too; so she felt very glad that these two little seeds could bear blossoms that would look like the sun, and she covered them over very gently near the tall fence and left them to grow. Each day she whispered to them, 'Wake up, little seeds, wake and grow, higher and higher, to the top of the fence. Wake, wake and look first for the sun—your blossoms will be large and bright like him—wake, wake, I say.' By and by the sleeping seeds heard and stirred in their brown beds. 'Come,' said the little sister, 'don't you hear?'

"Now the little brother seed was very fat and very lazy—he wanted to sleep all the time, so when he heard the dear earth mother calling to him, he rubbed his eyes drowsily and said, 'I don't want to get up! I'm not going to try to grow; it's too much trouble to reach the top of the fence; I don't believe any plant can grow that high, and I don't believe we will have blossoms to look like the sun, either; no, I don't!'

" 'Why-y,' said the little sister seed, 'I believe what the dear earth mother says, and I am going to try my very best to grow—try, try, try, try—try to climb even higher than the fence! You try, too, little brother; there is always somebody to help, you know'—

" 'We'll help!' said the sunbeams.

" 'We'll help!' said the raindrops.

" 'We'll help!' said the dewdrops.

"So, you see, all were ready to do their part, if the little brother seed would only try. But he would not; he just turned over in his soft bed and lay right still, night and day, night and day, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping. But the little sister seed began at once to grow; she stretched her tiny roots down, and her tiny hand up, and pushed and pushed until she pushed right through the brown earth covering, into the light of the bright outside world—with the blue sky and sailing clouds overhead, and the grasses and flowers below. Then she remembered what the earth mother had told her about the sun, and just then he came from behind a gray cloud in all of his glorious splendor, and shone down on the little sister seed, making her feel warm and glad. 'Oh, you wonderful sun,' she said, 'to think that I, a little brown seed, will some day have a blossom to look like you! Oh, joy, joy, joy!'

"All day she kept her face turned to his golden light, and longed for her blossom which was to be like him, and she thought of the little brother seed asleep in the earth and felt so sorry that he, too, was not with her to see and grow. She kept calling to him as she climbed higher and higher:

" 'Come up, little brother, wake and grow; such beautiful things I see up here in the light! Come out of the dark and climb with me.'

"But the fat little brother seed would not, though she begged him so; he only stretched himself, and turned over for another nap, forgetting about his beautiful blossom and all. Higher and higher and higher against the tall fence climbed the dear little sister plant, reaching out her broad leaves for the sunbeams to flit across, and one morning she was so tall, why, she peeped right over the fence!

" 'We told you so!' said the sunbeams.

" 'We told you so!' chirped the birds.

" 'We told you so!' said the raindrops.

"But the little sister plant, though she had reached to the top of

the fence, did not stop trying, but grew still taller, as she kept watching the sun and thinking of the beautiful blossom which had been promised her—yellow and bright like the sun. By and by, a green bud came, growing larger and rounder each day, and again the little climbing sister seed whispered to the little fat brother under ground, begging him to come, but he would not try. Another bud came to the little sister—and another and another, until there were a cluster of buds tucked away in their green shawls, waiting for the time to open. Then, one happy, happy morning, when the flowers in the old garden waked, there stood the glorious sunflower plant, bearing high her cluster of wide-open blossoms—each one beautiful and yellow like the sun—but, though they often smiled at the sun, they kept their heads bowed towards the earth—watching for the little brother, calling for him to try. And so, today you see them still,” said the Lady Petunia, “ever bending, ever watching for the little brother who would not come.”

The Awakening of the Princess

Friday

OF course the flowers knew all about the Princess who was sleeping in her cradle in the kindergarten window. They had heard the children talk about her many times, as they worked on their garden beds, and they always said, “We do hope there will be fresh blossoms and plenty of sweet nectar juice when the Princess flies out—she has been sleeping such a long time!”

And so she had; but only that very morning, the kindergarten teacher had let the children hold the cocoon to their ears, and they could hear her stirring gently inside, so they knew it would not be very much longer before they really saw her.

“Oh, I hope the Princess will come to see me,” said little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy.

“And I hope she will come to see me,” said Daisy-Fair.

“I hope she will come to see me, too,” said the Red, Red, Nasturtium and the starry-eyed phlox.

“Perhaps she will come to see us all,” said the Lady Petunia, gently; “let us stop talking and get the nectar juice ready; we should not like the Princess to find us without any.”

Now, right close down by the front steps, grew little Miss Pansy,

and Violet-Blue, and little Johnny-Jump-Up, three little cousins, and they wanted to see the Princess very much, because they had seen butterflies, but they had never seen moths, and they wanted to see if they looked alike.

"Oh, me!" said little Miss Pansy, smoothing out her velvety skirt, "I do hope the Princess will come this way."

"But we are so very little," said Violet-Blue, "I am afraid she will never find us."

But Johnny-Jump-Up said, "Maybe she will see us, though; my stem is long and I will wave my yellow flag and then when she passes this way to the tall morning-glory vine, why, she will surely see the flag and stop."

Then little Miss Pansy and Violet-Blue and Johnny-Jump-Up—all three—made sweet nectar juice, and waited and waited for the Princess, just as the other flowers did. Early the next morning, very early, when the first sunbeam fairy peeped into the kindergarten window, what do you suppose she saw? Why, the Princess to be sure—and guess what color her wings were? A most beautiful golden brown, with black spots and scalloped all around. The sunbeam fairy almost lost her breath, they were so pretty. "I'm just in time," she said; "let me help you dry your wings, they are still damp."

"Thank you!" said the pretty moth Princess, "I haven't been awake very long, and did not know I had wings until just now. Aren't they beautiful? I thought I was a caterpillar and lived on a tree—it is all very queer. I don't quite understand, and——"

"Oh, never mind," smiled the sunbeam fairy. "No matter what you used to be, you are a moth now. Crawl over on this rose geranium, while I dry your wings off, and when the window is opened you can fly away. The flowers are waiting for you outside."

The pretty moth could hardly believe that she could really fly, but she crawled up on the rose geranium, as the sunbeam fairy told her, and that is just where the kindergarten teacher saw her when she came into the room an hour later. She smiled and smiled when she saw the Princess because she knew how happy the children would be, and she surprised them, too. She went out to the clover-bed, where they were playing, and said, "There is a little visitor in the kindergarten, who has come to see you. Let us tip-toe and see who it is."

And you see, not one of the children knew it was the Princess

until they were all in the room; and when they had looked and looked and did not see any little boy or girl, then Joe-Boy looked over on the geranium and began to jump up and down and say:-

"Oh, oh, oh!"—that was all he could say; and then the other children looked on the rose geranium, and then they knew, and they clapped their hands and said, "Oh, the Princess! the Princess! the Princess! the Princess has come to see us!"

And everybody was so very glad! They all peeped into the hollow of the empty cocoon where the pretty moth Princess had slept and then at her exquisite silken wings, and wondered how they could have grown.

"God knows," said the kindergarten teacher, "and now we will sing to her, and open the window and let her fly away into the wonderful world, where the flowers are waiting to give her something nice to drink—she surely must be hungry after such a long sleep."

"Maybe she doesn't know how to fly," said Charlotte Anne. But of course, you know she could. She stood in the open window a moment waving those pretty golden-brown wings over her head very slowly, and then the next thing they knew, the Princess was gone—out into the fresh, pure air. Of course you know where she went to—straight to the flower beds; but I can not tell you which flowers she stopped at first—maybe it was the little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy, because his face was so fresh and clean; maybe the Red, Red Nasturtium, or the Lady Petunia—I can not tell; I only know she flitted from flower to flower throughout the long day, sipping sweet nectar juice, and carrying golden dust from flower to flower. It was almost sundown, when little Miss Pansy sighed and said, "I am afraid the Princess has passed us by, and we shall not see her after all."

"Because we are so *very* small," said little Violet-Blue. "I've waved and waved my yellow flag," said little Johnny-Jump-Up; "I think she visited the blue morning-glories today, but she did not see us—I'll just wave it again."

So he waved and waved his yellow flag, and then something sailed lightly over their heads and dropped lower and lower and lower, until a pair of golden brown wings touched softly little Miss Pansy's cheeks—and there was the Princess, come to spend the night.

Program for Twentieth Week—Flower Life

Baby Dandelion

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Is there anything else you can think of that helps the flowers make seed except bees and butterflies? Have you ever seen it? Have you heard it? Have you felt it?

Song: "Down in the fields where the wild flowers grow."

Game Period: Go out to find dandelions.

Gift Period: Cutting (white circles for dandelions). Song: "Pretty Little Dandelion."

Occupation: Color the cut circles, prepared at gift work, with crayon or brush, and mount. (Draw stem and leaf.)

Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce "Baby Dandelion." Relate story for the day.

Song and game: "Clover Blossoms." "Dew Fairies."

Gift Period: Spend in yard or field gathering clovers and making chain for some little friend.

Occupation: Water color: Clover blossom.

Pretty Daisy-Fair

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce Clover Blossom story. Song and game: "The Daisy."

Gift: Sticks and beads for meadow-bars.

Occupation: "Daisy Grandmother." Mark face in center of daisy, remove part of white petals, leaving only sufficient to represent frilled cap.

Why the Sunflowers Hang Their Heads

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate story first. I see many little children here, who, from wee babies have grown taller and taller, and their faces look so glad. I wonder if any of them have little

brothers to help? I know of a dear little brother in our kindergarten whom I think we might teach to skip—and another whom we might help to march well. Let us try.

Game and songs: Selected by the children.

Gift: Fourth. Enlarged board fence, where sunflowers grew.

Occupation: Cut sunflowers, or fold basket in which to carry home sunflower seed to plant.

The Awakening of the Princess

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story. Which would you rather be, the Princess or Bluette? What color was "Bluette"? Where did she sleep? What kind of a cradle? When did she like best to fly? How did she hold her wings when sipping nectar? What kind of a cradle did the Princess have? When did she like best to fly?

Game: Caterpillar; its transformation to moth.

Gift: Modeling. Caterpillar, cocoon, moth.

Occupation: Folding, a moth. Or, water color Johnny-Jump-Up and Violet.

Twenty-first Week—Life History of the Bee

The Queen of the Bees

Monday

THE Queen of the bees, one day, took a notion she would like to go to housekeeping. So she said, "All you bees who would like to keep house with me, may follow me."

And then she flew and caught hold of the rotten apple on the apple tree in the kindergarten yard. And then a great swarm of bees said, "We will! We will! We'll keep house with you!"

And so they flew to the rotten apple, too, and when there wasn't any more room for them on the rotten apple, they just clung to each other's backs—until they looked like a big brown knot as large as your head—clinging to the rotten apple. And that is just where the kindergarten teacher and the children found them. But you know a rotten apple isn't any place to keep house, and the kindergarten teacher knew it, too, so she called to the hired man to bring the bee-hive quickly;

there was a swarm of bees that wanted to go to housekeeping. So the hired man came hurrying around the side of the yard with a bee-hive under his arm, and he opened it and held it right under that big brown knot of bees, and then the kindergarten teacher shook the rotten apple, and tumbled all of those bees right down into the bee-hive, and the Queen bee seemed very much pleased with her house, indeed. The children peeped through the little glass window and saw her crawling about, talking to the other bees. They could tell she was the Queen, because she did not look like the other bees; her body was longer and she had short wings.

"I am so glad we found them in time," said the kindergarten teacher, "because if some one had not brought the Queen a little house to live in, she would have flown away to the woods, and found a hollow tree, and maybe we could not have watched how she keeps house."

Well, the Queen bee certainly knew all about it, because she began to give orders right away, and all the bees listened to what she had to say, because they wanted to do just as she told them.

"Now," said the Queen bee, "first of all, I do not want any lazy bees in our house—everybody must work and keep busy in a bee-hive. I shall give each one of you your own special work, and I shall expect you to do it, and to do it well! You papa bees, there, hang yourselves up on the wall, and keep out of the way until I call you to go out visiting with me later."

Then when all of the papa bees had crawled up on the wall out of the way, the Queen said, "Now, part of you bees must be carpenters, and stop up any little cracks you find about the house; part of you must make wax for the honey-comb—you must make just as many little rooms as this house will hold, and all of them must be six-sided, you understand. I do not like four-sided rooms like people so often have. Part of the small bees must be my nurses to take care of the eggs and nurse the babies when they are hatched. Part of you must be chamber-maids and clean up the hive every morning; part of you must stand by the door and fan in fresh air if it gets too warm inside. Part of you must gather pollen dust from the flowers, so the nurses can make bread for the babies, and all of the others must gather nectar juice and make honey to store away for the winter time."

Well, by and by, when she had talked and talked, everybody knew just exactly what they had to do, and everybody went to work just as the Queen had told them to. The little carpenter bees crawled all over

the walls of the hive—over the top and down the sides—and sure enough they found some little cracks that the rain or the little robber ants might get through. So away they flew to the poplar trees and to the hollyhock plants, and gathered some of their sticky gum, to stop up the little cracks with—which they did so nicely that not even a drop of rain could get through. While the little carpenters were at work, the little wax workers were doing their part. Each one of them had eight little pockets full of wax, and they bit it and worked it and worked it, until it was just right; then they began the little six-sided wax rooms, by pasting a long bar of wax along the wall, and then another and another, with little halls between. When they had used up all of their wax, why they went out to the flowers and made some more from nectar juice, and when they had filled their pockets, they hurried back to the hive with it, to build more wax rooms. As soon as they would paste a bar of wax up, the little nurse bees came right behind them and helped to punch the little six-sided rooms—some for the Queen to lay her eggs in, some for the baby bees to sleep in, some for the bee bread and some for the honey—enough for the people and enough for themselves.

“Well, well,” said the Queen bee, “I am very glad to see you all are such busy, good workers. I thank you very much. Things are getting on so nicely, if the papa bees will go with me, I believe I will fly out in the fresh air a little bit; then when I get back, I must get to work myself—you know I said there must be no lazy bees in this house.”

So out she flew, and all of the papa bees with her, and they flew high up in the air and back again, and when they flew past the children's garden beds the Queen said: “See the pretty, pretty flowers—how could we ever keep house without them? I hope my bees will help them, and I hope they will help my bees.”

Do you know how bees help flowers? Well, do you know how flowers help bees?

The Queen's Eggs

Tuesday

AS soon as the Queen had gone out into the fresh air, the little workers in the hives said, “Let us work harder than ever, now that the Queen is away. Let us clean up the whole hive, fresh and clean, so when the Queen comes back she will find the house in good order.”

So every bee did his part, and cleaned and dusted and aired the hive, until it was as clean as clean could be, and when the Queen came in it made her very happy indeed to find that her bees knew how to be busy workers, even when she was away. But you need not think, just because she was a Queen, she did not do any work herself. Why, she did more work than anybody, and just as soon as some of the little wax rooms were ready the Queen began her work. And oh, the eggs that she did lay! Eggs and eggs and eggs—tiny little bluish white eggs, that you would never think were eggs at all—and yet there was a tiny baby asleep in every egg. Some days the Queen would lay two hundred of these little eggs—one in each little wax room—so you may know how busy she was, when she was the only one of the bees who knew how to lay eggs. That is why the other bees loved her so, and called her their Queen. It was the little nurses who took care of the eggs after the Queen laid them. They knew baby bees slept in the eggs, and as soon as they were hatched out, they would want something to eat. So they took very good care of the eggs, and in two or three days, wee baby bees came out of them, and they looked more like baby worms than anything else.

“Hurry, hurry,” said the little nurses to the worker bees; “some of our babies have hatched out, and are *very* hungry.”

So the little workers hurried away to the flowers and gathered some pollen dust and brought it to the nurses and they mixed some of the dust up with honey, and made bee bread, and fed the little babies until they grew fat and strong. Then, what do you think those baby bees did? They spun little silken cocoons round and round themselves, and went fast asleep, and the nurses shut them up in their little wax rooms, and hurried away to see if the Queen had laid any more eggs. How would you like to be a little baby and go to sleep and then when you waked up find yourself a grown up person? Well, that is just exactly what those baby bees did! While they were sleeping in their little wax rooms, they were growing and changing into bees, with strong wings; and as soon as they waked up, which was not very many days, why, they opened the little wax doors to their rooms and walked out into the hall, and as soon as the nurses saw them, they ran up to them and told them “good morning,” and gave them some honey to eat, and smoothed out their wings and said, “How glad we are that the Queen has another little child to work for her. Go out into the

flower garden and see how pretty everything is, and then you will find some work to do."

So all the little bees that were ready flew out of the hive, and I guess you know what they found to do. Well, the Queen bee kept on laying eggs day after day, until she had laid enough eggs for new worker bees, and new papa bees, and then she went into a queer little wax room, longer and larger than the others, and she laid a little egg in it, and went away. It was the most wonderful egg she had laid yet, and the little nurses hurried up quickly to care for it, for they knew it would never do to let anything happen to the Queen's wonderful egg. Now, what kind of a baby bee do you suppose was coming out of that egg? Why, a baby queen, to be sure, and the nurses said: "Let us feed this dear little baby queen on something better than bee bread. We will feed her on sweet jelly, and when she is grown up she will know how to lay eggs, as our own Queen Mother does."

So, sure enough, when the baby queen was hatched out, they gave her all the jelly she could eat, and when she grew sleepy and spun her silken cocoon the nurse bees watched the room where she slept, so they might be ready to go to her the very minute she waked up. The Queen laid two more of these wonderful eggs, and then every day she would ask the nurse how they were getting on, and how long it would be before the first baby queen would be awake. She was very, very anxious to know when she would come out of the little wax room.

"We are sure she will be out by tomorrow," said the little nurses; "we listened near her door today, and she was singing softly to herself."

"That is a sure sign that she is ready to come out," said the Queen. "Now go and tell all of the bees to come to me; I wish to tell them something."

So all of the nurse bees and the carpenter bees and the soldier bees and the housemaid bees and the worker bees who gathered the pollen and nectar, came crowding around the Queen to hear what she had to tell them.

"I just wanted to say," said the Queen, with a smile, "that our house is getting too small for us; and some of our household must leave. I have laid so many many eggs that our home is quite full of bees, and tomorrow a new Queen comes out of her room. Even if we were not so crowded, it is never best for two Mother Queens to live in the same home; so I will fly away today and find another home and

leave this one for the new Queen. Those who wish may go with me, and the others may stay here to show the new Queen what good house-keepers you are."

"Suppose you fly away, and the new Queen does not wake up?" said one of the papa bees; "what would we do then? We could not live without a Queen to show us how."

"I have laid more than one Queen egg," said the Queen, "so I am sure there will be another one to take my place. But remember, if both of them wake, only one of them must stay in this hive. The other will fly away, as I shall do, and begin a new home. And now, I must say good-bye. You have all been good to me, and worked hard, and I thank you very much. Those who have chosen to go with me may fly up on the wall, that I may see how many there are."

Well, if you could have seen how many there were, you would have known how much those bees loved their old Queen—almost all of them wanted to go—but the Queen smiled and said, "That will do now; we must not forget our new Queen, you know."

And then, as the day was bright and warm, every one said good-bye, and one by one followed the Queen out of the hive, to hunt for a new home. If you had been one of those bees, which would you have done—stayed with the new Queen or flown away with the old Queen?

Busy-Wings

Wednesday

IT was after the new Queen came out and began to keep house in the hive, that Busy-Wings was hatched. He was the dearest little bee that I ever knew, and just as soon as he came out of his little wax room and found that he was a grown up bee with wings, he ran up to the nurse and said, "Do tell me something to do! I want to work."

The nurse stroked his wings and gave him some bee bread to eat, and then she said: "I believe I shall have to name you Busy-Wings, because you love to work, and wanted some to do just the minute you got out of your cradle. What kind of work would you like to do?—nurse the babies or clean up or fan in fresh air or be a soldier to take care of the Queen, or gather nectar for honey and wax or pollen dust for the bee bread?"

And Busy-Wings thought a minute and then he said—you guess

what he said—he said, “I would rather go out among the flowers and gather nectar and pollen to make bee bread for the babies.”

“Very well,” said the nurse, “you may begin right now! Slip through that little outside door there and you will be in the yard. You will find some tiny baskets on your hind legs to put the pollen dust in, and the little pocket by your throat is for the nectar juice. Be sure you bring the things right to me, when you come in. I need some very fresh for the youngest baby; hurry, and be sure to be kind to the flowers, and also carry some pollen dust for them, from flower to flower.”

“All right,” said little Busy-Wings, and then he slipped through the door of the hive, very happy because he was going away to work. When he first got outside, though, he almost forgot to work, he was so busy looking at things, for you must remember he had never seen the beautiful outside world before, and as he looked he kept saying over and over:

“Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty
Oh, how pretty
Everything is!”

Then he smelled something very sweet, and he saw many bright colors, and Busy-Wings said, “Those must be the flowers the nurse told me about, and I will get to work.”

So he bobbed into the red nasturtium and got some nectar juice and then he bobbed into a pink phlox and got some nectar, and then he bobbed to the clover bed and got some more nectar, and he bobbed to the morning-glories and got pollen dust, and then he bobbed to the petunias and got some pollen dust, and he got some more from the daisies. Then when he had filled his baskets quite full of pollen dust and had filled his pocket full of nectar juice, he flew quickly back to the hive and carried it to the nurse, as she had told him.

“Let me see,” said the nurse, “pocket and baskets all full! Why, you have been a real busy little bee. But let me taste it before I give it to the babies, to be sure it is all right.” And when she had tasted some—a wee little bit—right on the very end of her tongue, why, she made a most dreadful face, and screwed up her mouth and said, “Perfectly h-o-r-r-i-d! My dear, it tastes like all kinds of flowers mixed

up together! Where did you get it? I could never give this to the babies!"

And Busy-Wings said, "Why, I got it out of the flowers. I went to the nasturtiums and to the phlox and to the daisies and to the clover, and——"

And then the nurse threw back her head and laughed and laughed; she could not help it, and she said, "Why, of course, the honey tastes bitter, my dear! It was all my fault, though, and I should have told you to go only to one kind of flower each trip—if you go to the clover blossoms first, don't gather nectar juice from any other flowers but *clovers*, until you come to the hive and empty your sack. Then the next trip you may choose some other flower."

"Oh, yes," said Busy-Wings, nodding his head, "I know now. Of course, it isn't best to mix up so many kinds of nectar; I'll try again."

"That is the way," said the nurse, "go empty that out in the yard, and bring me some more for the babies, and when you come back we will see if I can guess where you got it."

Busy-Wings thought that would be great fun; he thought he could fool the nurse, and she couldn't tell *where* he got his nectar juice, so he flew quickly away and emptied his pocket and basket. He was just wondering which flower to go to, when he saw little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy, and his face looked so fresh and clean, Busy-Wings flew right straight down to him, and got some of the sweetest nectar juice, and then he flew around to the other clovers on the bed, and filled his pocket right full, and hurried back to the nurse.

"Now," said Busy-Wings, "guess where I got it?"

"All right," laughed the nurse; "wait until I taste it." So she took some on the end of her tongue and tasted and tasted, and then she said, "Perfect-ly d-e-l-i-c-i-o-u-s! It came from the clover blossoms! Just the very thing for the babies!"

Then Busy-Wings laughed and laughed—he was so surprised that the nurse could tell where he had gotten it, and he was so very glad, too, that it was perfectly delicious. Then the nurse helped him empty his pocket and baskets, and Busy-Wings watched while she mixed honey and pollen dust, and made the bee-bread for the babies.

"Now, I think I shall go and get another kind," said Busy-Wings; "I want to see if you can guess again."

So he did; and he chose the petunias that trip, and Joe-Boy saw him flitting from one petunia to another, singing,

“Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty,
Oh, how pretty,
Everything is!”

Busy-Wings in Prison

Thursday

“**W**HO will go and bring me my breakfast?” said the young Queen, early one morning. “I wish it fresh from the flowers, while the dew fairies are washing their faces.”

“I! I! I!” said little Busy-Wings, “I will go and bring it! I can fly very swiftly!”

“Very well,” said the Queen, “I will thank you, but remember, I do not like *mixed* honey—it does not taste so well.”

But of course, you know Busy-Wings better than that—he would not bring his dear Mother Queen mixed up honey, because he loved her so. Glad to work for her, he hurried away, and little Miss Pansy and Violet Blue and Johnny-Jump-Up heard him buzzing by the porch as he sang his little song:

“Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty,
Oh, how pretty,
Everything is!”

But he did not stop as he passed; only nodding “Good morning” as he flitted about the morning-glory vines. He knew honey made from their nectar juice was very delicate and sweet—just the thing for the Queen’s breakfast. So he buzzed in and out among the fresh morning-glories—first the blue and then the pink and then the white—until he had his nectar pocket almost full. There was one large morning-glory bluer than any of the others, and Busy-Wings said, “I’ll just fly in there before I go, and get the last sip, and then I will hurry home with the Queen’s breakfast.”

And so he did, but only think, just as he started to fly out, the blue morning-glory shut up tight, and there was Busy-Wings, shut up

in a blue bag, and though he tried and tried, he could not get out, and even got one of his legs hitched, too—and that was worse than ever! What should he do? Now, if you were tied up in a little blue bag and couldn't get out, what would *you* do? Would you cry? Busy-Wings did not cry, but oh! he felt most dreadful. He knew his Mother Queen was waiting for her breakfast that very minute and wondering what had become of him. He was afraid she would think he was a lazy bee, and you would not like any one to think *you* were lazy, I know; so little Busy-Wings worried and worried because he could not get out. The sun grew warmer and warmer, and I am sure it was almost dinner time when he heard the kindergarten teacher and the children coming around the walk by the porch. They were looking to see how the morning-glories were coming along with their seed pockets, and Charlotte Anne put her hand right on the very blue morning-glory that Busy-Wings was locked up in, and he was buzzing away inside, calling very softly:

“Please, oh, please, let me out,

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

Won't somebody please let me out?

Buzz, buzz, buzz!”

“Ouch!” said Charlotte Anne, “somebody's locked up in this blue morning-glory! It might bite, too.”

“Why, that sounds like a little bee,” said the kindergarten teacher. “Sure enough, he is locked up in this blue morning-glory! I guess he did not know that morning-glories shut up their doors as soon as the sun begins to get hot. Poor little fellow, we will turn him out.”

So the next thing Busy-Wings knew, somebody's kind hand turned him loose, and you know he was happy! Away he sailed home, just as quickly as he could go, and when the nurse saw him she said, “Why, Busy-Wings, where *have* you been? The Queen waited and waited for her breakfast and when you did not come she had to send another little bee off for her fresh nectar. Did you forget and stop to play?”

“No,” said Busy-Wings, “I do not play when I am working. I had gathered the Queen's nectar, and went into a big blue morning-glory for the last sip, when the morning-glory shut up tight and I just couldn't get out, though I tried ever so hard. But just now, while I was buzzing softly, asking some one to let me out, I heard some chil-

dren talking, and they came to where I was, and then I guess one of them turned me out, and, and, and——”

“You flew home as fast as you could!” said the nurse, with a merry laugh. The Queen heard everything Busy-Wings said, and she thought it was very funny, and she laughed, too, and then she said: “I shall have to excuse you this time, Busy-Wings, and I guess next time you will be more careful about going into flowers that shut you up in a bag. Come, let me see if you have any nectar left in your pocket for me—if it didn’t get here in time for breakfast, maybe it will do for my dinner.”

And it did, too, for when the Queen tasted it she said, “Thank you, my dear; it is perfectly delicious!” You know that pleased Busy-Wings.

Busy-Wings' Color Lesson

Friday

“O H-O!” said Joe-Boy the next morning, as he stood by the kindergarten window, “here is that very same little bee that was locked up yesterday in the blue morning-glory. I do believe it is!”

“Yes,” said the kindergarten teacher, “he certainly does look like that bee. He has come to see our rose-geranium—such a busy little fellow he seems to be—I guess his name is Busy-Wings. Anyway, we will claim him for our own, and have him for a pet—maybe he will come to see us every day.”

I do not know whether Busy-Wings heard what the kindergarten teacher said or not, but I know that he seemed to like the rose-geranium a great deal, and came to the window every morning to see it.

The children learned to love him very much, and said: “See, Busy-Wings has started to kindergarten; he comes every morning, just as we do.”

“Well,” said the kindergarten teacher, “if Busy-Wings has really started to kindergarten, and is coming every morning, I suppose he would like to learn something. Let us begin now and give him some color lessons—I am sure that is a very beautiful thing to learn about. What color shall we teach him first?”

“Red! Red!” said Joe-Boy, because he remembered that was the first color he had learned. So the kindergarten teacher got a pretty

piece of red glass, and put a drop of sugar water on it, and then placed the glass in the window where Busy-Wings would find it. By and by Busy-Wings came buzzing by and as soon as he saw the bright red color, he stopped, and crawled up on the glass and tasted the sugar water, and he liked it so well, why, he put it all in his honey pocket and took it home to the Queen. And when the Queen tasted it she liked it, too, and she said, "Where did you get it—not out of flowers?"

"No," said Busy-Wings, "I did not get it out of any flower; I found it on a red spot in the kindergarten window."

"Go and bring me some more," said the Queen; "it is nice."

So Busy-Wings hurried back to the window and lit right straight on the red glass, and there he found another drop of sugar water waiting for him. While he was filling up his honey pocket, the children were peeping at him, and they laughed so merrily, and said, "Busy-Wings knows red! He knows red! because he came right back to the red glass for his drop of sugar water."

"Tomorrow," said the kindergarten teacher, "we will teach him a harder lesson; we will teach him a new color, and see if he remembers red, too."

So, the next day, when the children came, they found the red glass washed clean, in the window, and close by was a blue glass, and on this blue glass there was a drop of fresh sugar water.

"We are going to April-fool Busy-Wings today," said the children. "Maybe we will and maybe won't," said the kindergarten teacher; "we will watch and see which glass he comes to this morning."

And while they were talking about it, who should come sailing by but Busy-Wings. When he started out to work, the very first thing he thought about was the nice sugar water he had found before on the red spot, and he wanted some more; so when he flew up to the window, guess where he lit? On the red glass! You should have heard those children clap! They were so proud of Busy-Wings because he remembered red. But Busy-Wings did not understand it because there was not any drop of sugar water waiting for him.

"Dear me," he said, "I am sure I found it on this very red spot yesterday—why isn't there any here now?"

And he crawled all over the glass and looked and looked, and then he crawled over on the blue glass, and there he found the nice drop of sugar water. He tasted it again, and thought it was so good

he would carry it to the Queen, so he filled up his honey pocket and flew to the hive. When the Queen tasted it, she said, "It is very, very good! You must have gotten it from the same red spot you saw yesterday."

"No," said Busy-Wings, "I did not get it from the red spot, but I went there to find it, and there wasn't any. So I found this on another spot—a blue spot—and it tastes just like the other."

"I like it very much," said the Queen; "go and bring me some more."

The children were watching for Busy-Wings; they wanted to see if he would go first to the red glass or if he would remember about the blue glass, and what do you guess? Why, he flew right straight to the blue glass, sure enough, and the kindergarten teacher said, "You see? Busy-Wings has really learned to tell blue from red! We are very proud of our little kindergarten bee. Next week we must teach him orange and yellow and green and violet—then Busy-Wings will know all of the rain-bow colors—and we will be very proud of him."

And while they were talking about him, Busy-Wings kept filling his honey pocket for the Queen, singing softly to himself:

"Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty,
Oh, how pretty,
Everything is!

Program for Twenty-first Week—Life History of the Bee

The Queen of the Bees

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What else, besides butterflies and moths, fly around the flowers for nectar juice? Do you know what the bees do with their nectar? Relate story.

Song and game: "Busy Bees."

Gift: Fifth. A third to each child; make hives and arrange in group.

Occupation: Fold, cut and paste, a bee-hive. Draw bees flying near.

The Queen's Eggs

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you think the Queen bee did any work? Shall I tell you what kind of work she did? Relate story.

Song and game: "Bees." Let the Queen bee remain in the hive, while the others gather nectar and pollen for baby bees.

Gift: Modeling cells for eggs. Use a flat piece of clay, and hexagonal pencil or stick to illustrate honey cells.

Occupation: Sewing. Outline hexagon. Large holes. Single zephyr.

Busy-Wings

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you watched bees gathering nectar? Do they go to many kinds of flowers, one directly after the other? Let us all watch closely and find out. Relate story.

Game: "Bees." In which the emphasis is placed on the activity of bees going to *one* kind of flower each trip.

Gift: Modeling bees (enlarged); the Queen, worker, drone. Illustrate difference in form.

Occupation: Drawing. A picture of Busy-Wings, in a garden of flowers.

Busy-Wings in Prison

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show morning-glories, both open and closed. When do morning-glories close? Let us watch ours and see. Story.

Game: A play in which Busy-Wings is caught in the morning-glory.

Gift: Tablets, picture flowers which close and some which do not.

Occupation: Cutting or color work. Morning-glory.

Busy-Wings' Color Lesson

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: You remember who let Busy-Wings out of prison, don't you? Guess where he went the next morning.

He went to the kindergarten to get nectar from the rose-geranium growing in the window. When the children saw him, they thought they would teach him about colors, and I will tell you about it.

Song and game: "Bees."

Gift: Fifth. Build kindergarten with window sill, where the geranium grew. Use second gift, bead cylinders, for pots.

Occupation: Modeling, flower pots.

Twenty-second Week—Life History of Ants

Bright-Eyes

Monday

WHEN Busy-Wings flew out of the hive to go to work one morning, he saw a long, long string of tiny red ants, marching in a row, one behind the other. There were mother ants and father ants and nurse ants and soldier ants and other working ants.

"Where are you going, in such a long line?" asked Busy-Wings.

"We are hunting a new home," said one of the soldier ants. "We had a beautiful home out in the woods, but yesterday a little boy poured a whole dipperful of water right down our front door, and it ran all over the halls and into the pantry and nursery and ruined our eggs and drowned our babies, and we just got out in time to save our lives."

"My, my, my," said Busy-Wings, "I didn't know little boys ever did that kind of thing—I am very sure the little boys in this yard wouldn't. Why don't you dig your home over there by the edge of the

clover bed? But I hope you will never crawl up into our hive, because you are so little you might get mixed up in our honey."

"Oh, we wouldn't do that," said the ants. "So we will go to work right now, and make our home before it rains—we ants do not like to get wet."

Then the little ants began to dig a tiny, round hole in the ground; and one little ant dug out a grain of sand, and another little ant dug out a grain of sand, and another little ant dug out a grain of sand, and another little ant dug out a grain of sand, and another little ant dug out a grain of sand, and another little ant dug out a grain of sand! And so they worked all day long, and when night came they had a very nice little round door, that led into a narrow winding hall. The next morning Busy-Wings saw them hard at work again, digging out little grains of sand, and they told him they were making the pantry, then, to store away cake crumbs and biscuit crumbs and nut crumbs and grains of sugar, and other nice things to eat during the cold winter time when the frost and snow were on the ground.

"Well, sir!" said Busy-Wings, "that is just the way the bees do, because there are no flowers in the winter time to give us nectar juice for our honey."

When the ants finished their pantry, then they began digging out bed-rooms for the big ants to sleep in, and last of all, they dug out a nice big room for the nursery, where the baby ants were to stay, and then they told Busy-Wings they were ready to begin housekeeping.

"Why, why," said Busy-Wings, "your little round door is so very small, I'm afraid I can never come down to see your babies, because I couldn't squeeze through such a tiny door, you know."

"Our door is plenty large enough for little people like us," said the ants; "but when you come to see us, just buzz at the door and we will hear and come out."

Now in Busy-Wings' house there was only one Queen Mother to lay eggs, you know, but in the ants' home there were many, many little mothers to lay eggs, and many, many little ant babies that hatched out of the eggs—so many babies, that the red ants said, "We shall have to send off and get us some little black servants to help us take care of our babies and home."

So ten of the big, red soldier ants marched away, and when they

came back each one brought a little black baby ant, and then they went back and brought some more until they had a great many; and the other red ants fed the little black babies every day, until they were grown up, and able to go out and help them gather crumbs, and clean up and nurse the babies and keep house, and milk the cows—but I must tell you about that later. One of the little black servants was named Bright Eyes—the dearest little black ant that ever was—and the red ants loved her very much, because she was such a bright, good little servant, and always tried to do her best. It was Bright-Eyes who always watched closely for the tiny eggs as soon as the red ant mothers laid them; and quickly picking up the wee, wee, wee eggs she would carry them to the nursery and watch over them until the little ant babies hatched out. Then she and the other nurses would carry the babies up through the little round door, to get the sunshine and fresh air—which made them grow so fast. But nursing the babies was not all that Bright-Eyes did—that was only one thing—all day long she was kept busy waiting on the red ants, and they would say, “Bright-Eyes, won’t you do this?” and “Bright-Eyes, won’t you do that?” and “Bright-Eyes, won’t you do the other thing?” until her busy feet were kept going from morning until night. Sometimes she would be out all day long hunting something good for the red ants to eat, and if she found a crumb of cake that some little child had dropped, why, she did not eat it herself, but tugged and tugged and tugged, until she got it through the little round door, and down the long winding halls, and to the red ants’ pantry, where she put it away for their dinner. One day while Bright-Eyes was out she found a piece of candy—quite a big piece—too large for Bright-Eyes to carry in by herself, and what do you suppose she did? She hurried home and told the red ants about it, and they came out to see—another and another and another—and they all gathered round the piece of candy and broke it into many tiny little pieces, and then Bright-Eyes took a piece ever so much bigger than she was, and each one of the other ants took up a piece, and away they carried it off to their pantry, to keep for the winter time. Now, don’t you think Bright-Eyes was a dear little servant?

The Red Ants' Cows

Tuesday

I MUSTN'T forget to tell you how Bright-Eyes milked the cows—not truly, truly cows like what we have, of course, with great big horns—but ant cows, I mean, tiny little green cows that you may find any day, crawling on the rose bushes and sucking nectar from their blossoms. Bright-Eyes found a rosebush one day with ever so many green cows on it, and when she told the red ants about it, they said, "How fine! Just the thing for the babies! We found those cows, so we will have them for our very own; the rosebush shall be our cow pasture, and we will keep some of our soldier ants there to watch it, and keep other ants from milking our cows."

So, ever after that, they called the rosebush their cow pasture, and each day they sent Bright-Eyes out to milk the little green cows—only they did not call it milk; they called it honey-dew—and the red ants and their babies thought there was nothing in the world quite so nice as honey-dew from their own little green cows. When Bright-Eyes milked she would go up to one of the little cows and pat it gently on the head and stroke its sides, and the little cow was always glad to give her a drop of sweet honey-dew. Then she would go to another little cow, and do the same thing over again, and that little cow would give her a drop of honey-dew, too, and so on and on she would go until she had milked all the cows. Then Bright-Eyes would hurry home, through the little round hole in the ground, and carry the sweet honey-dew milk to the red ants and to the red ants' wee, wee babies.

One morning while Bright-Eyes was milking the cows, though, a big brown ant crawled up the stem of the rosebush and began milking the cows. And Bright-Eyes said, "Please do not milk our cows; this pasture belongs to the red ants, who live close by, and my mistress needs all of the honey-dew milk for her babies."

And the big brown ant was not very polite, I know, because he spoke crossly to Bright-Eyes and said, "I shall not go away! I shan't! I shan't! These are my cows now, and I shall drive them home and milk them every day! I shall! I shall!"

Bright-Eyes knew they were not his cows, so she said, "You have forgotten; I found these cows, and they belong to my mistress, who is one of the red ants. You must not drive them away, so please go away."

"I won't, I won't, I won't!" said the big brown ant, "I'm going to drive these cows home with me, and if you don't get out of my way, I'll thump you!"

But that big brown ant was talking too smart, for the red soldier ants heard him saying ugly things to Bright-Eyes, and they went marching up the rosebush pasture to see about it; and when the big brown ant saw them coming, what do you think he did? Ran away, just as hard as he could go! And Bright-Eyes never saw him any more.

It was just then that Busy-Wings flew to the rosebush to see if the roses had any nectar for the queen, and if they wanted some of the pollen dust sprinkled over his wings and in his two baskets. Of course, Busy-Wings saw Bright-Eyes milking the cows and he thought it was very funny.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" asked Busy-Wings. And when he heard that her name was Bright-Eyes, and that she lived down in the little round hole near the edge of the clover patch, Busy-Wings said, "Why-y! I thought, I thought the red ants lived there! I'm sure they do; because I saw them dig up the grains of sand and make their queer, round door."

"Well, I live there, too," said Bright-Eyes, "I am their little servant, and they have had me ever since I was a little baby—they brought me away from my home before I was hatched out."

"Well, well!" said Busy-Wings, "that is very queer! I think black ants ought to live with black ants, and red ants ought to live with red ants, don't you?"

"It does seem that way," said Bright-Eyes, "but then they say I belong to them, and am their little servant, so I try to be the best servant that I know how to be and that keeps me happy."

"Well, if you'd really rather live with black ants," said Busy-Wings, "I know where a great family of them live. If you will crawl up on my back I will carry you there in a very little while."

"No, no, no," said Bright-Eyes, "of course I would like to go, but maybe it wouldn't be right, you see. My mistress sent me to milk the cows and she is waiting for me; the babies need me to feed and bathe them, too; and the eggs must be carried out to the sun, and brought back again before the sun goes down; and oh, there is ever so much work waiting for me to do—indeed, I do not know what

the red ants would do without me. And now, I have finished my milking, and I must go; good-by."

So little Bright-Eyes crawled quickly down the rosebush stem and hurried to the queer round door of the red ants' home, and crawled through the long winding passage and gave the sweet honey-dew milk to her mistress to drink.

"Now, carry me to my bed," said the red ant, "I do not feel very well today, and can not walk, because I am too tired."

She was a great deal larger and heavier than Bright-Eyes was, but that did not make any difference; Bright-Eyes lifted her gently up and carried her off to her bed.

"Now, hurry and look after the babies," said the red ant, "and be sure to give the eggs a sunning, and clean up the nursery, and keep everything very quiet while I rest."

Then dear little Bright-Eyes hurried away to do as her mistress said, and—which do you love more, the red ant mistress, or little Bright-Eyes?

Bright-Eyes and The Nut

Wednesday

THE kindergarten teacher and the children found the little home near the edge of the clover bed, where the red ants lived—Joe-Boy saw Bright-Eyes and the other little black servants working for the red ants, too, and nursing their babies and sunning their eggs. Charlotte Anne saved the crumbs from her lunch cake, and scattered them on the ground, and she said, "These crumbs are just for Bright-Eyes."

But the kindergarten teacher said she did not believe Bright-Eyes would eat the crumbs herself—she would run and tell the red ants about them first. And that is the very thing she did; for as soon as Bright-Eyes found the cake crumbs she picked up a small piece and hurried through the little round hole with it, and I'm sure she must have shown it to the red ants, and told them how much there was, for when she came back some of the red ants came with her, and all of them began carrying the cake crumbs down to their pantry, and they did not rest until every crumb had been moved.

"See how strong Bright-Eyes is," said the kindergarten teacher, "I believe she carries the biggest load of all! She isn't lazy, and that

is very sure. Watch and let me show you how very strong ants are. Yonder comes Bright-Eyes with her last load; we will stop up the little round door to her home, and see what she will do."

So the kindergarten teacher found a walnut, and covered over the little round door, so there wasn't a crack to be seen, and all of the children stood very still and watched. By and by Bright-Eyes came up with her load, and when she saw the little round door stopped up, she did not know what to think. So she put down her cake crumb and crawled all around the walnut, and over it, to be sure she was not wrong in believing that should be the place for the door.

"Well, well," said Bright-Eyes, "this is very queer! I came through this door just a few minutes ago, and it was open—now it is shut up with a big black mountain! I do not understand it. Who could have been so unkind as to stop up this door when I am so busy carrying cake in for my mistress? I'll just see what I can do to move it."

So little Bright-Eyes crawled all around the nut and pushed, and crawled on top and pushed and tugged, but she could not budge it the least little bit.

"Look, look!" said Charlotte Anne, "she is going off to tell the other ants."

"And to get them to help," said the kindergarten teacher. "Bright-Eyes knows many together can do what one alone can not. Watch, you will see her go up and stroke another ant with her feelers—that is the way she talks, you know."

Sure enough, Bright-Eyes did not stop until she had told many of the other ants about their little round door being stopped up, and they all hurried back with her to see.

"Now," said Bright-Eyes, "I told you so! Don't you see? Our door is stopped up—isn't it a shame! But never mind, we will move it; come and help."

"Yes, we will all push together," said the other ants,—"everyone do his best, and we will move it!"

So Bright-Eyes and the other black ants and the red ants crowded close together around the nut, and then they pushed and tugged and pulled, and Joe-Boy said, "Oh, I saw it move a little! I saw it move a little!" And Bright-Eyes said, "I feel it move a little—push harder still. It is moving again; push, push!"

And then, what do you think? Yes, so slowly but so surely the nut was pushed from the little round door, and the brave little ants did not even stop to rest, but hurried away to their work. And the kindergarten teacher and Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy and all the other children clapped their hands and said, "Hurrah for Bright-Eyes and the ants!"

"We will never stop up your little round door any more," said the kindergarten teacher,—“we only wanted to see how very strong you were, and how gladly you worked together. Will you forgive us?"

I don't know what the ants said, but I know Bright-Eyes would have said "yes" if she had known how; but she was too busy even to stop to talk, and slipped quickly through the little round door with her crumb of cake, and I guess you know where she carried it. When Joe-Boy went home that day he carried a most beautiful picture of a nut, a little round hole in the ground, and many, many ants. One of the ants had a cake crumb in its mouth—could you guess her name?

The Ants' Bridge

Thursday

BRIGHT-EYES thought a great deal about the family of black ants Busy-Wings had told her about; she wondered and wondered about them and wished she might go and see them.

"These red ants are kind to me," said Bright-Eyes to herself, "but I would rather live with black ants, because I am a black ant. I believe, like Busy-Wings, that red ants ought to live together, and black ants ought to live together—maybe those very black ants he told me about are my own brothers and sisters, and maybe mother is there, too. I should like very much to see them, if they are."

But, of course, Bright-Eyes knew that the red ants would not like to have her go. They had sent their red soldier ants to get her when she was a tiny baby—just to be their little black servant—and they had never let her go away.

"Well," said Bright-Eyes, "I must not worry about it, but keep on being the very best little servant that I know how to be, and things will come out all right—at least I shall be happy, because I try to do my best."

Early the next morning Bright-Eyes' mistress called her and said,

"I should like the nurses to take the babies in the woods today. The sun is so warm and bright it will do them good, so go right away and spend the day—unless it gets cloudy; then hurry home, because I do not want the babies to get wet, you know."

Then Bright-Eyes told the other nurses, and they bathed and fed the babies well, and hurried through the little round door out into the sunshine; and if you had been watching that day, why, you most surely would have seen Bright-Eyes carrying a big fat ant baby—almost as large as she was. Sometimes she would put the baby down on the ground and rest; but she never left it even for a minute,—because it would never do to let anything happen to the red ant's baby. The nurses went into the woods, a long way from the little round door, and crawled on and on and on and on. They even crawled over a little gully, with white sand on the bottom, and rested there and ate their lunch, and then crawled up the little ridge and farther and farther into the woods. They were having a fine time, but all at once it got very cloudy, and Bright-Eyes said to the other nurses, "Hurry! hurry! it is going to rain, and we must get the babies home before they get wet!"

But though the nurses hurried their very best, the merry raindrops came pattering down, and they had to hide under a log to keep the babies dry. It did not rain very long, though, and as soon as the sun came out each little nurse picked up her baby and away they went, trying to get home before another shower. By and by they came to the very same little gully, that they had passed in the early morning; but now, instead of the pretty white sand, the bottom was covered with water.

"Dear me," said the little nurses, "what shall we do now, and how shall we ever get across this water with the babies! We shall be sure to fall in if we try."

What would *you* do, if you came to a stream of water and wanted to get across?

Well, I'll tell you what Bright-Eyes did. The other nurses said, "We can't get across this big water, and we are not going to try! We haven't any boat!"

"Oh, yes," said Bright-Eyes, "let us try to get across anyway. We haven't any little boat, it is true, but maybe we can make a bridge that will reach across the water. And just as we moved the

big nut away from our little round door, by working all together, so we can make a bridge across the water. One of us will stay with the babies and watch them, and the rest of us must catch hands and stretch out across the water until we reach the other side. None of us can fall, because we will all be holding hands. That will make the finest kind of an ant bridge, and then the nurse who has been left on this side can walk across the bridge and bring the babies."

Well, all of the nurses said they were willing to catch hands and help make the bridge, but not one of them would stay behind and take care of the babies, and then bring them safely across the bridge—all of them said they were afraid to do that, because they might tumble in the water, and let the babies fall, too.

There was one little ant that said she would do it whether she was afraid or not, because the night was coming, and the red ants would be worried about their babies. You know the name of that brave little ant without my telling you. So all the other nurses put their babies down by Bright-Eyes, and then they all caught hands and reached out across the water, floating about until the end ant caught on a little blade of grass on the other side—she held tightly to it and the bridge was all ready.

"Hold tight!" said Bright-Eyes, "here I come with my mistress' baby!" So she crawled across so carefully, and she didn't fall either. And then she went back and brought over another baby; and then she went back again and brought over another baby—and another, and another, and another, until she had brought every baby safely across. Then she helped pull the nurses over, and everybody picked up a baby and away they went. And Mrs. Red-Ant was standing at the little round door waiting for them when they got home, and when she saw Bright-Eyes and the other nurses and heard about the little bridge they had made, why, she was very proud indeed, and said they were very, very smart little servants.

What do you think about it?

The Red Ants' Secret

Friday

SOMETHING nice was going to happen to Bright-Eyes. It was a secret, and only the red ants knew it—no one else. They were talking about it one day, while Bright-Eyes was out milking, and they said, "Yes, let us do something for Bright-Eyes that will make her

very, very happy! She has always been such a good, true servant ever since we have had her. She never frets nor grumbles about her work, nor speaks crossly to any one. She cares for the eggs in the nursery, she takes care of the babies and bathes and feeds them as soon as they are hatched; she milks our cows and brings us sweet honey-dew to eat; she cleans up our house, and is never too tired to help anybody that needs her; she kept the brown ants from stealing our cows, and she brought our babies safely across the bridge when the other nurses were afraid to try—we shall never forget that. So, today, when Bright-Eyes comes in from her work, let us tell her that she may make any wish she chooses, and it shall be hers."

Now, wasn't that a fine secret for Bright-Eyes!

And what would you wish, if someone should tell you it would surely come true? Well, by and by Bright-Eyes came in, and when she heard about the secret it made her very happy indeed, and when the red ants said, "Now, Bright-Eyes, make your wish and let us hear," what do you think she said?

"Wait, and let me think a minute," said Bright-Eyes, "there are so very many things that I should like to have—and maybe the thing I should most wish to have, you would not like to give me."

"No," said the red ants, "do not be afraid; we will surely give you anything you ask."

Then Bright-Eyes said, "You have all been very kind to me ever since I can remember, and I love you; but I am a black ant, and I wish I could go and live with my own people, the black ants—the very same that you brought me from when I was a baby."

Well, that made the red ants very, very sorrowful indeed,—they did not think Bright-Eyes would make that wish. So the mother ants looked at the father ants, and the father ants looked at the mother ants, and they said, "What shall we do?"

"Do?" said the mother ants, "why, we must keep our promise, of course!"

"To be sure," said the father ants, "no one should break a promise, and though we shall hate very much to see Bright-Eyes leave us, still she must go if it is her wish." You may know that little Bright-Eyes was very happy when the red ants told her that she should have her wish, just as they had promised, and early the next morning when she said "Good-bye" to them, why, the red ants sent ten of their

strongest soldiers with her to show Bright-Eyes the very place where they had gotten her when she was a tiny baby. And they marched and marched and marched, such a long way, and at last the soldier ants stopped and pointed to a little round door in the ground, and said, "There is your truly true home, Bright-Eyes; we hope you will make it a happy home, as you did ours."

Then the red soldier ants went away, and little Bright-Eyes slipped through the round door, and when she passed down the winding halls, why, there were black ants, black ants, black ants everywhere—and not a single red ant—and only think, Bright-Eyes found her mother and father and sisters and brothers and aunts and uncles and more cousins than you could count! And they were all so very glad to see her, and Bright-Eyes lived happily ever afterward.

Bright-Eyes

Program for twenty-second week—Life History of Ants

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: You remember how Busy-Wings made friends with the kindergarten children? Well, the very next morning he made some new friends,—some wee, wee, wee little friends; and if you can not guess I shall just tell you about it. Relate story.

Song: "Once I Saw an Ant Hill."

Game: Let us walk in the garden and see if we can find Busy-Wings' little friends. Let us march in a long straight row as the ants can.

Gift: Use whole ring to represent ant-hole, and a line of lentils for ants. Connect with reproduction of the story.

Occupation: Drawing, illustrate the story.

The Red Ants' Cows

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What do babies drink? Bright-Eyes gave the ant babies milk, too, called honey-dew. And Bright-Eyes milked cows, too, for ants have cows. Would you like to hear how Bright-Eyes milked these queer little ant cows? (Story.)

Play period: A walk in the garden to observe ants.

Gift: Tiles. Place pegs to represent rosebushes, for the ant cows.

Occupation: Drawing. Rosebush. Use colored crayons to show green ant cows, black and brown ants.

Bright-Eyes and the Nut

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story.

An excursion to the woods to illustrate points in the story.

Let us work together as the ants do, and build a pretty playhouse.

Choose a place where a log or some obstruction must be removed through co-operation of many children. See that all the children help in the making of the playhouse; some collecting material, some building, and some making furniture to go within.

The Ants' Bridge

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: If you came to a stream of water which was too wide to jump over or too deep to wade through, what would you do? I will tell you what Bright-Eyes did, when she came to water which must be crossed. (Story.)

Game: A bridge over a stream.

Gift: Third and fourth. To one child the third, next child fourth, etc. Build a bridge, two children working together.

Occupation: Drawing. Illustrate the story.

The Red Ants' Secret

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Tell me all you can about Bright-Eyes. Which would you rather be, Bright-Eyes or the red ant mistress? Why do you suppose all the ants loved Bright-Eyes? Today I will tell you of a beautiful secret that happened to Bright-Eyes. (Relate story.)

Finger play: The ant hill.

Gift: Second gift, beads and sticks. Number lesson, soldiers grouped prismatically.

Occupation: Children choose some occupation to make gift for janitress.

Little Jimmy Lightning-Bug

Twenty-third week—Camping Trip (Climax)

Monday

A T night, when the sun was down, and the hired man had been plowing and chopping wood all day, he sometimes sat on the woodpile to rest a bit—and Joe-Boy would climb by his side to rest a bit, too, because he always helped the hired man, you know. And one time, when the hired man was sitting down he almost put his foot right on the top of a little round ant door, and Joe-Boy caught him by his leg as quickly, and said, "Oh, oh, put your foot in some other place, you might mash a baby!"

"Who? Which? What? Snake, did you say?" said the hired man, as he moved his foot in a hurry. But when Joe-Boy told him all about Bright-Eyes, and how hard she worked for the red ants, he said, "Well now, I declare! Who would have thought of that about an ant? Who told you, anyway? Where'd you learn it? Why, I'd take my hat off to any ant lady like that—every time I passed her!"

Then he kept on asking Joe-Boy about ants until he knew all about Bright-Eyes, and the hired man kept on saying over and over again, "Well, I do declare!"

Then Joe-Boy wanted the hired man to tell *him* a story,—did you know the hired man could tell stories?

"Well," said the hired man, "I'll tell you a tale about those little fire-flies you see bobbing along in the summer nights with their lanterns. Somehow, I always did like a fire-fly, because he carries a light along with him. Well, one night there was one of these little fellows named Jimmy Lightning-Bug, and he was playing around in Sally Waters' back yard,—making his little lantern shine and light up all the dark places. Now, Sally Waters was one of those little girls who did not have any more sense than to catch lightning-bugs and poke them down in glass bottles! So she caught little Jimmy Lightning-Bug and pushed him away down in a narrow-necked bottle, and played it was her lantern. It hurt Jimmy Lightning-Bug's leg most dreadfully when she pushed him down in the bottle, but of course he didn't cry—he just waited to see if Sally would not let him out. But when the supper bell rang, why, Sally Waters did not do a thing but set that bottle down on the steps and run into the house to eat her supper.

But while she was eating her supper Jimmy Lightning-Bug crawled up out of the bottle and crawled home, and told his mother about it. And when he got there he was so sick he had to go to bed, and he felt sicker and sicker, so Mrs. Lightning-Bug called Mr. Lightning-Bug and said:

“Go for the doctor,
Quick, quick, quick!
Little Jimmy Lightning-Bug
Is sick, sick, sick!”

So Mr. Lightning-Bug flew in a big hurry to Dr. Wasp's house—who lived in the top of the barn, and he knocked on the door, blim, blim, blim!

And Dr. Wasp said, “Who's there?” and Mr. Lightning-Bug said, “It's I; and

“Oh, Dr. Wasp, can't you come
Quick, quick?
Little Jimmy Lightning-Bug is
Sick, sick, sick!”

And Dr. Wasp said, “Just wait a minute and let me get my medicine chest.” And Mr. Lightning-Bug said,

“Don't bother about your lantern,
You can just follow me,
I brought mine along,
To show you how to see.”

So Dr. Wasp came out, and he and Mr. Lightning-Bug hurried on to see little Jimmy Lightning-Bug, who was so sick, sick, sick. “Where are your hurts?” said Dr. Wasp, when he got there. And little Jimmy Lightning-Bug said, “I hurt in my head and in my leg.”

And then he told Dr. Wasp about Sally Waters, who had caught him and pushed him in a bottle; and Dr. Wasp said, “Too bad! too bad! The idea of a little girl not having any more sense than to catch a lightning-bug and put him in a narrow-necked bottle! And now she has hurt your head, and nearly broke your leg—too bad, too bad! But never mind, maybe I can mend you up. I will wrap your leg up in wasp

paper, and give you some medicine out of my chest, and I hope your leg and your head will get better. Now, which would you rather take, Jimmy Lightning-Bug, red medicine or blue medicine or green medicine?"

And what do you think little Jimmy Lightning-Bug said? Red medicine! So Dr. Wasp gave him some red medicine for his head, and tied up his leg, and then he said, "There now, I think you will be better by morning, but let me tell you something—don't you ever play in Sally Waters' back yard any more!"

"And little Jimmy Lightning-Bug never did," said the hired man.

Greenie June-Bug

Tuesday

JOE-BOY liked the story about little Jimmy Lightning-Bug so much that he asked the hired man to please tell him another story. And the hired man said, "Well, maybe I *will* have time to tell you just one more, then I must be going on about my business. What shall I tell you about?"

"Do you know any more about Dr. Wasp?" asked Joe-Boy. "Oh, yes, indeed I do," said the hired man, crossing his legs and looking down to be sure his foot wasn't on the little round door of the ant home.

"Dr. Wasp was a mighty busy fellow; he was always buzzing around to see somebody that needed patching up. Now, there was little Greenie June-Bug—Sally Waters caught her, too—and what do you reckon she did? No, she didn't exactly put her in a narrow-necked bottle, but I'll tell you what she *did* do. Why, she tied a string to Greenie June-Bug's hind leg, just to hear her z-u-n-e! Yes, sir, that's all the sense Sally Waters had, and the worst thing about it was, that Greenie June-Bug was on her way to a party at the very minute that Sally Waters caught her and tied the string to her hind leg.

Now how would you like to be going to a party and have somebody catch you and tie you by your leg so tight you just couldn't go a step farther? Of course you wouldn't like it and neither should I, and maybe we'd kick a bit—you and I—but then it wouldn't do you any good if Sally Waters had you by the string, because, as I've told you,

she didn't have any more sense than to hold you all the tighter. The party was to be in the top of a big peach tree, where there was a fine rotten peach—it was rotten all about and all around, and if you don't know it, why, I might as well tell you that a June-Bug would rather eat rotten peach than ice cream. They think rotten peaches are especially fine, and are glad people do not like them, too,—because if they did, there might not be any left for them, you know. So little Greenie June-Bug kept thinking about the party all the time Sally Waters had her tied to the string z-u-n-ing around her head, and wishing and wishing for some of the nice rotten peach she knew all the other june-bugs were eating. But Sally kept her buzz, buzz, buzz, and a z-u-n-e, z-u-n-e, z-u-n-ing all around her head, and when she got tired of hearing her buzz, why, she wouldn't even turn her loose then, but tied little Greenie June-Bug to the fence post and ran off and left her! Now, wasn't that a shame? Well, Greenie June-Bug kept thinking about the party, and tried to get loose, but I guess she would have been there buzzing still, if it had not been for Sally Waters' little sister. She was very much smaller than Sally was, but she had sense enough to know that a June-Bug did not like to be tied by her leg to a post any more than you or I would, so she just cut the string and away flew Greenie June-Bug as happy as a queen, and humming as she flew,

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,

Oh, I thank you so!

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,

I'll never go there any more.”

Of course her leg hurt her dreadfully, where Sally Waters had cut it with the string, and she never did get to the party because she had to go straight to the doctor's shop, and Dr. Wasp said her leg never would be quite strong again, because it was cut so deep, but he tied it up the best he could and gave her some nice green medicine, and then he told Greenie June-Bug just the very same thing that he had told little Jimmie Lightning-Bug,

“Don't you ever play in Sally Waters' back yard any more, because she hasn't any sense!”

“And that's the end of my story,” said the hired man, “and I'm mighty powerful glad you've got more sense than to be putting light-

ning-bugs in narrow-necked bottles and tying June-Bugs by their legs to hear them buzz! Now, I must be going on about my business."

So the hired man put his ax on his shoulder, and then he took a *great big* step—so he would be sure and not step on the little round door of the ant home, and he smiled and said, "Goodness me, I wouldn't step on that little black lady with the bright eyes—not for anything!"

And wasn't he a kind hired man?

Vacation Time

Wednesday

THE very last day of kindergarten had come, and it was time for the summer vacation.

"I shall have a lonely time without my children," said the kindergarten teacher, "but I shall think about the happy time when you will come back to me again, at the close of the summer time."

"And what will become of our gardens?" said the children; "and who will gather the seeds? Who will sweep the walks? Who will keep the grass from crowding too close to little Pansy, Violet Blue and Johnny-Jump-Up? Who will scatter crumbs for Bright-Eyes, and teach Busy-Wings his color lessons, and watch on the leaves for moth and butterfly eggs, and tiny baby caterpillars?"

These were some of the things the children were wondering about on that last day of kindergarten, but the kindergarten teacher only smiled and said, "Why, all of us will not go away at the very same time, I guess, so those who stay at home will surely remember about our pretty garden and the pets, and come when they can to help care for them. But now, this last day must be our happiest day in kindergarten, so we will sing the songs we like best to sing, and play the games we like best to play, and do our very best work on the last page of our pretty souvenir books, that we are to carry home with us today."

I wish you could have seen those books—especially Joe-Boy's. It was one of the very prettiest ones, and he had made every page himself, and it was as neat as neat could be. He had made it to give to somebody that he loved very much—you know who that was—and there were pages of folding and cutting and drawing. I think the best part of the book was that every page made you think of a beautiful

story, because there was something on the page about the story that helped you to remember. There was one page about the Princess, and one page about Busy-Wings, and one page about Bright-Eyes, and one page about the Lady Petunia, and the Red, Red Nasturtium, and dear me, I couldn't begin to tell you all. Mother and Father Gipsy had heard all about the pretty books, and Joe-Boy had said that very morning, "Watch for me, mother, because when I come home I am going to bring you something very beautiful!"

So Mother Gipsy was sitting on the front steps with her sewing, waiting, when Joe-Boy came skipping and hopping down the street, with something under his arm—you know what?

Mother Gipsy smiled and smiled when she saw it, and she called Father Gipsy to come quickly and see what Joe-Boy had made for them. They all sat down on the steps together. They wanted to see in the pretty book so much they couldn't wait to go into the house, and when Mother Gipsy turned the pages Joe-Boy would say, "This page is yours and this page is father's, and this page is yours and this page is father's,"—all the way through until they came to the very end. And they were so busy looking that they did not hear the dinner-bell, and big, fat Betty came out on the porch to see why they didn't come to dinner. And Betty saw the book, too, and she said, "Hi! where's my page of that book, I'd just like to know?"

And Mother Gipsy laughed and said, "We couldn't spare you a page of this book, Betty, but Joe-Boy will make you one, I'm sure."

And he did, too—right after dinner he made Betty a page like the one she liked best, and then he made one for the hired man, too—a picture of Bright-Eyes, and the little round door of her home—because he knew how much the hired man liked to hear about Bright-Eyes, you know.

Why don't you make a book for somebody you love?

The Camping Trip (I)

Thursday

THE days grew warmer and warmer after kindergarten closed, and Charlotte Anne and her mother and many of the other children with their mothers had gone away to the country and the mountains and the seaside where it was cooler. So, one very, very warm

day Father Gipsy said, "It seems as if all the people are going away for a summer trip; let us go off somewhere on a trip, too."

"Yes, let's do, father," said Joe-Boy; "where? where?"

"Let's ask mother," said Father Gipsy, "and go where she wants to go."

"Well," laughed Mother Gipsy, in her merry, merry way, "if you go where I want to go, it will not be to the seaside nor the big springs where so many people like to go—nor even to the mountains—but to the deep, still woods that I have always loved so! I long for the smell of the sweet old pines, and the sight of hills and rocks and flowers and ferns and grasses all around; to be among them once more, for days and days, would be the summer trip for me."

"And I am sure that would be the very summer trip for Joe-Boy and me," said Father Gipsy, "so let us get ready and go."

"When? When, father? Right now?" asked Joe-Boy, jumping up and down and all around.

"Well, not this very minute," said Father Gipsy, "because we shall have to pack up and get things ready first, but we can start in a day or two, I think, and we will play that we are real gipsies again, and travel through the woods in the big surrey, and eat in the woods and sleep in the woods and play in the woods and ride and ride and ride and ride through the woods, until we get tired and wish to come home again."

"How fine," said Mother Gipsy, "I think that will be a perfectly grand summer trip, and we must begin to get ready for it right today. We will leave Betty here to take care of our dear little home, and all the flowers and pets—Pig-a-wee, Silverlocks, Prince Charming, Snowball, and all the others, and we will take Captain along to take care of us—won't that be a good plan?"

Well, I don't know which part of that trip Joe-Boy liked more, the getting ready part or the going part, but he began that very minute to help pack up, and in two or three days everything was ready, and early one morning, before the sun rose, Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy climbed into the surrey with the big shady top, and away they rolled through the big gates down the sandy road. And just guess what was rolled up and poking out of the end of the surrey, because it was too long to get inside of the surrey? Why, that very same old gipsy tent, mended and patched and almost as good as new!

Mother Gipsy said, of course they would need a tent on their camping trip, because it might rain, you know. And guess what else was poking out, too? Why, hammocks, of course! Aren't they fine beds to use in the woods? And guess what was hanging on a hoop at the back of the surrey? Why, a gipsy pot, to be sure! Don't you think they might want to boil some fresh eggs on that camping trip? And guess what was underneath the surrey seat, in a big picnic basket, covered over with snowy white linen towels? Why, the best thing of all—something nice to eat! Don't you know that on camping trips there must always be the best things to eat? Betty knew that! And so she cooked and cooked and cooked, more nice things, and filled that camping basket to the brim, and let Joe-Boy taste a wee bit of everything she made—just to see if it was nice enough to go, you know, and Joe-Boy was bobbing around Betty all the time, until Betty would laugh and say,

“Take your taste, and run, child, run,
If you don't I'll get no cooking done.”

Now, guess who was riding on the back seat of that surrey? Why, just two—Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy. Now guess who was sitting on the front seat, driving the big, fat mules? No, sir; I thought you couldn't guess! Why, it was the hired man, to be sure. Wouldn't Father Gipsy need somebody to help put up the tent, and swing the hammocks and make fires and feed the mules and hitch up and drive? Of course he would. Now guess one more time. Who was sitting right by the side of the hired man, telling him *how* to drive and helping to hold the reins? Why, yes, that was Joe-Boy; and his eyes were as big and bright, and he was so happy he couldn't sit very still and kept saying every little while, “Oh, oh, oh, I wish Charlotte Anne was here, to go off on our camping trip, too.”

And, last of all, see if you can guess who was trotting along in the road by the side of the buggy, splashing through branches and barking and wagging his shaggy tail? Yes, yes, yes, that was Dan, who was going to take care of everybody, and don't you know that was a happy, happy camping party trotting down the broad road that twisted through the green, cool woods? So they rode and rode and rode until the sun began to get too hot, and then they came to a pretty spring with

the coldest water bubbling from it, and Father Gipsy said, "My, I am just so hungry I don't know what to do! I wonder if Betty put anything to eat in that basket? We'll just stop and rest, while we see."

But you know how many nice things Betty had put in that basket, and Joe-Boy knew, too—sandwiches, and ham, and chicken, and biscuit, and crackers, and pickles, and cherry preserves, and jam, and icing cakes, and apples, and, and, and—Oh, everything nice you can think of! So, while Father Gipsy and the hired man unhitched the mules and gave them some oats and water, Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy fixed the picnic dinner, on a big flat rock down by the spring, and when Father Gipsy saw all those nice things to eat, he just ate and ate and ate! And he said it was the very nicest dinner that he had ever tasted, and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy and the hired man said so, too. After dinner, when everybody had rested, they climbed into the surrey and rode some more, until the sun went down, and then the hired man put up the tent and swung up the hammocks, and they all went to bed, while Captain lay down by the tent to watch and take care of things. You just ought to sleep in the woods one night if you want to find out how nice it is. Why, you can hear things there that you can not hear in the town.

While Joe-Boy was swinging in his hammock and lady moon and the stars were peeping at him, he could hear Mr. Owl away off in the woods calling,

"Who! Who! Who!
Who are you?"

And down by the water Mr. Frog sang out,

"Knee deep, knee deep!
Knee deep, in this pond!"

And high in the trees the crickets called out,

"Katy did! Katy didn't!
Katy did! Katy didn't!"

And the next morning when Joe-Boy waked up he thought it was all a dream, and couldn't believe that he was away off in the woods on a camping trip.

The Camping Trip (II)

Friday

THINK of riding through the pretty woods for days, and days, and days, and always finding pretty things! That is what Joe-Boy did on the camping trip. Sometimes the road was smooth and level, and sometimes it was rough and steep. When they came to a long hill, Father Gipsy would say, "Come, now is the time to walk," and he and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy would climb out of the surrey and leave only the hired man to ride up the hill.

Then one mule would say to the other mule, "How very kind of those people! We like to come on camping trips with them!"

It was while walking up the hills that Joe-Boy found so many pretty things. Why, he found so many different kinds of leaves that he and Mother Gipsy learned their names and pressed them in a book for the kindergarten teacher to see. There was the white-oak leaf, and the red-oak leaf, and the black-oak leaf, and the chestnut leaf, and the elm leaf, and the hickory leaf, and the sweetgum leaf, and the maple leaf, and the dogwood leaf, and the poplar leaf, and ever so many others that I do not remember. Often, while they were resting, Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy would play leaf games. She would place them on her lap and sing,

"Leaves of many kinds, you see,
In this ring upon my knee;
Shut your eyes and let us prove
If you can name the one I move."

And then when Joe-Boy guessed the name of the leaf Mother Gipsy would shut her eyes while they sang again and Joe-Boy moved a leaf to see if Mother Gipsy could tell its name. So, you see, they soon learned the names of a great many trees that way, and when Joe-Boy was quite sure he knew the name of a leaf, he pressed it in his camping trip book, and the book grew prettier and prettier every day. But leaves were not the only pretty things he found that could go in the book, for there were the ferns and grasses and wild flowers scattered up and down the hills, and they, too, had a place in the book. Another pretty thing he found was stones—a whole basket full for Charlotte Anne, and so

many different kinds. Some of them had square faces and some had oblong faces and some had faces like a triangle; some were rough and some were smooth, and some had silver specks and some had golden specks, and some were red and gray—all of them were pretty. The one that Joe-Boy liked best was as white and as smooth as a tiny egg. I wonder if you can guess where he found that rock, and what made it so very smooth and white? Why, in the water, of course. And how do you suppose Joe-Boy got the little stone out of the water? Why, he paddled in after the little stone, that's how! Splash! Splash! Splash! Joe-Boy went until the water got away up to his knees! Then Father Gipsy said, "My, that water looks so very cool and nice, I believe I'll go in paddling, too!"

And then Mother Gipsy said, "My, that water looks so very cool and nice, I believe I'll go in paddling, too!"

And then all of them pulled off their shoes and laughed and laughed as they went splash, splash, splashing into the cool water. And the little silver fishes said, "Don't step on us, Joe-Boy."

And the little pollywogs said, "Don't step on us, Joe-Boy."

Then the bushy-tail squirrel heard them splashing in the water and peeped at them from his hole in the tree, and the bunny rabbits heard them, too, and stood on their hind legs to see. And the little brown birds peeped from their nest in the bushes and saw them, too; and so did the spotted frogs, who hopped through the grass to see. And then Captain heard and barked and came splash, splash, splashing into the water to see, and oh, they had such fun!

"Come paddle up this way," said Father Gipsy; "here are berries ripe, hanging low over the water's edge, just ready for us to pick."

So, splash, splash, splash! went Mother Gipsy and Joe Boy and Captain all in a row, to pick the fine, ripe berries. Now, wasn't that a happy camping trip? I couldn't begin to tell you everything they did as the days went by; you'll just have to take a camping trip yourself some day; but one warm afternoon, when they had been in the woods as many days as you have fingers and toes, Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy made them a bed out of pine needles and laid on it for a rest. And then Mother Gipsy was thinking and thinking and thinking; and Father Gipsy said, "Tell us what you are thinking about, Mother Gipsy."

And Mother Gipsy said, "I was just thinking about the dearest little gray cottage in all the world, and I am wondering if all is well

there. I was thinking of Bonny Bess and Silverlocks and Snowball and Mrs. Speckle and Prince Charming and Pig-a-wee—"

"And Charlotte Anne, too, mother," said Joe-Boy.

"Yes, Charlotte Anne, too," said Mother Gipsy; "maybe she is at home by now, waiting for us."

"Oh, oh, oh, let's go see, mother; I know Charlotte Anne wants to see me!"

The Mother Gipsy laughed and gave Joe-Boy a love pinch as she said, "Of course, Charlotte Anne wants to see you, and you want to see her, and Father Gipsy and I want to see the little gray cottage—the dearest home in all the land, since you came—and so we will go back to it, and some other summer we will come on another camping trip."

"And I'll just have to buy Charlotte Anne and bring her with us," laughed Father Gipsy. "Do you believe Charlotte Anne's father would sell her?"

Well, anyway, Joe-Boy ran quickly to tell the hired man it was time to hitch up and start home, and the hired man smiled a great big smile and he said, "I was just thinking about that very thing!"

So it wasn't very many days after that until the hired man drove the surrey right through the big gate at Joe-Boy's house, and who do you reckon skipped across the street to see them?

Why, it was Charlotte Anne, and, oh, everybody was so very happy.

Little Jimmy Lightning-Bug

Program for Twenty-third Week

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What little bugs are these that fly around at night with little lanterns? Relate story for the day.

Game: To instrumental music, flying bugs.

Gift: Modeling, lanterns.

Occupation: Folding, lanterns.

Greenie June-Bug

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever see a June bug? What do June-bugs like to eat? What do they say? What color are

they? The hired man told Joe-Boy a tale about a June bug, and I'll tell that to you.

Game: (Instrumental music) Play June-bug flying.

Gift Period: Sand table. Peach orchard.

Occupation: Paper tearing. Peach and leaf. Mount and let children color with crayons, according to their own idea.

Vacation Time

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: A loving talk in which plans for holiday are discussed and plans for return next year. Relate story.

Songs: As many favorite songs as can be sung.

Games: As many favorite games as can be played.

Gift: Finish spring books, or original article made for some playmate in the kindergarten.

Occupation Period: An original article made for some one at home.

The Camping Trip

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story for the day.

Song: "The Woods."

Game: (Through activities) Getting ready for camping trip, cooking, getting tent and hammocks ready.

Gift: Second. Use box for surrey, cone for lunch box, long sticks for tent poles, cylinders for barrels. Or, Sixth. Build big surrey.

Occupation: Folding. Lunch box. Pack in imagination.

The Camping Trip (II)

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Which one of all the stories about Joe-Boy do you like the best? If you were to be changed into some one the story tells about, whom would you rather be? Why?

Game: Trip to the woods, taking a little book in which to put leaves. The leaf game in the woods.

Gift Period: Gathering and observing leaves and rocks.

Occupation Period: Putting leaves in book and separating rocks.









